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THE PORTFOLIO

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THE PORTFOLIO

AN ARTISTIC PERIODICAL

EDITED BY

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON
SEELEY, JACKSON, & HALLIDAY, FLEET STREET
1881

'Moderate praise, used with opportunity, and not vulgar, is that which doth the good.'—*Bacon.*

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THE PORTFOLIO.

THE LAST EVENING IN ENGLAND.

ETCHED BY G. P. JACOMB HOOD.

THESE are young emigrants at Liverpool on one of the quays, the man anxious and sad at the idea of leaving the old country, the woman bowed in patient resignation, the child happily so young that it is perfectly unconscious of the painful decision which has been taken by its parents, and of the solemnity of this leave-taking. The wind that is blowing is not simply wind, it is the air of the native land, in which, however harsh and keen it may be, there is something that awakens the memory and stirs the imagination even of those whose experience has been hardest.

Mr. Jacomb Hood seems to be gifted by nature with the essentially artistic gift of seeing things, not singly, not object by object, but in relation to each other. His etching from Spenser of the *Gentle Knight*, published in the PORTFOLIO, had, in an unusual degree, what may be called the synthetic quality, since everything, even down to the movements of the animals, contributed to the unity of the whole. So it is again in the etching before us, where every part comes in, as it seems, so luckily that one hardly sees how the subject could do without it. Another fine quality in Mr. Hood's work is an uncommon, but not at all obtrusive, expressional power, seen in every gesture of every living thing. Mr. Hood's use of the etching-needle is *apparently* careless, and he never tries to display manual skill; but if he consciously aimed at more accomplished manual work he would probably spoil his etchings by too much carefulness about minor matters. It is a sound principle in the higher arts, and particularly in etching, that important qualities excuse petty defects.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF LANCASHIRE.

I.—*Leading Characteristics of the County.*

DIRECTLY connected with the whole world, through the medium of its shipping and manufactures, Lancashire is commercially to Great Britain what the Forum was to ancient Rome—the centre from which roads led towards every principal province of the empire. Being nearer to the Atlantic, Liverpool commands a larger portion of our commerce with North America even than London: it is from the Mersey that the great westward steamers chiefly sail. The biographies of the distinguished men who had their birthplace in Lancashire, and lived there always, many of them living still, would fill a volume. A second would hardly suffice to tell of those who, though not natives, have identified themselves at various periods with Lancashire movements and occupations. No county has drawn into its population a larger number of individuals of the powerful classes, some taking up their permanent abode in it, others coming for temporary purposes. In cultivated circles, in the large towns, the veritable Lancashire men are always fewer in number than those born elsewhere, or whose fathers did not belong to Lancashire. No trifling item is it in the county annals that the immortal author of the 'Advancement of Learning' represented, as member of Parliament, for four years (1588-1592) the town which in 1809 gave birth to William Ewart Gladstone, and which, during the boyhood of the latter, sent Canning to the House of Commons. In days to come England will point to Lancashire as the cradle also of the Stanleys, one generation after another, Sir Robert Peel, and John Bright. The value to the country of the several men, the soundness of their legislative policy, the consistency of their lines of reasoning, is at this moment not the question. They are types of the vigorous, constructive genius which has made England great and free, and so far they are types of the aboriginal Lancashire nature. Lancashire has been the birthplace also of a larger number of mechanical inventions, invaluable to the human race, and the scene of a larger number of the applications of science to great purposes, than any other fragment of the earth's surface of equal dimensions. It is in Lancashire that we find the greater portion of the early history of steam and steam-engines, the first railway forming a part of it. Lancashire had already led the way in regard to the English canal system. Here, too, we have the most interesting part of the early history of the use

of gas for lighting purposes ; and in the same county were laid the foundations of the whole of the stupendous industry represented in the cotton manufacture, with calico-printing and the arts of pattern-design. The literary work of Lancashire has run abreast of the county industry and scientific life. Mr. Sutton's 'List of Lancashire Authors' contains the names of nearly 1250, three-fourths of whom, he tells us, were born within the frontiers—men widely various, of necessity, in wit and aim, more various still in fertility some never going beyond a pamphlet or an 'article,' deserving a place, nevertheless, in the honourable catalogue, and useful in their generation. Historians, antiquaries, poets, novelists, biographers, financiers, find a place in it, with scholars, critics, naturalists, divines. Every one acquainted with books knows that William Roscoe wrote in Liverpool. Bailey's 'Festus,' one of the most remarkable poems of the age, was originally published in Manchester. The standard work upon British Bryology was produced in Warrington, and, like the life of Lorenzo de Medici, by a solicitor,—the late William Wilson. Nowhere in the provinces have there been more conspicuous examples of exact and delicate philosophical and mathematical experiment and observation, than such as in Manchester enabled Dalton to determine the profoundest law in chemistry; and Horrox, the young curate of Hoole, long before, to be the first of mankind to watch a transit of Venus, providing thereby, for astronomers, the means towards new departures of the highest moment. During the Franco-Prussian war, when communication with the interior of Paris was manageable only by the employment of carrier-pigeons and the use of micro-photography, it was again a Lancashire man who had to be thanked for the art of concentrating a page of newspaper to the size of a postage-stamp. Possibly there were two or three contemporaneous inventors, but the first to make micro-photography—after the spectroscope, the most exquisite combination of chemical and optical science yet introduced to the world—public and practical, was Mr. J. B. Dancer, of Manchester.

Generous and substantial designs for promoting the education of the people, and their enjoyment,—habits also of thrift and of self-culture, are characteristic of modern Lancashire. Some have had their origin upon the middle social platform ; others have sprung from the civilised among the rich.* The Co-operative system, with its varied capacities for rendering good service to the provident and careful, had its beginning in Rochdale. The first place to copy Dr. Birkbeck's Mechanics' Institution was Manchester, in which town the first provincial School of Medicine was founded, and which to-day holds the head-quarters of the Victoria University. Manchester, again, was the first town in England to take advantage of the Free Libraries Act of 1850, opening on September 2nd, 1852, with Liverpool in its immediate wake. The famous Chetham Free Library had already existed for 201 years, conferring benefits upon the community which it would be difficult to over-estimate. Other Lancashire towns have latterly possessed themselves of capital libraries, so that, including the fine old collection at Warrington, the number of books now within reach of Lancashire readers, *pro rata* for the population, certainly has no parallel out of London. In the Manchester libraries there are of botanical and horticultural works alone—very many of them magnificently illustrated, and running to several volumes—at least a thousand. The fourth botanical garden in England, it may be observed, the first after Chelsea, Oxford, and Cambridge, was the Liverpool one, set on foot by Roscoe in 1800. The legitimate and healthful recreation of the multitude is in Lancashire, with the thoughtful, as constant an object as their intellectual succour. The public parks in the suburbs of many of the principal Lancashire towns, with their playgrounds and gymnasia, are unrivalled.

In Lancashire have always been witnessed the most vigorous and persistent struggles made in this country for civil and political liberty, and the amendment of unjust laws. Sometimes, no doubt, they have seemed to indicate disaffection; and enthusiasts, well-meaning, but extremely unwise, have never failed to obtain plenty of support, often prejudicial to the very cause they sought to vindicate. But the ways of the people have always been honest and right-minded. Deducting the intemperate and the zealots, they have always been patriotic, and determined to uphold the throne. 'The modern Volunteer movement,' according to Mr. Picton, 'may be fairly said to have originated in Liverpool,' the First Lancashire Rifles, which claims to be the oldest Volunteer company, having been organized there in 1859. In any case, the promptitude of the act showed the vitality of the fine old Lancashire disposition to defend the right, which, at the commencement of the Civil Wars, rendered the southern portion of the county so conspicuous for its loyalty. It was in Lancashire that the first blood was shed on behalf of Charles, and that the last effort, before Worcester, was made in his favour—this in the celebrated battle of Wigan Lane. It was the same loyalty which in 1644 sustained Charlotte de la Tremouille, Countess of Derby, in the famous three-months' successful defence of Lathom House when besieged by Fairfax. Charlotte, a lady of French extraction, might be supposed to have had less care for the king than an Englishwoman ; in the Earl's own de-

* It is necessary to say the 'civilised,' because in Lancashire, as in all other industrial communities, especially manufacturing ones, there are plenty of selfish and vulgar rich.

votedness she nevertheless took perfect share. The faithfulness to great trusts which always marks the noble wife, however humble her position, however exalted her rank and title, doubtless lay at the foundation of Charlotte's personal heroism. But even this would have availed nothing had her Lancashire garrison not been true. Lancashire men have always made good soldiers. Several were knighted 'when the fight was done' at Poitiers and Agincourt. The Middleton archers distinguished themselves at Flodden. The gallant 47th—the 'Lancashire Lads'—were at the Alma, and at Inkerman formed part of the 'thin red line.'

The pioneers of every kind of religious movement have, like the leaders in civil and political reform, always found Lancashire responsive; and, as with practical scientific inventions, it is to this county that the most interesting part of the early history of nonconforming bodies very generally pertains. In Lancashire, 'denominations' of all kinds exist in their strength. The Established Church, as elsewhere, holds the foremost place, and pursues, as always, the even tenour of its way. During the thirty-two years that Manchester has been the centre of a diocese, there have been built within the bishopric (including certain rebuildings on a larger scale) no fewer than 226 new churches, at an estimated cost of 1,220,000*l.* Bishop Fraser, the tireless and unhesitating, has, in the course of his own eleven years' exercise of the episcopal function, 'confirmed' young people at the rate of 11,000 every year. The strength of the Wesleyans is declared by their contributions to the great Thanksgiving Fund, which amount to nearly a quarter of the entire sum, viz. to about 65,000*l.*, out of the 293,000*l.* subscribed up to November 15th, 1880. They possess a college at Didsbury; not far from which, at Withington, the Congregationalists likewise have one of their own. The oldest place of worship in Manchester, next to the cathedral, which dates from the fifteenth century, is the Presbyterian chapel in Cross Street. The Catholic diocese of Salford (in which Manchester and several of the neighbouring towns are included) claimed, in 1879, a seventh of the entire population.* One of the most chaste and harmonious, as well as spacious, ecclesiastical interiors in Manchester, awaits the visitor to the comparatively new Catholic 'Church of the Holy Name,' a few steps beyond the Owens College, Oxford Road. Stonyhurst, near Clitheroe, is the seat of the most celebrated of the provincial Jesuit colleges.

LANDING COTTON AT LIVERPOOL.

The historical associations offered in many parts of Lancashire are by no means inferior to those of other counties. A very interesting and well-preserved Roman road crosses Blackstone Edge. Names of places near the south-west coast tell of the Scandinavian Vikings. In 1323, Robert Bruce and his army of Scots ravaged the northern districts, and nearly destroyed Preston. The neighbourhood of that town witnessed the chief part of the Stuart enterprise of 1715, and of Prince Charles Edward's march through the county in 1745 many memorials still exist.

* Namely, 209,480 Catholic, as against 1,437,000 non-Catholic.

The ruins of two of the most celebrated of the old English abbeys are also here—Whalley, with its long record of benevolence, and Furness, scarcely surpassed in manifold interest even by Fountains. One of the very few remaining examples of an untouched Norman castle belongs to the famous old town from which John o' Gaunt received his title.* Parish churches of remote foundation, with sculptures and lettered monuments, supply the antiquary with pleasing variety. Ancient halls—especially of the beautiful old 'magpie,' or black-and-white timbered description—may be reckoned to the number of twenty or thirty ;† and connected with these, the abbeys, and other relics of the past, we find innumerable entertaining legends and traditions, often rendered so much the more attractive through preserving, in part, the quaint county dialect. The Lancashire dialect, still heard among the rustics, is well known to be peculiarly valuable to the student of the English language. 'Our South Lancashire speech,' says its most accomplished interpreter, 'is second to none in England in the vestiges which it contains of the tongue of other days. . . . To explain Anglo-Saxon there is no speech so original and important as our own South Lancashire *patois*.'‡

In the sports, manners and customs, which still linger where not superseded by modern ones, there is yet further curious material for observation, and the same may be said of the recreations of the thoughtful and quiet among the operative classes. It is in Lancashire that 'science in humble life' has always had its most numerous and remarkable illustrations. Natural history, in particular, forms one of the established pastimes in the cotton districts and among the men who are connected with the daylight work of the collieries. Many of the working-men naturalists are banded together into societies, which often possess libraries, and were founded before any living can remember. Music, especially choral and part singing, has been cultivated in Lancashire with a devotion equalled only, perhaps, in Yorkshire, and certainly nowhere excelled. Both the air and the words of the finest Christmas hymn in use among Protestants, 'Christians, awake!' were composed within the sound, or nearly so, of the Manchester old church bells. The verses were written by the celebrated Dr. Byrom ; the music, which compares well with the grand 'Adeste Fideles' itself—the song of Christmas with others, was the production of John Wainwright, organist at the old church for some time before his death. On a lower level we find the far-famed Lancashire Hand-bell Ringers. The facilities provided in Lancashire for self-culture have already been spoken of. That private education and school discipline are effective may be assumed, perhaps, from the circumstance that the girl who at the last Oxford Local Examinations stood highest in all England belonged to Liverpool.*

The scenery presented in many portions of the country vies with the choicest to be found anywhere south of the Tweed. The artist turns with reluctance from the banks of the Lune and the Duddon. The largest and loveliest of the English lakes, supreme Winandermere, belongs essentially to Lancashire. Peaceful Coniston and lucid Esthwaite are entirely within the borders, and close by rise some of the loftiest of the English summits. The top of 'Coniston Old Man' is 2577 feet above the sea. The part which contains the lakes and mountains is detached, and properly belongs to the Lake district, emphatically so called, being reached from the south only by passing over the lowermost portion of Westmoreland, though accessible by a perilous way, when the tide is out, across the Morecambe sands. Prior to the construction of the railway, this was an established and regular track, but many persons were drowned as the years went by, and happily it is now disused. The geological character of this outlying piece being altogether different from that of the county in general, Lancashire presents a variety of surface peculiarly its own. At one extremity we have the cold, soft clay so useful to brickmakers ; on reaching the lakes we find the slate rocks of the very earliest ages. Much of the eastern edge of the county is skirted by the broad bare hills which constitute the central vertebræ of the 'backbone of England,' the imposing 'Pennine range,' which extends from Derbyshire to the Cheviots, and conceals the three longest of the English railway tunnels, one of which both begins and ends in Lancashire. The rock composing these hills is millstone-grit, with its customary grey and weather-beaten crags and ferny ravines. Plenty of tell-tale gullies declare the vehemence of the winter storms that beat above, and in many of these the rush of water never ceases. Those who seek solitude, the romantic, and the picturesque, know them well ; in parts, where there is moorland, the sportsman resorts to them for grouse.

In various places the rise of the ground is very considerable, far greater than would be anticipated when first sallying forth from Manchester, though on clear days, looking northwards, when a view can be obtained, there is pleasant intimation of distant hills. Rivington Pike, not far from Bolton, is 1545

* . . . . 'Next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster.'
King Henry VI., Part 2nd, ii. 2.

The *first* Duke of Lancaster was Henry, previously Earl of Derby, whose daughter Blanche was married by John of Gaunt, the latter succeeding to the title.

† Mr. Grindon seems only to refer to important ones. Minor halls and dwellings interesting to antiquaries and artists must exist in Lancashire in great numbers even yet.—EDITOR.

‡ 'On the South Lancashire Dialect.' By Thomas Heywood, F.S.A. Chetham Society. Vol. lvii. pp. 8, 36.

* Miss Seward, of Blackburne House.

feet above the sea-level. Pendle Hill, near Clitheroe, where the rock changes to limestone, is 1803. The millstone-grit reappears, intermittently, as far as Lancaster, but afterwards limestone becomes predominant, continuing nearly to the slate rocks. It is to the limestone that Grange, one of the prettiest places in this part of the country, owes much of its scenic charm as well as salubrity. Not only does it give the bold and ivied tors which usually indicate calcareous rock. Suiting many kinds of ornamental trees, especially those which retain their foliage throughout the year, we owe to it in no slight measure the innumerable shining evergreens which at Grange, even in mid-winter, constantly tempt one to exclaim with Virgil, when caressing his beloved Italy, 'Hic ver assiduum!'

The southernmost part of the county has for its surface-rock chiefly the upper new red sandstone, a formation not favourable to fine hill-scenery, though the long ridges for which it is distinguished, at all events in Lancashire and Cheshire, often give a decided character to the landscape. The highest point in the extreme south-west, or near Liverpool, occupied by Everton church, has an elevation of no more than 250 feet, or less than a tenth of that of 'Coniston Old Man.' Ashurst, between Wigan and Ormskirk, and Billinge, between Wigan and St. Helens, make amends, the beacon upon the latter being 633 feet above the sea. The prospects from the two last named are very fine. They are interesting also to the topographer as having been first resorted to as fit spots for beacons and signal-fires when the Spanish Armada was expected, watchers upon the airy heights of Rivington, Pendle Hill, and Brown Wardle, standing ready to transmit the news further inland. It is interesting to recall to mind that the news of the sailing of the Armada, in the memorable August of 1588, was brought to England by one of the old Liverpool mariners, the captain of a little vessel that traded with the Mediterranean and the coast of Africa.

Very different is the western margin of this changeful county, the whole extent from the Mersey to Duddon Bridge being washed by the Irish Sea. But, although maritime, it has none of the prime factors of seaside scenery, broken rocks and cliffs—not, at least, until after passing Morecambe Bay. From Liverpool onwards there is only level sand, and, to the casual visitor, apparently never anything besides, for the tide, which is swift to go out, recedes very far, and seldom seems anxious to come in. Blackpool is exceptional. Here the roll of the water is often glorious, and the dimples in calm weather are such as charmed old Æschylus. On the whole, however, the coast must be pronounced monotonous, and the country that borders on it uninteresting. But whatever may be wanting in the way of rocks and cliffs, the need is fully compensated by the exceeding beauty, in parts, of the sand-hills, especially near Birkdale and St. Anne's, where for miles they have the semblance of a miniature mountain range. Intervening there are broad, green, peaty plateaux, which, becoming saturated after rain with useful moisture, allow of the growth of countless wild flowers. Curious orchises of two or three sorts; the pearly grass of Parnassus; the pyrola, that imitates the lily of the valley, all come to these wild sand-hills to rejoice in the breath of the ocean, which, like that of the heavens, here 'smells wooingly.' Looking seawards, though it is seldom that we have tossing surge, there is further compensation, very generally, in the inexpressible beauty of sunset—the old-fashioned but inestimable privilege of the western coast of our island—part of the 'daily bread' of those who thank God reflectingly for His infinite bounty to man's soul as well as body, and which no people in the world command more perfectly than the inhabitants of the coast of Lancashire. Seated on those quiet sand-hills, on a calm September evening, one may often contemplate, on the trembling water, a path of crimson light, more beautiful than one of velvet laid down for the feet of a queen.

At the northern extremity of the county, as near Ulverstone, there are rocky and turf-clad promontories; but even at Humphrey Head, owing to the flatness of the adjacent sands, there is seldom any considerable amount of surf.

The most remarkable feature of the sea-margin of Lancashire consists in the number of its estuaries. The largest of these form the outlets of the Ribble and the Wyre, at the mouth of the last of which is the comparatively new port of Fleetwood. The estuary of the Mersey (the southern shore of which belongs to Cheshire) is peculiarly interesting, on account of the seemingly recent origin of most of the lower portion. Ptolemy, the Roman geographer, writing about A.D. 130, though he speaks of the Dee and the Ribble, makes no mention of the Mersey, which, had the river existed in its present form and width, he could hardly have overlooked. No mention is made of it either in the Antonine Itinerary; and as stumps of old oaks, of considerable magnitude, and which had evidently grown *in situ*, were not very long ago distinguishable on the northern margin when the tide was out, near where the Liverpool people used to bathe, the conclusion is quite legitimate that the level of the bed of the estuary must in the Celtic times, at the part where the ferry steamers go, have been very considerably higher, and the stream proportionately narrow, perhaps a mere brook, with a salt-marsh right and left. 'Liverpool' was originally the name, simply and purely, of the estuary, indicating, in its derivation, not a town, or a village, but simply water. How far upwards the brook, with its swamp or morass, ex-

tended, it is not possible to conjecture, though no doubt there was always a sheet of water near the present Runcorn. Depression of the shore, with plenty of old tree-stumps, vestiges of an extinct forest, is plainly observable a few miles distant on the Cheshire coast, just below New Brighton.

In several parts of Lancashire, especially in the extreme south-west, the surface is occupied by wet and cheerless wastes, composed of peat, and locally called 'mosses.' These, there can be little doubt, have been formed since the commencement of the Christian era, abundance of remains of the branches of trees being found near the clay floor upon which the peat has gradually arisen. The most noted of these desolate expanses is that one called Chat-moss, the scene of the special difficulty in the construction of the original Liverpool and Manchester Railway. Nothing can exceed the dismalness of these mosses during nine or ten months of the year. Absolutely flat, stretching for several miles, treeless, and with a covering only of brown and wiry scrub, Nature seems expiring in them. June kindly brings a change. Everything has its festival some time. For a short period they are strewed with the lovely summer snow of the cotton-sedge,—the 'cana' of Ossian, 'Her bosom was whiter than the down of cana;' and again, in September, they are amethyst-tinted for two or three weeks with the bloom of the heather. During the last quarter of a century the extent of the Lancashire mosses has been much reduced by draining and cultivation at the margins, and in course of time they will probably disappear.

Forests were once a particular feature of a good deal of Lancashire. Long subsequently to the time of the Conquest, much of the county was still covered with trees. The celebrated '*Carta de Foresta*,' or 'Forest Charter,' under which the clearing of the ground of England for farming purposes first became general and continuous was granted only in the reign of Henry III., A.D. 1224, or contemporaneously with the uprise of Salisbury Cathedral, a date thus rendered easy of remembrance.

RUN AWAY TO SEA.

Here and there the trees were allowed to remain; and among these reserved portions of the original Lancashire 'wild wood' it is interesting to find 'West Derby,' the 'western home of wild animals,' thus named because so valuable as a hunting-ground. No forest, in the current sense of the word, has survived in Lancashire to the present day. Even single trees of patriarchal age are almost unknown. Agriculture, when commenced, proceeded vigorously, chiefly, however, in regard to meadow and pasture; cornfields have never been either numerous or extensive, except in the district beyond Preston called the Fylde.

Such, in brief, is the character and complexion of the English county we propose to illustrate. Many subjects in addition to those alluded to will receive attention. We have to deal with the particular forms of Lancashire industry; also with the architectural enrichment of the large towns, and the chief among the modern mansions which are scattered so abundantly in the rural parts. We shall commence with a survey of Liverpool, with its noble river and enormous variety of shipping, one of the most interesting considerations connected with which is that of the arrangements made for the departure of emigrants. Our views and vignettes give some idea of what may be seen upon the river and on board the emigrant ships. But it is impossible to render in full the interesting spectacle of the people themselves as they arrive, by way of Hull, chiefly from Sweden and Denmark, and, to a small extent, from Russia and Germany—German emigrants to America usually going from their own ports, and by way of the English Channel. The Swedes and Danes arrive at the 'Central' or Midland Station, and truly astonishing is the pile of luggage there on view during the few hours or days which elapse before they go on board. While waiting, they saunter about the town in parties of six or eight, full of wonder and curiosity, but still impressing everyone with their honest countenances and inoffensive manners and behaviour. There are very few children among these emigrants, most of whom appear to be in the prime of life, an aged parent now and then accompanying son or daughter.

LEO GRINDON.

LLANTHONY.

'*Vere locus contemplationi idoneus, locus felix et amœnus.*'—GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS.

THE Englishman who in his own country desires to combine holiday with seclusion, and sets out in search of a solitude, undertakes, in this peopled and itinerant age, an enterprise of as little hope or likelihood as that of any prince in a fairy-tale. He is nearly certain to be disappointed, especially if what he seeks is a retirement of which the scene shall not be blank or featureless, but capable of feeding his meditations with elements of natural or historic charm. He begins, it may be, by taking his map and looking for those figures on its surface which, being free from the intersections of the railway, indicate wild or unfrequented districts. He fixes, near the point within one of these figures which lies at the farthest distance from the greatest number of lines, on some site marked by a ruin or a memory; or on that of some lake or waterfall, some peak or scaur, that he has heard of or seen in a picture. He makes his way to the neighbourhood, and takes up his quarters in a remote farm-house or wayside inn. He finds the place beautiful and quiet, and looks forward to the pleasures a prolonged and growing intimacy with its moods and features; pleasures unknown to the mere passing traveller, to whom the noblest landscape is but as a casual love, enjoyed for the hour and not sought again.

For a few days our recluse congratulates himself on having found the seclusion which he sought. But many do not pass before he is undeceived. Like Crusoe upon the footprints of the cannibals, he comes one afternoon with dismay upon the sandwich-papers of a picnic party. Or he finds himself, at an angle of his favourite path, face to face with another seeker after solitude like himself; when both turn upon their heels, each smarting under the sense of having been taken by the other for the being whose existence he most resents—a tourist. One day a procession of vans from the manufacturing district beyond the moors comes and discharges its crew of excursionists and fiddlers, to desecrate the scene with vulgar rompings and hilarious cackle. Another day, the solitude is more discreetly fluttered by the arrival of the guests from some distant country-house in drags and riding-parties. Next, there appear the members of the archæological society or the philosophical society of the county town, trooping like lambs after their leader in the wake of some expository pedant, who descants to them from morn till eve in tones acrimonious or benign. Or the grouse or partridge season begins, and the sportsmen who have hired the shootings come and crowd our friend's quiet quarters with dogs and beaters; the peace of the uplands is broken by the gun, and the fear of getting in the way makes him uneasy in his walks.

If I were asked to name a solitude alike noble in its natural features and interesting by its human associations, which, though not free from these intrusions, yet is subject to them as little as can be expected under modern conditions, I think I should choose that in which stands the ancient priory of Llanthony in Monmouthshire.

Most readers are probably familiar with the view from the crest of the Malvern hills. Looking westward over the Welsh marches from that eminence, the eye is arrested in the distance by a group of mountains remarkable for their dark appearance and for their sweeping outlines. These are the Hatterill or Black Mountains of South Wales. They begin in the farthest angle of Monmouthshire, and roll in a long succession of ridge, valley, and plateau into the heart of Brecknockshire, where they culminate in the Cradle Mountain at a height of 2500 feet

or more; beyond which again, and divided from it by the valley of the Usk, rise the summits, some 400 feet higher, of the Brecon Beacons. In the first folding of these hills, behind the nearest of the long ridges in the view from Malvern, lies the deep and narrow vale of Ewias. This valley, of formation not much less regular than a Yorkshire dale, is about twelve miles long, and winds from north-west to south-east between lofty ridges of grass and moor, of which the sides are now flowing and now precipitous. It is entered on the south from Abergavenny, and terminates towards the north at a point whence two passes diverge over the hills, one leading to Talgarth and the other to Hay, in either case by moorland paths as wild and deserted as any in the southern kingdom. Along the valley bed there twists and courses on its way to join the Usk the stream Hodeni, Honddu, or Hondy, of great repute for its trout. The population is exclusively one of farmers and shepherds, living in scattered homesteads, just enough houses being clustered together in one or two places, as at Cwmyoy and Llanthony, to claim the title of a village. This romantic valley has for many centuries produced a powerful impression upon the minds of those who visited it. It has laid the spell of loneliness upon their spirits, and seemed a place set apart for meditation. To this sentiment was due the foundation of that once famous priory of the Austin Friars, of which the ruins stand at a point about five miles from the head of the valley, on a level space of meadow a stone's throw above the stream from which it takes its name.*

There is hardly any other institution of the kind of which the early history is so well known from contemporary records as is that of the priory of Llanthony.†

In the reign of William Rufus a certain knight, William, a follower of Hugh de Lacy, during the chase found his way into the valley, to which the only access in those days was over the hills, the southern entrance towards Abergavenny being blocked with thickets and morasses. It is remarkable how easily the imagination of the Middle Ages was impressed with the sense of wilderness, considering how much country everywhere was of that character. But if even to us the vale of Ewias seems screened and silent, we can imagine how it must have seemed when its sides were all clothed with forest and it was approached by no path nor clearance. The knight casting his eyes around in this eremitical solitude, religious awe fell upon him; he dismissed his following and sought out a spot in the valley where St. David was said to have dwelt for a season in a cave overgrown with moss and ivy. Here he made his cell, and dwelt in the garb and calling of a hermit. Presently the fame of his conversion reached the Court. Ernisius, Chaplain to Queen Maud, set out to visit the new hermit, and besought to be allowed to share his life. William yielded to his entreaties, and the two by their joint labours presently raised a little church in honour of St. John the Baptist, which was in due course consecrated. Meanwhile Hugh de Lacy, a Norman knight, enriched by the shares of his two brothers as well as his own in the spoils and lordships acquired in border warfare by their father, had not forgotten his old retainer. He thrust upon the two hermits, who at first, and especially William, were opposed to such disturbance of their tranquillity, resources for establishing a priory. Archbishop Anselm supporting the plan, brethren to the number of forty were soon attracted. In the succeeding years the only difficulty of the founders was to prevent the character of their institution being changed by the accession of wealth and fame. They refused to permit the clearing of the woods, which added savagery to the scene by giving harbour to wild animals and wilder men. But they could not refuse the gifts that poured in upon them, nor the illustrious recruits that sought to join their brotherhood. Roger of Salisbury, and through him the Queen and Court, were among the patrons and benefactors of the priory. Walter de Gloucester, Constable of England, left his son in possession of the Lordship of Overwent, and in occupation of his castles of Gloucester, Hereford, and Grosmont, in order to join the monks of Llanthony. Robert de Betun knocked at their doors one winter night, having travelled to them through perils of snow and darkness on the mountain. The same Robert de Betun was in course of time made their prior, and only left them with tears and misgivings to assume the Bishopric of Hereford. This was in 1137; the prosperity of the institution did not long survive his departure. After the death of Henry I. anarchy was unchecked along the marches. The barbarous border clans of Wales fought out their feuds up to the gates of Llanthony. Nay, they even forced the gates, and fugitive mobs of men and women quartered themselves upon the monks to their great scandal and disturbance. Robert de

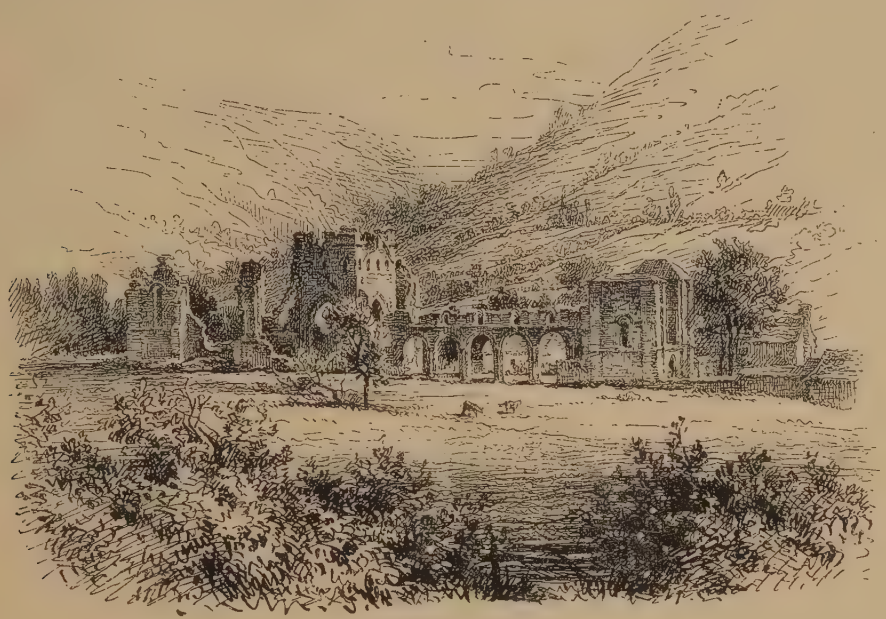
* Llan or Lan=*locus ecclesiasticus.* Nant=*rivus aquæ decurrentis.* Llanthony is thought to be the English abbreviation or corruption of Landewi Nanthodeni=*ecclesia David super ripam Hotheni.* The reader must not confuse the original priory with its imitation, established in recent years, by the so-called Anglican Order of St. Benedict at the bifurcation of the paths five miles higher up the valley, and within the last few months the scene, according to the report of its inmates, of I know not what latter-day miracles and apparitions.

† No less than three authentic manuscripts of the twelfth century preserve the memory of its foundation and of its first priors. One of these is the 'Life of Robert de Betun,' third Prior of Llanthony, and afterwards Bishop of Hereford, written by the Secretary of William of Wycombe, himself also prior. The second is a manuscript in the Cottonian Library containing the annals of the priory during nearly three-quarters of a century from its foundation. The third is the account in the 'Itinerary of Wales,' written by Giraldus Cambrensis, in 1188.

Betun, hearing of their straits from his bishopric at Hereford, sent for them to come thither for protection; which they did, with the exception of some few who declined under any conditions to abandon the house of God in the wilderness. Before long troubles threatened even the Bishop in his see. He turned for aid to Milo, Earl of Hereford, son of the aforesaid Walter de Gloucester; and the result was that there was built and endowed under the protection of the Earl, on the left bank of the Severn close to Gloucester, a daughter priory, called after the name of its mother Llanthony also, and intended for the refuge of the brethren in times of trouble. Gifts, however, soon poured in upon this new Llanthony on Severn, and the daughter became richer and more prosperous than the mother. In the latter half of the twelfth century the original house in the vale of Ewias had been despoiled of many of its treasures for the enrichment of that of Gloucester. The monks, accustomed to the plenty and security of the latter place, resented the duty of providing for the maintenance and performance of service at the former. The change from Gloucester and the fat meads of the Severn to Llanthony and the deserted vale of Ewias was regarded by those who had to undergo it as a penal change from luxury to hardship. The contrast between the two institutions is thus expressed by Giraldus:

'There (at Gloucester) let active spirits reside, here (at Llanthony) contemplative. There let the pursuit of earthly riches find a home, here the love of heavenly delights. There let the concourse of people be enjoyed, here let the society of angels be entreated. There let the great ones of the earth be entertained, here the poor of Christ comforted. There, I say, be heard the din of action and debate, here the murmurings of those who read and pray.'

Our records end with the efforts of some reforming priors, in the third quarter of the twelfth century, to establish an improved state of discipline at Gloucester, and a better order of relations between the mother and the daughter priory. It is to efforts of this kind, prolonged past the beginning of the thirteenth century, that we must ascribe the erection of those buildings of which the ruins now exist at Llanthony. For it is certain that these cannot be the ruins of the priory as it flourished from its foundation in 1103 until 1131.* They consist of the lower courses of a massive central tower and of two western towers, together with the west wall up to the bottom of the window, several bays of the north aisle, and portions of the triforium and clerestory on the north side of the nave; some isolated piers and arches on the south side, with some part of the walls of the choir, presbytery, and south transept; besides the remains of the chapter-house and of the prior's lodgings, the latter now transformed, together with one of the western towers, into an inn for the accommodation of chance tourists and sportsmen. These ruins have suffered, especially about the beginning of this century, deplorable dilapidations; but they have escaped the disguising hand of the restorer. We can reconstruct from them the entire fabric, which, though on no great scale, was one of singular completeness and elaboration in the parts. It is built, with very little enrichment, of a hard, dark-coloured limestone of which rare beds are found in the district. The style represents the



LLANTHONY ABBEY.

* The documentary history of Llanthony has been excellently summarised by Mr. Roberts in 'Archæologia Cambrensis,' vol. i., No. 3 (July, 1846). Its architectural history, on which the conclusions of Mr. Roberts were quite erroneous, has been inferentially worked out in a masterly paper of Mr. Freeman's, *ibid.*, 3rd series, vol. i., p. 82.

later phase of the transition between Norman and Early English. The constructional arches, that is to say, are all Gothic, but the round-arched system is maintained in some of the decorative parts and openings. The place of Llanthony among Welsh churches, as has been conclusively shown by Mr. Freeman, is about midway between St. David's and Llandaff, and its date must be approximately A.D. 1200.

As thus rebuilt, the mother priory of Llanthony served in all likelihood during the following centuries as a cell to its richer daughter of Gloucester. Mr. Freeman quotes the similar relations of Leominster as a cell to Reading, Brecon to Battle, Malvern to Westminster, and Steyning to Fécamp. But history of the later fortunes of Llanthony there is none, except a list, in all probability apocryphal, of the names of its priors. In the fifteenth century it seems to have fallen into decay, and by a charter of Edward IV. was merged in the younger foundation on the Severn.

The next thing we hear of Llanthony is the mention made of its site in one of the unread classics of English literature, the *Polyolbion* of Drayton. The English poet, however, does no more than adopt, with the change of 'herds' for 'wild beasts,' a somewhat absurd observation made long before in Latin by Giraldus Cambrensis.

> 'Mongst Hatterill's lofty hills, that with the clouds are crown'd,
> The valley Ewias lies, immersed so deep and round
> As they below that see the mountains rise so high
> Might think the straggling herds were grazing in the sky;
> Which in it such a shape of solitude doth bear
> As Nature from the first intended it for prayer.'*

But of literary associations, that which gives its chief interest to Llanthony is of more modern date. About the beginning of this century a young Warwickshire squire, whose bookish tastes and proud and solitary temper withdrew him from the ordinary avocations of his class, was much in the habit of frequenting the unvisited coasts and valleys of South Wales. This was no other than Walter Savage Landor, destined afterwards to be famous as the author of some of the shapeliest verse and much of the most correct and stately prose in our language. In the year 1808 Landor, being then thirty-three, and having lately come into his patrimony, disposed of some family estates in Warwickshire in order to buy that of Sir Matthew Wood in the vale of Ewias. This estate, extending for some eight miles in length, comprises almost the whole sweep of the valley between the summits of the ridges that bound it on either side, including the site of the priory. The valley farms contain rich pasturage and fairly productive corn-lands, while the eastern ridge is covered with grass and the western with richly heathered moor. Hither Landor came, and here he took up his quarters in the tower of the priory church, to wait until the new house which he had planned should be built. He was bent upon being a model landlord on a great scale. He would make the wilderness blossom like the rose. He would plant two million trees, principally cedars of Lebanon, on the slopes between moor and meadow on either side of the valley. Planting and building, he spent in six or seven years some eighty thousand pounds. But all in vain; the natives were churlish and hostile, the seasons adverse; his plantations would not, or were not allowed to, thrive; between knavish tenants and swindling lawyers, not to speak of an unfriendly lord-lieutenant and jealous brother squires, and of his own haughty and indignant temper which embittered all opposition, the country-side became too hot, as the phrase is, to hold him, and in 1815 he turned his back on it for ever. He left the vale of Ewias disgusted and impoverished, yet carrying with him recollections of its beauty which he has not failed to embody according to his wont in admirable verses.

Neither has Llanthony been without its commemoration in modern art as well as poetry. In that enchanted record of the scenery of his native Britain, patriotically delighted in and nobly idealised, which it is the chief glory of Turner to have left behind him, Llanthony does not fail to find a place. Turner's *Llanthony* is one of those examples of his work in which the topographical element is almost lost in the typical. His priory is no more than an unrecognisable curtain of wall and pierced tower, gleaming white above the river through the storm that drives down from the mysterious, almost indistinguishable, mountains on the right. The storm is passing or soon to pass away, and there is more light in the farther part of the valley than in the nearer. The river, exaggerated and displaced for the sake of a typical effect of torrent after rain, comes rolling towards us down the valley,—

> 'Blanching and billowing in the hollow of it,'

and tossing plumes of spray as it rushes out of shadow into gleam. But who would desire to speak of these effects after the master who has spoken of them already? Let us remember what Mr. Ruskin, with his incomparable justice of description, if in one of the somewhat over-prolonged and over-involved periods of his early style, wrote long ago of Turner's *Llanthony*:—

'The shower is half exhausted, half passed by; the last drops are rattling faintly through the glimmering hazel

* Giraldus. in the passage in question, says that the *claustrales, cum respirandi gratia forte suspiciunt*, behold nothing but *montium vertices quasi cœlum tangentes et ipsas plerumque feras, quarum hic copia, in summo pascentes.*

boughs; the white torrent, swelled by the sudden storm, flings up its hasty jets of springing spray to meet the retiring light, and these, as if the heaven regretted what it had given and were taking it back, pass, as they leap, into vapour, and fall not again, but vanish in the shafts of the sunlight—that hurrying, fitful, wind-woven sunlight which glides through the thick leaves and paces along the pale rocks like rain, half conquering, half quenched by the very mists which it summons itself from the lighted pastures as it passes, and gathers out of the drooping herbage and from the streaming crags, sending them with messages of peace to the far summits of the yet unveiled mountains, whose silence is still broken by the sound of the rushing rain.'

The aspect of Llanthony thus perpetuated by Turner is one which has from all times been regarded as characteristic of the climate of the Black Mountains. They have received their name from the clouds which habitually brood over them. 'The rains,' says Giraldus, 'the rains engendered by these mountains are excessive, the winds most violent, the mists below and cloud above almost perpetual.' And Landor, in those charming Latin elegiacs in which he regrets that his son, born in Florence, will never learn to love the brooks of England which had been the delight of his own youth, after he has recalled the streams of Warwickshire, the Arrow, Tach, and Avon, goes on to speak of the Hondy in terms quite corresponding to Turner's view of it:

'Non Arro in mentem veniet, gracilisve Tacæae
Prosilit ut vernus per vada plana liquor;
Non ut versicolor riparum floribus Avon
Risit inexpertos surripuitque pedes;
Non tibi, saxa rotans avulsaque ovilia, quanto
Vortice montanas Hondius haurit aquas.'

My own experiences of the vale of Ewias are of another kind. I have only known it in the weeks of an almost rainless August, when it belied its character for gloom and flood; when the mists, if they hung low upon the hills in the morning, dispersed before noon, and the Hondy, least uproarious of torrents, loitered as clear as crystal along its pools and shallows, so that you could see the trout ten yards away as they flitted to the shelter of stones and banks at your approach. Then, indeed, it was a delectable valley. The alders beside the brook shelter the secretest of anglers' walks, undisturbed and made for musing—scant tracks or none among the rich growth of fern and dock and willow herb. The runlets that come tumbling at intervals from the moors enclose, before they reach the main stream, the pleasantest peninsulas of copse or flowery meadow. The sides of the valley are of noble shape and sweep, and not so regular but that they recede into many sheltering amphitheatres, and are broken here by the over-grown ruins of ancient landslips, and there by inviting dingles that lead up among ferns and hazels to the open moor. The instinct of the Celtic race for devious and hidden tracks has traced a delightful multiplicity of unnecessary footpaths, conducting from farm to farm and from field to moor. The plantations of the poet-landlord have not all come to nothing, and his trustees and successors have had better fortune than himself with the estate. Half-a-mile above the ruins of the priory a wreck of the house which he built, and afterwards pulled down, remains in use as a hay-shed. In the dingle by which it stands, the stream, as if its Naiad had fled with her master, is silent while all the rest, even in time of drought, are vocal. But a diversified vegetation, including, besides groves of larch and pine, the Spanish chestnut, sycamore, and yew, shows that the hand of the planter has been there. Upon the sloping meadow before the remains of the house the lilac-coloured autumn crocus (*colchicum*), better known in the pastures of central and southern Europe than in England, grows abundantly. There is a goodly view before you as you rest in this flowery meadow, looking down over the sombre ruins of the priory and across to the nobly-outlined moors, with the crested Sugar-loaf peering above them on the south-west, or watching the great herons as they take wing from the larchwood on your right, first one, then a second, then a third, and slowly mount high above the ridges of the hills, until, joining company and settling the direction of their flight, they follow at that etherial altitude the line of the valley, and sail away and away until you lose them.

Or you may climb to the summit of either of the valley walls, leaving the close atmosphere of the honeysuckle and dog-rose hedges, upon which linger the last blooms of summer, to emerge first upon the freshening scents of the slopes of thyme and fern, and next into the tonic winds that plunge and course unimpeded along the open ridges. If you take the eastern ridge—that of Cwmyoy—you may walk for miles along level grass, with the whole tilled and fenced garden of Herefordshire and South Shropshire spread like a map below you upon one hand, while on the other, across the valley out of which you have climbed, a contrasting scene is offered by the dark and many-folded desolation of the moorlands. If you choose the western ridge, you may either cross the high moors and drop through hanging hazel-woods into a second valley, more close, secret, and solitary than that of Ewias, the valley of the brook Gwryney, which by-and-by makes an elbow, and leads you out, after a twelve miles' walk, into the smiling country of villages and villas about Crickhowell; or else you may keep the heights—and desolate and solemn heights they are—until you find yourself on the top of the Cradle mountain, Pen Caed y Fawr, the loftiest on this side the Usk. The moors are not closely preserved, and you will encounter no one except very rare shooters in the

season, and at the same season a few scattered groups of bilberry-gatherers. For here, as on the Tuscan Apennines, the gathering of bilberries is in the autumn a source of profit, scanty but regular, to the population. Only the manner of it is different according to the soil and the race. There the hills glow with scarlet as the leaves of the plant change colour; here it is a neutral-coloured growth, almost imperceptible at a distance among the pale diffused purple of the heather. There the companies of girls and women come down the paths at evening with their swinging stride, their baskets on their heads, their lips stained with the fruit, and at a glance are ready to make fun of their own smirched countenances, exchanging smile for smile, and passing you with kind and laughing salutation. Here they toil in scattered knots till past sundown, lighting fires to prolong their work, offering you no greeting as you pass them by, and uttering no sound except to chant fragments of dissenting hymns with a nasal, tuneless drone.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

THE PORTRAIT OF SYLVIUS.

ETCHED BY REMBRANDT.

Reproduced by Amand Durand.

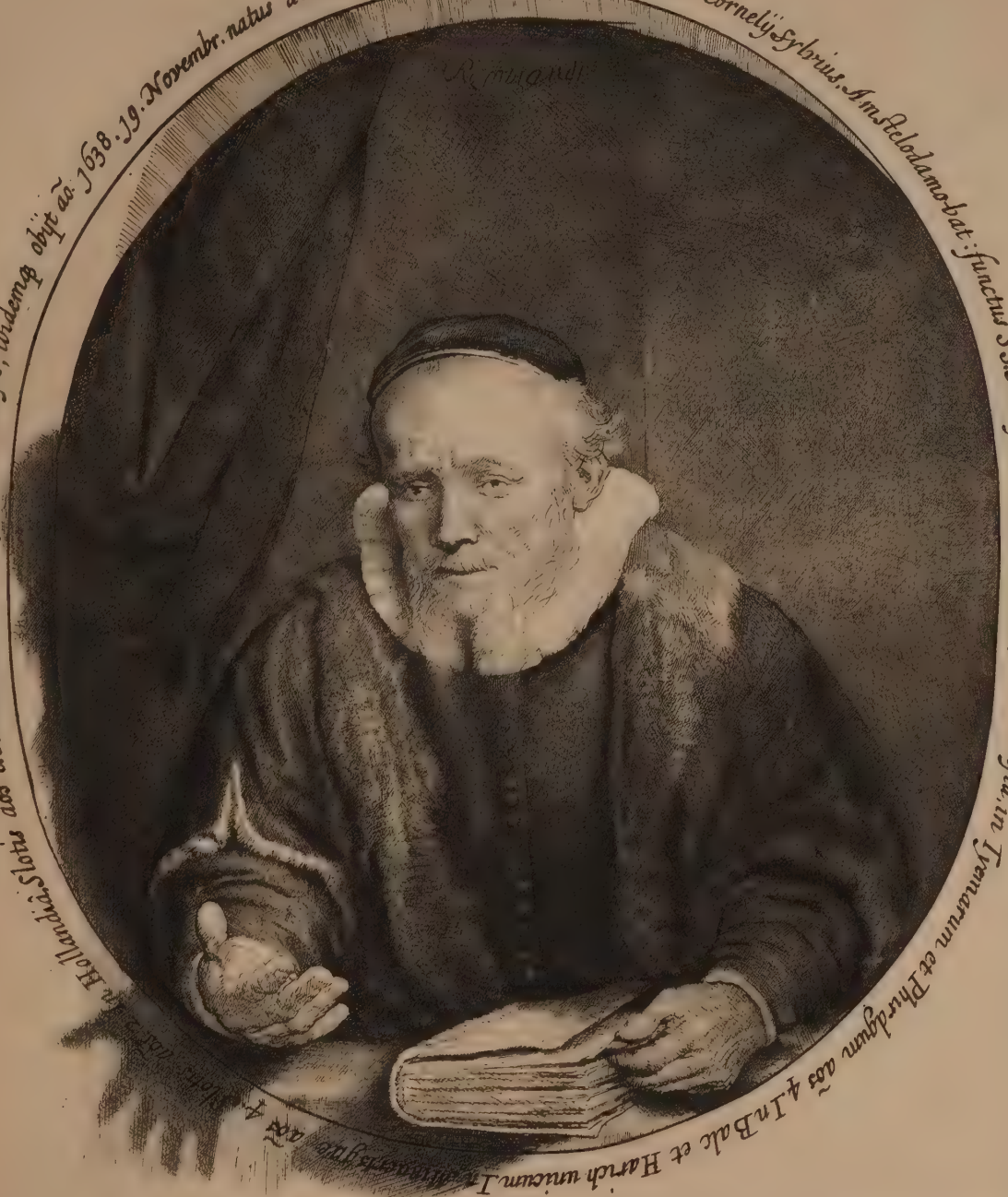
THE portrait of which this is an accurate reproduction is interesting for itself and also for the curious way in which it is accompanied by a long inscription on the same plate.

The face is really drawn with very few lines, whilst all its light shades are given in delicate stipple, only the darker ones being helped by linear shading. The principle of this work is, in fact, exactly the same as that of Turner's *Liber Studiorum*, where the organic markings are sustained by mezzotinted shade, and the same principle will be recognised in many other forms of graphic art. It is a rapid way of conveying simultaneously to the mind two very different orders of natural truth which, in their combination, produce very much of the effect of reality. If the reader will analyse this face carefully, he will soon perceive how little labour there is in it, though it quite conveys the idea of an animated and earnest countenance. The strokes of the etching-needle are so few that they can almost be counted; and it is plain that this reserve did not proceed from hurry, but from deliberate preference, as the etcher has been very prodigal of his lines in the dress and the background.

The inscription tells us that Sylvius was a very influential preacher, and that his influence was due as much to the excellence of his example as to his pulpit eloquence. His theory was 'that Jesus was best taught by an amended life,' and he attached less importance to what could be done by talking. However, it appears from the testimony of those who heard him, that he had power as a preacher also. The expression of the face in this portrait is that of a man who means what he says, and who would be likely to fix the attention of his hearers.

RECENT BIBLICAL DESIGNS.

MESSRS. DALZIEL have just produced a volume which they call a 'Bible Gallery,' and which is composed entirely of woodcuts by the Brothers Dalziel, illustrating the Old Testament, and engraved from drawings by eighteen well-known modern artists made expressly for the work. The engravings are very carefully printed, and the volume is well arranged with a linen hinge to every leaf so that it opens perfectly. It is published by Messrs. Routledge, who have not thought it necessary to give any accompaniment of letter-press, as the subjects of the engravings are familiar to all. The President of the Royal Academy contributes nine designs—*Cain and Abel, Abram and the Angel, Eliezer and Rebekah, The Death of the Firstborn, Moses views the Promised Land, The Spies' Escape, Samson and the Lion, Samson carrying the Gates,* and *Samson at the Mill.* By the permission of the publishers we are able to give one of the finest of these designs—*Samson carrying the Gates;* a subject so often drawn that it seems almost impossible to deal with it originally—and yet this design is original. It gives, we think, a stronger conception of the burden and its inconvenience than any design illustrating the same subject which we remember; but Sir Frederick Leighton's conception of Samson is not the common one. He seems to suppose Samson's strength to have been nervous rather than muscular whilst the ordinary conception of him is that of a Semitic Hercules. The legs and arms in Sir Frederick's design are those of an ordinary man, working without extreme effort, the *strength* being probably conceived as a supernatural endowment or virtue, which passed away afterwards with the cutting of the hair. The effect is grandly imagined in its simplicity. Of Sir Frederick's other contributions *Moses views the Promised Land* appears to us the


Spes mea Christus. Iohannes Cornelij Sylvius Amstelodamo-bat: functus S.S. Minist: aõs 45. et 6. mens. In Frisiâ, in Transaum et Phrisdum aõs 4 In Dale et Harich unicum I
Hollandiâ Slotis aõs 6. Amstelodami aõs 28. et 6. menses, ibidemq obyt aõ 1638. 19. Novembr. natus aõs 74.

Cuius adorandum docuit Facundia Christum,
Et populis veram pandit ad astra viam.
Talis erat Sylvî facies. audivimus illum
Amstelÿs ipso civibus ore loqui.
Hoc Frisÿs præcepta dedit; pietasq. severo
Religioq. diu vindice tuta stetit.
Præluxit, veneranda suis virtutibus, ætas.
Erudytq. ipsos fessa senecta viros.

Simplicitatis amans fucum contemsit honesti,
Nec sola voluit fronte placere bonis.
Sic statuit: Iesum vita meliore doceri
Rectiùs, et vocum fulmina posse minus.
Amstela, fis memor extincti. qui condidit urbem
Moribus, hanc ipso fulsÿt illo Deo.
C. Barlæus.

Haud amplius deprædico illîus dotes,
Quas æmulor, frustraqué persequor versu.
P. S.

finest. He stands upon a pinnacle of rock, dressed in a simple Oriental garment, and looks forward upon Canaan with an expression of wistful interest and pleasure. There are, of course, wide differences in the engravings, and sometimes their success and failure lie in very different directions. For example, *Elijah fed by Ravens*, by Mr. F. S. Walker, R.H.A., we have a more perfect result. There is ample joyousness in the movement of all the figures here, and the principal one is really predominant. *The Fall of the Walls of Jericho*, by Mr. Armistead, is finely invented, and gains upon us after looking at it several times. The figures about the Ark are all noble, the masses of wall in the gloomy distance tumble down

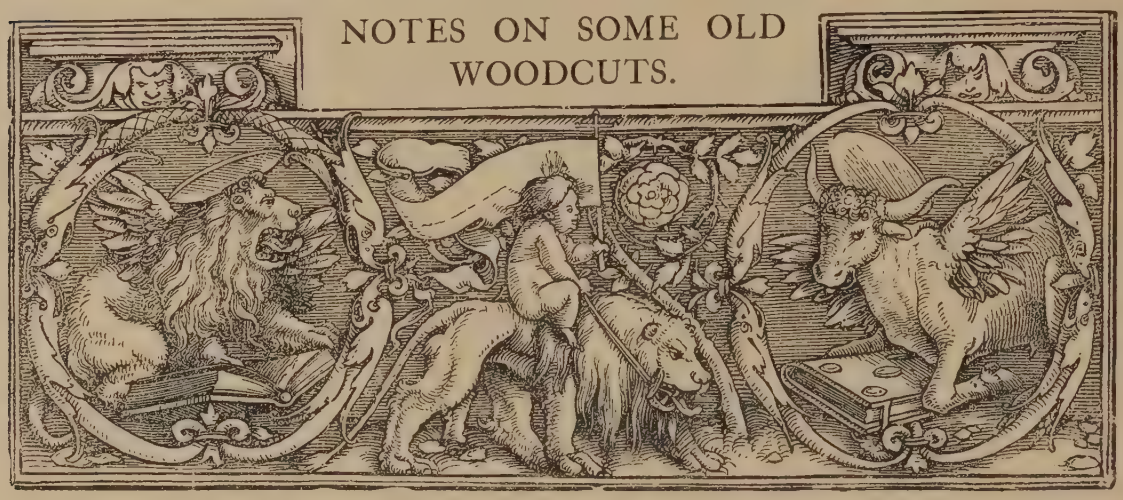
SAMSON CARRYING THE GATES. BY SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

is curiously out of drawing, but very powerfully and picturesquely engraved. There is sometimes a great deal of skill in secondary figures, and a missing of the mark in the conception of the principal one, as in Mr. Small's *Job receiving the Messengers*, where every thing is good but Job. Or again, a drawing may be beautifully carried out in all its details, like Mr. Poynter's *By the Rivers of Babylon*, and yet have not enough of sentiment, as this does not seem to us to be sad enough. When the sentiment and execution happily go together, as in Mr. Poynter's *Miriam*, in huge fragments, as in some terrible dream. Mr. Holman Hunt's *Eliezer and Rebekah at the Well* was composed so long ago as 1863, and fairly represents the taste and style of the artist at that period. It is purposely without tone and local colour, like early woodcuts in which all light parts are white, the drawing, which is clear and careful, being the better seen for this reticence.

The influence of modern archæological knowledge and of Eastern travel on our conceptions of biblical scenes and events is strongly marked in many of the

illustrations, but we are now past the time when such knowledge was felt to be strange and obtrusive, and when the artist himself was tempted to display it as a new virtue. It certainly does seem to us, even yet, that very much archæological detail in such things as ornamental patterns distracts attention from the human interest, and Messrs. Poynter and Madox Brown are occasionally tempted to too much elaboration. Even in the most elaborate plates, however, such as the *Moses and Aaron before Pharaoh*, after Poynter, one has pleasure in following the extremely skilful labour of the wood-engraver. The general impression produced by the whole work is that both designers and engravers have done their best, and that their labour fairly represents the contemporary English school.

NOTES ON SOME OLD WOODCUTS.



WOOD-ENGRAVING differs from intaglio engraving* in this, that its existence is entirely due to the convenience and cheapness of its printing. All engraving on metal in which the lines are cut out is costly to print and inconvenient, at least, in this sense, that it cannot be printed with type. Wood-engraving can be printed cheaply, and on the same page with the text. This superior convenience has enabled wood-engraving to hold its own, down to the present day; and there has never been a time when so much technical skill has been bestowed upon the art as now. The finest of old woodcuts are simple, considered technically, in comparison with such performances as may be found in any number of *Scribner's Magazine*. But if intaglio engraving had been as cheap to print as woodcut, all the strong work, and all the delicate work, too, which has been done by wood-engraving ever since the days of Dürer would probably have been done—would certainly have been done—by intaglio engraving, which is an art at the same time more powerful and more delicate than wood-engraving.

But if wood-engraving owes its existence to its cheap printing, it is still, in its results, the best of all the processes which print cheaply, and so it holds its ground wonderfully against all rapid and convenient substitutes. There are now countless ways of converting drawings into blocks which will print typographically, and yet wood-engraving is still employed for the illustration of books and newspapers, because, although it is more costly than these new processes, it gives results of a finer and more delicate quality. But here we encounter one of those strange contradictions which are sometimes met with in matters of taste. All highly-cultivated connoisseurs prefer old woodcuts, which have little delicacy, or delicacy of a kind not obvious at the first glance, to modern wood-engravings, which are so delicate that it is a wonder how human hands can do them. Is this preference sincere, or is it only an affectation? Does it come from a real hearty enjoyment of the old work, or is it merely one of the expressions of that spirit which praises the past in order to be the more effectively contemptuous towards the present? It is not, by any means, a recent 'fad,' like the taste for quaint, old-fashioned household arrangements. Twenty-five or thirty years ago the most fastidious painters preferred simple old wood-engraving to what was then the most advanced and elaborate modern form of the art. Such a preference might be perfectly sincere, and was likely to be most sincere in the case of artists who were conversant with the technical nature of wood-engraving. Men who understand technical

* For the convenience of readers not habitually conversant with technical matters, it may be explained that intaglio engraving includes all kinds of engraving in which the black line is cut into the material, whatever it may be. In woodcuts, and in all metal engraving which imitates woodcuts, the line is left in relief and inked with the roller just like the letters in this page.

matters always follow the workman, in imagination, at his task, and they are apt to prefer what may be called a natural and direct expression to a tedious one which pretends to be what it is not. But there is a reason beyond this. Elaborate modern wood-engraving, though by far the most perfect of all the arts adapted for typographic printing, gives nothing which other arts do not give in still greater perfection. If you look through a collection of the most wonderful American woodcuts, which for technical variety have never been approached in Europe, you will find that they are nearly all imitations of different effects still more perfectly obtained in various kinds of painting and drawing, whereas the very best genuine woodcuts, such as those of Holbein in simple work, and Bewick in more elaborate, are woodcuts and nothing else. Critics who care for wood-engraving in itself, and not as a cheap imitation of other arts, wish to see it pursued either in the early spirit, or else in the spirit of Bewick, and there is room yet, even at the present day, for a revival of this genuine art. Our wood-engravers have far more than the necessary degree of technical accomplishment. Such a revival would relieve them from a great deal of labour which is slavery, enable them to produce more work, and more careful work, and place their art upon secure foundations of its own. The reform would include several different changes.

1. *The abolition of cross-hatching in black lines, except when they are absolutely necessary.*—The draughtsman on wood, as he works at present, draws with *absolute indifference* to the technical convenience of the wood-engraver, on whom he inflicts endless drudgery which might easily be avoided. If wood-engraving were respected as a fine art, the convenience of the artist would be taken into consideration. The work done by the engraver who cuts out the lozenges and dots of white in some careless pen-sketch by a modern caricaturist, is slavery of a kind which the reader may better understand by an experiment. Let him take one page of any letter written with a free hand, and then, with a finely-pointed brush and a little vermilion, let him fill up all the white spaces without encroaching upon the width of a black mark. What such a task would be in comparison with free writing, the task of the wood-engraver, who has to remove specks of white by countless thousands, is to the task of the draughtsman on wood who uses pen or brush as if he were drawing on paper. The wood-engraver does not *draw* as an etcher or intaglio-engraver draws, he picks out whites on another's drawing, or he tries to get the equivalent of a tone. If wood-engraving were reformed, the engraver would be treated as an artist whose time was not to be thrown away.

2. *The preference of careful drawing to texture.*—In modern wood-engraving texture is cared for at the expense of form. It is difficult to find wood-engravers who cut with sufficient accuracy to respect delicate drawing, whilst many are able to interpret texture with considerable success. A recurrence to earlier practice would sacrifice texture to careful drawing. The draughtsman on wood, no longer pre-occupied with imitating textures as in painting, would throw his mind into *drawing*, which he would make as sound and as expressive as possible, and the engraver would have nothing to do but carry out the simple intention of the draughtsman.

3. *The free use of white lines wherever they are available.*—In modern wood-cutting, with few exceptions, the white line (which is the line naturally produced by the burin in this kind of engraving) is never used. Some of the early masters used it with much effect, and Bewick used it continually. There is no reason whatever why it should not be freely employed at the present day; the disuse of it is simply due to our complete indifference for the wood-engraver's convenience, and to his loss of independence in his art.

4. *The use of tranquil white spaces, as in etching.*—Although the wood-block naturally prints black, the pure white space can be got with so little labour in cutting away that it is always easily available. It is of incalculable value in many drawings, and is quite essential to the beauty of many of the finest etchings; but the modern wood-engraver, in his anxiety to imitate the full tones of painting, too often sacrifices the tranquil white space for greys. A reform in this direction would be a relief to the engraver himself, who would find his work reduced in two ways:—First, the white space itself would be got with little labour, and again, in any woodcut where the white spaces were large, the rest of the work might be done with better economy of labour, because it would tell more effectively.

5. *The use of flat blacks wherever available.*—This is quite in the true nature of wood-engraving. The best old woodcutters never hesitated about losing all very deep darks in flat black, and Bewick did the same. It is true that flat blacks occur very rarely in nature, where they are to be found only in low light or in dark empty spaces, such as the mouths of caverns; but it is quite as correct a principle in art to lose low tones in black as to lose high tones in white. There is, consequently, no serious critical reason why the woodcutter should not avail himself liberally of the blacks which the nature of his art provides ready to his hand. We know that his art is only an interpretation of nature, and every intelligent person is quite prepared to accept his flat blacks in their proper places.

These five changes in wood-engraving would bring the art back to a condition much more agreeable to those who make it an occupation and more acceptable

to the critical portion of the public; but besides these technical changes a certain moral and intellectual reform is also needed.

The present indifference to the comfort of the engraver comes from a want of sympathy which would disappear if the relations of the graphic arts to each other were more thoroughly understood. Few artists know or care about the difficulties which artists in other materials have to contend against; each has his own troubles and cares little about the troubles of his brother. A broader culture would establish interest and sympathy between different branches of art, so that, although the draughtsman on wood might not have time actually to engrave his own designs, he would think of the engraver's toil so constantly that he would draw just as if he had to do the wood-cutting himself. The ideal state of things would be that in which the draughtsman and the engraver should be one and the same person, as they were in Bewick, the true artist wood-engraver; but this is not to be hoped for, and was not the case even in the earlier ages of wood-engraving. It is useless to ask for a succession of Bewicks, but we might reasonably ask for successors to the cutters of Holbein and Albert Dürer.

We may now examine, by the help of photographic reproductions which are as nearly as possible

JUDAS KISSING CHRIST.

accurate, a few examples of old work to be found in the print-room of the British Museum. The first—*Judas kissing Christ*—is an early woodcut from a series illustrating scenes in the life of Christ, executed in the latter half of the fifteenth century.* It can be scarcely necessary to observe that this cut is not given here as an example of good art, though the story is simply told, and the little picture is not badly composed; but the rude drawing places it outside the pale of accomplished performance. Mr. Willshire remarks upon the technical execution:—

'With very few exceptions, the forms only are indicated, whether as regards figures or drapery. Here and there some shadow is marked, and also the hair of some of the heads; our Lord's is always deep black, as are the pointed shoes of several of the figures.'

Now this preservation of blacks is one of the characteristics of early wood-engraving in Europe, and it is found again in the remote East, in Japanese work, much of which is executed precisely on the principles of this cut. The reader will observe that not only is the hair of Christ flat black, but three pieces of flat black are introduced even in the nimbus; the reason for this being a simply decorative instinct, but it also increases the importance of the principal head. Pure white spaces abound, as in most early work; but the strength and simplicity of the outlines, and the absence of shade, may probably be in great part accounted for by the habit of colouring these woodcuts afterwards with the brush. They were probably intended to be coloured from the beginning, and the firm outlines were a guide to the water-colour painter. There is nothing in this early work which it especially concerns us to study as an example, but it is interesting, historically, as showing one of the earliest directions of the art.

In the first quarter of the sixteenth century woodcuts were produced which had sometimes noble qualities of drawing, and which are interesting, technically, from the obviousness of their processes and the bold manner in which simple processes were relied upon. The *Standard-bearers of Switzerland* are a fine series of martial figures, engraved most frankly in white upon a black ground, as may be seen by the example given herewith, the soldier of Schaffhausen.* In these prints the process is as straightforward as engraving in metal, and we really see the lines. The figures are bold and well designed in their own way, and they are interesting as examples of genuine wood-engraving, which never pretends to be what it is not. Work of this kind is too purely decorative for modern naturalism, but the principle of it might often be adopted, at least, in parts of modern woodcuts. It is essentially Bewick's principle, though, since Bewick was a much more accomplished artist than the engraver of this block, he worked more cleverly, and did not show his method quite so plainly. The decorative conventionalism of this cut is made all the more obvious by the flat-black sky, so that the whole has very much the decorative effect of silver inlaid in ebony. The defects in the printing of the black background exist in the original impression

* See Willshire's 'Catalogue of German and Flemish Prints in the British Museum,' D. 50.

* 'The Standard-bearers of Switzerland,' are described in Mr. Willshire's Catalogue under the heading E. 8. The one given here is E. 8, 5.

as well as in our copy. They detract a good deal from the quality of the work. In modern wood-cutting of the same kind, which is employed almost exclusively for the illustration of astronomical books, the printing is greatly superior, and gives very fine, even blacks of the most perfect density.

We now come to Albert Dürer's *St. George Slaying the Dragon*, which belongs to a far more advanced class of work. This was drawn by Dürer himself upon the block, with a pen, and cut, in all probability, by another hand. There is cross-hatching here, not so minute or delicate as that so commonly met with in modern wood-engraving, but still quite sufficient to lead to the conclusion, that the block was drawn by one person, who consulted his own convenience as a draughtsman, and cut by another who had to follow out the intentions of the first designer. White spaces are boldly left in the sky, on the horse, and elsewhere; and black spaces are used to relieve the horse against them, giving great vigour and clearness to his head and neck, the mane being effectively engraved by strong white burin-strokes in the black. The dragon has raised a cloud of dust by the motion of his powerful tail; and pray observe the bold engraving of this dust-cloud, where it hides the bush just above the horse's head. There is no attempt whatever to make it aërial by dainty methods of execution, which would have destroyed the harmony of the cut. It is shaded simply, like the shading of the ground about the dragon's claw. There is no attempt to render local colour anywhere; and although there is light and dark, there is little of anything that has the place or quality of true shadow, the darks being used for relief more than for the expression of light, though there are two or three cast shadows, forgotten or contradicted elsewhere. The qualities of the cut are its fine imaginative invention, and its masculine harmony of execution, by which one executive intention is thoroughly and consistently carried out. Observe the cool promptitude with which St. George pins the horrible creature to the earth whilst his horse is leaping over it. He does not meet the dragon, lance in rest, as if it were a knight, but treats it like vermin.

THE STANDARD-BEARER OF SCHAFFHAUSEN.

The cuts designed by Holbein, and engraved, we may presume, in a manner which gave him satisfaction, since he continued to design others, are generally greyer in appearance than those designed by Dürer; but are well worth the attention of any modern artist who may care to revive the old art of wood-engraving. The ornament which stands at the head of this article is the bottom of an engraved border which has been used for various purposes, and which is called 'St. Peter and St. Paul.' The figure of Peter, in the complete cut, stands over the winged lion, and that of Paul over the winged bull. There is much taste and invention in the design, which was probably, like other designs of Holbein, similar in character to this, kept rather grey and pale in order not to overpower the type which it surrounded. The engraving is beautifully executed, but exceedingly simple in principle, the ornaments and figures being shown in white spaces, outlined in black, upon a ground simply shaded in horizontal lines. The decorative element, which is so obvious in this border, exists, less obviously, in other works by the same artist; for example, in the curious set of representative personages in little circles of which we give two examples, the *Mathematicians*. Here the stars are represented by black spots with six points, and

are decorative, but not natural, nor is the moon's face drawn on the principle of naturalism either. Holbein's remarkable power of drawing characteristic faces is shown in both of these, and the costumes are

story is made so much plainer by a black background. The most animated little Holbein, which we reproduce on the present occasion, is the *Christ Casting out a Devil*, which, although engraved with the most ex-

ST. GEORGE SLAYING THE DRAGON. BY ALBERT DÜRER.

as good as anything can be in that simple manner of work. Notwithstanding the artist's skill these medallion subjects are still rather confused, so that one does not read them clearly at the first glance. They are inferior in this respect to the well-known medallion cuts on the cover of the 'Cornhill Magazine,' whose

treme simplicity, and on a tiny scale, has many of the qualities of a good picture. It has good composition, sound drawing, lively action, individual character, and a suggestion of light, which, without being carried too far, is still perfectly intelligible. The whole design, on analysis, will be perceived to consist

simply of lines with white spaces and grey shades, the shades being quite without cross-hatching anywhere. With these simple means Holbein has made a far more lively drawing than many on which incom-

THE MATHEMATICIANS.

parably greater labour has been expended, and a drawing entirely within the capabilities of woodcut. We do not feel, in looking at it, the slightest need for it to be carried farther towards imitation; it is finished as it is, in the best sense, because it sufficiently expresses the artist's intention, and is harmonious. True criticism requires as much as this, but in every art it asks for nothing more. To express sufficiently, and without dwelling disproportionately on any part of one's subject, this, so far as utterance is concerned, ought to satisfy the ambition of any artist and the requirements of the public which he addresses.

CHRIST CASTING OUT A DEVIL. BY HOLBEIN.

P. G. HAMERTON.

ART CHRONICLE.

M. RAJON'S etching of the *Strigils and Sponges*, after Alma-Tadema, deserves special mention for its extreme delicacy of drawing. We do not remember any etching in which this quality is more strikingly visible. There is little effect of light and dark; but that which is in the painting is of a very delicate kind, and has been beautifully rendered by the etcher. It is dependent upon the contrast between the bronze fountain and the light flesh of the women, the dark hair of one of them being the only other powerful contrast available. The middle tints are extremely tender, and required the most careful management. It is a piece of work which can only be quite appreciated by those whose culture has got beyond the appreciation of mere force and blackness, and who delight in beautiful drawing for its own sake. Even the *remarques* on the margin, in the first state of the plate, are in themselves quite beautiful examples of free drawing upon copper; and fine portraits of the two artists may be recognised amongst them. We have seldom seen a work of this class which has given us so much pleasure; and we may add, without indiscretion, that Mr. Alma-Tadema is quite satisfied with M. Rajon's refined interpretation of his picture.

MR. E. W. GODWIN, F.S.A., has built a studio at Kensington for H.R.H. Princess Louise.

THE Duke of Westminster has purchased the statue of *Artemis*, exhibited at the Royal Academy, by Hamo Thornycroft.

Mr. W. G. WILLS is painting, in oils, a portrait of Lady Gordon's daughter, life-size down to the knees.

MR. WHISTLER has just brought back from Venice several striking effects of colour in pastel.

MRS. THORNYCROFT has completed the full-length portrait statues, in marble, of the three young daughters of the Prince of Wales.

MR. ROBERT BARRETT BROWNING is painting at Dinant *The Tanner's Garden*, as companion picture to his *Tanner's Yard*, hung last year on the line at the Royal Academy. The work promises to be interesting, not only as a characteristic representation of Flemish life, but as fine in its arrangement of colour. A sunny brick wall, on which dried skins are hanging, old-fashioned flowers, copper pots, various instruments of labour, fruit trees, the ripe clusters hanging amidst green foliage, are painted with true and open air effect. Three figures at work, admirably drawn, give vivacity to the scene.

TAPESTRY paintings seem likely to take a more permanent place, and to have higher artistic value, than some of the various developments of decorative art, which have been so fashionable of late. Mr. Watts has lent his great picture of *Life and Death*, exhibited two years ago in the Grosvenor Gallery, to Messrs. Howell and James's, to be copied in their Art Gallery in tapestry painting. Mr. Watts is to be one of judges to award the prize to the best work in that material.

MR. MARTIN COLNAGHI will open his Gallery in the Haymarket to the public after Christmas.

MR. LONG is engaged on a picture, the subject of which is the martyrdom at Antioch of a young girl who has refused to burn incense to the goddess Diana.

M. RAJON'S well-known etching of Mr. Darwin (after Mr. Ouless' portrait) is destined to have a pendant from the same able hand, M. Rajon being now engaged in etching Mr. Ouless' admirable portrait of Cardinal Newman, exhibited in the last Royal Academy, the only one taken of him since he was an old man and a Cardinal.

THE Nineteenth Winter Exhibition of Sketches and Studies at the Gallery of the Society of Painters in Water-colours, Pall Mall, comprises 474 works, including 52 of the Dodgson Loan Collection, which occupy three screens in the middle of the room and the drawing-room. H.R.H. the Princess Louise contributes portraits of Lieutenant-Colonel F. De Winton and Sir John McNeil, V.C. W. C. T. Dobson's *Silvia* is the portrait in profile of a young girl, beautiful enough to justify all the swains commending her as the motto from the 'Two Gentlemen of Verona' says they do. Mrs. Allingham sends twelve exquisite drawings. Her *Donkey Ride*, with its white donkey on which two children are seated, led by a graceful figure in pink, is especially lovely. Miss Clara Montalba also sends twelve of her vigorous and beautiful drawings. *Lagny* (Seine et Marne) with its old bridge and leafless tree is full of character. Her *Trabarcolo* (Venice), black and white, a boat in full sail, with oars laid across; *London Bridge*, with its massive piers and arches, and barge with deep red sails; and sketches from Sweden and Salzberg. Mrs. Helen C. Angell's *Spring Gatherings* of apple-blossoms, primroses, and nest of eggs; her *Chrysanthemums*, in their purple vase, and four other canvases, are all fine studies from nature. Miss Maria Harrison's *Group*

of Wild Flowers, poppies, daisies, ears of wheat, and corn-flowers loosely tied with cord, is charming. Miss Margaret Gillies' *The Young Knight's Return*, after many years' knight-errantry, finding the old ancestral mansion in ruins, his sister and nurse the sole survivors, is touchingly and carefully wrought out, as is her *At a Doorway*, Rouen, an arched doorway with a pretty girl knitting leaning against it. Mr. Norman Taylor's five sketches are all studies of Gleaners cleverly executed. In *Asleep and Awake*, sheaves are formed into an arch, by it a dog is sitting awake and alert, watching a sleeping child, men mowing in the distance.

Henry Wallis' *In the Uffizi Gallery*, Florence, shows two English girls referring to their catalogue to find the subject of a statue, a youth drawing a thorn from his foot. In his *Marriage Settlements*, whatever be the arrangement made by the gentlemen in powdered wigs, the lady does not seem contented. Sir John Gilbert's *The Battle of the Standard* is a finished study for the large picture exhibited in this gallery last spring. Four oxen are drawing the crimson wain that bears the flag; by the standard, book in hand, stands the bishop, apparently blessing the armed, steel-clad host of men, some of whom are on horseback, others in various groups and attitudes, but all combining to form an animated picture. G. H. Andrews' *Day in the South* and *Night in the North* are two pictures in one frame, contrasting the hot bright colours of day in the south with a misty, mysterious moonlight, over streams and shipping, in a night in the north. In E. K. Johnson's *Summer* a child has flung off shoes and stockings, and lies full length on the sand. J. D. Watson's *Sweethearts and Wives* shows the same gentleman who is elsewhere giving the toast, 'Here's to them that's awa.' Mr. Brittan Willis' five small pictures have the poetic enchantment of purple summer evenings when the kine are coming home. Paul Naftel's *Morning*, *In the Gloaming*, *Ducks and Drakes*, are all executed with his usual poetic feeling and delicate finish. Birket Foster, T. M. Richardson, Collingwood Smith, H. Moore, Thorne Waite, H. S. Marks, Waterlow, Herbert Marshall, are all in great force. Mr. Alfred Hunt's absence will be felt by many visitors.

THE fourteenth winter exhibition of cabinet pictures in oil in the Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly, shows some excellent work achieved in landscape. Mr. Heywood Hardy's *The Old Squire's Favourite* occupies the place of honour. Along a road winding at the foot of a wooded hill rides the Squire in his brown suit mounted on a black mare; slightly in advance, riding a spirited finely-formed white pony, is a boy, the Squire's favourite. Mr. Leslie's two pictures, *Apple Dumplings* and *Cherry Pie* flank the *Favourite*. They both introduce us to the interior of two unimpeachably clean, orderly kitchens, one with its dresser laden and hung with delightful blue crockery, plates and dishes, jugs and mugs. We have the drawers, and the coffee-grinder, and nutmeg-grater; and there stands the handsome young cook, her round, dimpled arms bare, holding out proudly the cherry-pie she has just made; and there lie her paste-board, rolling-pin, and the surplus cherries by the basket that held them. In *Apple Dumplings* the pretty cook is seated peeling apples, with all her appliances around her. Hamilton Macallum's *Luring a tide-left Conger* shows three boys intently watching a point in a stream, into which one has cast a line. The tints of healthy flesh and blood, and the red hair of the Highland boys, are in fine relief upon the green background. H. Fantin has a *Panier de Fleurs d'Automne*. It must be early autumn, for the red, pink, and white roses bespeak the very heart of June. H. Helmick has two pictures—one *An Old Bachelor*, the other *The Old Maid*. The latter may have a regretful look of loneliness as she sips her tea, surrounded with all the accessories of comfort. *The Old Bachelor* sits in a comfortless, fireless room, awkwardly striving to mend his coat. W. S. Stracey also sends *An Old Bachelor* in the same piteous plight, threading his needle. *The Way down the Cliff*, by R. W. Macbeth, brings us down steps, cut in the rock, to a level overlooking the sea, where a handsome, bare-legged fisher-girl lies stretched, gazing wistfully at boats, her dog gazing at her. *The Last Load*, by Percy Macquoid, is a sombre hour by the sea-coast; two finely-modelled horses are drawing a cart-load of sea-weed. *Studying Impromptus*, by H. S. Marks, is a not very intellectual-looking gentleman, in crimson hose and tunic, conning his impromptus from a slip of paper, as he sits upon the spreading root of a fine tree amid pleasant scenery. *Counting her Chickens*, by John White, is a girl leaning over a wooden bridge that spans a pleasant stream, where white ducks are swimming. The chiaroscuro of this small picture is very effective. '*Phillis is my only Lay*,' by C. W. Nicol, is a gentleman in a crimson cloak and broad-leafed hat, whose face, not very youthful, beams with fun and humour as he sings his lay. *Amusing his Lordship*, by G. F. Munn, is a year-old fat baby, seated in a luxurious arm-chair, while a graceful lady, in a long trailing blue silk dress, is dancing her best to amuse his grave little lordship. *A narrow Escape*, by C. Burton Barber, is a bird just risen beyond the clutches of a well-conditioned cat that has stolen out upon the snow to seize him, and is now looking dazed and savage at his failure. The landscapes are the most attractive portion of this exhibition. *Shower Clearing off at Sunset*, by Henry Moore. A strong shaft of sunlight sharply cuts and drives off black, ominously-shaped clouds, illuminating at the same time a landscape of hills, fields, stream, and winding roads. *A Summer Storm, Venice*, by J. MacWhirter, shows a rarely seen, but truthful, aspect of the beautiful city. '*Now came still Evening on and twilight grey*,' by C. J. Lewis, is an exquisite embodiment of Milton's poetic description. We ought also to mention Mr. Frank Walton's '*When Sparrows build and the Leaves break forth*,' and his

> 'Odorous breathings from the lips of flowers
> Fill all the peaceful land.'

Other works deserving mention are—*The Monastery Wall*, by Alfred de Breanski, with its finely-tinted brown-red wall and winding road, and *October*, by Tom Lloyd, with its bold, effective brushwork. *Morning on the Kennet*, by Alfred Parsons, and *An April Morning*, by E. A. Waterlow, show loving study of Nature.

MR. WHISTLER'S twelve etchings from Venice, exhibited in December at the gallery of the Fine Art Society, do not seem to have answered the general expectation, the complaint being that they have so little in them. They produce a disappointing impression at first from the general absence of tone, especially because it is trying to any sketch without tone to be hung up on a wall as these have been, and also because several of the subjects appear unimportant in themselves. By having as little to do as possible with tone and light and shade, Mr. Whistler evades great difficulties; but if his etchings seem weak when framed, they still repay attentive examination, by a curious felicity in sketching which few artists have possessed to the same degree. In *The Traghetto*, for example, there is a group of men seated at the table, lightly sketched to the right, and very cleverly. The scattered groups of people on the quay in the *Riva*, are also good in that kind of work. As for architecture, it is interpreted in a slight but picturesque manner, as, for example, in the suggestion of rich sculpture about *The Doorway*, and the distant buildings in the *Riva* are well sketched, though simply *au trait*. The *Nocturne* is intended to convey an impression of night on the lagoons; but the subject did not admit of any drawing, and the artist's present principles seem to deny him any effective chiaroscuro, so there is little left. *The Mast* and *The Little Mast* are dependent for much of their interest on the drawing of festoons of cord hanging from unequal heights. We hear it said, that Mr. Whistler has not been doing his best, because his work looks so slight; but we are very sure that he has not been really careless. It seems to us, that in etching, as in painting, Mr. Whistler has been trying how much can be suggested with the least apparent labour; and that he is anxiously striving to maintain a peculiar kind of reputation, which has its own great perils.

THE FERRY.

ETCHED BY ROBERT W. MACBETH.

THE scene of this etching is a Cambridgeshire ferry, with gipsies and gleaners crossing together. Mr. Macbeth has a picture of the same subject in progress, which will probably be exhibited at the Royal Academy this year. The time of day chosen for the picture is towards sunset, with long shadows falling on part of the figures and the landscape.

Mr. Macbeth has two distinct and opposite manners as an etcher — one comprehensive and sketchy, the other laborious and minute, with the fulness of a carefully-finished drawing, but none of the liberty of a sketch. Without undervaluing what Mr. Macbeth has done in laboured work, and without depreciating labour in itself (for some fine plates, by very great men, have been laborious), we still think that Mr. Macbeth's lighter manner is, of the two, the better adapted to etching. The plate before us is an excellent example of this manner. The reader will perceive in it the two great qualities of good etching — the suggestion of much truth both in drawing and chiaroscuro, and the employment of very simple, unpretending means. It is surprising when we reflect upon it, how much is conveyed in a sketch of this kind at the cost of a very little manual labour. We have as much composition as in the finished picture; we have a perfectly intelligible suggestion of light and shade; and although the drawing is not carried far, it only requires, for its completion, the help of some knowledge and imagination in the spectator himself. It is like rapid handwriting in which the letters are not fully formed, yet sufficiently suggested, if the reader is intimately acquainted with the language.

Mr. Macbeth was born in 1848. He studied at the schools of the Royal Academy in 1871 and 1872. His most important works have been *Phillis on the new-made Hay*, *A Lincolnshire Gang*, *A Potato Harvest*, *Coming from St. Ives Market*, *A Sardine Fishery*, and *A Fen Flood*, exhibited in the Royal Academy and the Grosvenor Gallery. Most of these pictures have been etched by the painter. It has happened, we believe, occasionally, that the etching has preceded the picture. Sometimes the etching has been done from the finished picture, and sometimes from the first dead colouring or rough sketch on the canvas. We are inclined to think that as a general rule artists who etch their own pictures would do wisely not to wait until they are finished. The finished picture offers too much, and has a tendency to reduce the etcher, even when he himself is the author of the work, to the position of a copyist-engraver.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF LANCASHIRE.

II.—*Liverpool.*

THE situation of this great city is in some respects one of the most enviable in the country. Stretching along the upper bank of a magnificent estuary, 1200 yards across where narrowest, and the river current of which flows westwards, it is near enough to the sea to be called a maritime town, yet sufficiently far inland never to suffer any of the discomforts of the open coast. Upon the opposite side of the water the ground rises gently from the very margin. Birkenhead, the vigorous new Liverpool of the last forty years, covers the nearer slopes; in the distance there are towers and spires, with glimpses of trees, and even of windmills that tell of corn-fields not far away.

Liverpool itself is pleasantly undulated. Walking through the busy streets there is constant sense of rise and fall. An ascent that can be called toilsome is never met with; nor, except concurrently with the docks, and in some of the remoter parts of the town, is there any long continuity of flatness.

Compared with the other two principal English seaports, London and Bristol, the superiority of position is incontestable. A town situated upon the edge of an estuary must needs have quite peculiar advantages. London is indebted for its wealth and grandeur more to its having been the metropolis for a thousand years than to the service directly rendered by the Thames; and as for Bristol, the wonder is that with a stream like the Avon it should still count with the trio, and retain its ancient title of Queen of the West. Away from the waterside, Liverpool loses. There are no green airy downs and delicious woods, reached in half-an-hour from the inmost of the city, such as give character to Clifton; nor, upon the whole, can the scenery of the neighbourhood be said to present any but the very mildest and simplest features. Only in the district which includes Mossley, Allerton, Toxteth, and Otterspool, is there any approach to the picturesque. Hereabouts we find meadows and rural lanes; and when, a few miles up the stream, the

Cheshire hills begin to show plainly, the views, looking across, are sometimes delightful.

Not far from the agreeable neighbourhood called 'Prince's Park,' there is a little dell that aforetime, when further away from the borough boundaries, and when the name was given, would seem to have been another Kelvin Grove,—

> 'Where the rose, in all its pride,
> Paints the hollow dingle side,
> And the midnight fairies glide,
> Bonnie lassie, O!'

Fairyland, tram-cars, and the hard facts of a great city, present few points of contact—Liverpool unites them in 'Exchange to Dingle, 3*d.* inside.' Among the charming poems left us by Roscoe, who had an exquisite perception of natural beauty, there is one upon the disappearance of the brooklet which, descending from springs now dried up, once babbled down this pretty dell with its tribute to the river.

To the stranger approaching Liverpool by railway, these inviting bits of the adjacent country are, unfortunately, not visible. When, after passing through the town, he steps upon the Landing-stage and looks out upon the heaving water, with its countless craft, endless in variety, and representing every nation that possesses ships and commerce, he is compensated. The whole world does not present anything in its way more fresh and striking. A third of a mile in length, broad enough for the parade of troops, imperceptibly adjusting itself to every condition of the tide, the Liverpool Landing-stage, regarded simply as a work of constructive art, is a wonderful sight. It is the scene of the daily movement of scores of thousands of human beings, some departing, others just arrived; and, above all, there is the glorious prospect.

Thoroughly to appreciate the nobleness, the capacities, and the use made of this magnificent river, a couple of little voyages should be undertaken, one towards the entrance, where the tall white shaft of the lighthouse comes in view; the other, ascending the stream, as far as Rock Ferry. By this means the extent of the docks and the magnitude of the neighbouring warehouses may in some degree be estimated. Up the river and down, from the middle portion of the Landing-stage, without reckoning Birkenhead, the line of sea-wall measures more than six miles. The water area of the docks approaches 260 acres; the length of surrounding quay-margin is nearly twenty miles. The double voyage gives opportunity, also, for observation of the many majestic vessels which are either moving or at anchor in mid-channel. Merchantmen predominate, but, in addition, there are almost invariably two or three of the superb steamers which have their proper home upon the Atlantic, and in a few hours will be away. The great Companies whose names are so familiar, the Cunard, the Allan, the White Star, the Inman, and five or six others, despatch between them no fewer than ten of these splendid vessels every week, and fortnightly, two extra, the same number arriving at corresponding intervals. Columbus' largest ship was about ninety tons; the steamers spoken of are from 2000 to 5000 tons, and four are now in course of building of 8000 to 9000 tons. Besides these there are the South Americans, the steamers to the East and West Indies, China, Japan, and the West Coast of Africa, the weight varying from 1500 to 4000 tons, fifty-four going out every month, and as many coming in. The aggregate to the United States and Canada, away and home, is twenty-two weekly; and to other ports out of Europe, away and home, twenty-seven weekly. The total number of ships and steamers actually *in* the docks, Birkenhead included, on the 6th of December, 1880, was 438.

A fairly fine day, a sunshiny one if possible, should be selected for these little voyages, not merely because of its pleasantness, but in order to observe the astonishing distance to which the river-life extends. Like every other town in our island, Liverpool knows full well what is meant by fog and rain. 'Some days must be dark and dreary.' At times it is scarcely possible for the ferry-boats to find their way across, and not a sound is to be heard except to convey warning or alarm. But the gloomy hours, fortunately, do not come often. The local meteorologists acknowledge an excellent average of cheerful weather—the prevailing kind along the whole extent of the lower Lancashire coast, the hills being too distant to arrest the passage of the clouds—and the man who misses it two or three times running must indeed be unlucky. Nothing, on a sunshiny day, can be more exhilarating than three or four hours upon the Mersey. Liverpool, go where we may, is, in the better parts, a place emphatically of exhilarations. The activity of the river-life is prefigured in the jauntiness of the movement in the streets; the display in the shop-windows, at all events where one has to make way for the current of well-dressed ladies, which at noon adds in no slight measure to the various gaiety of the scene, is a constant stimulus to the fancy—felt so much the more if one's railway-ticket for the day has been purchased in homely Stockport, or quiet Bury, or unadorned Middleton, or even in thronged Manchester—still it is upon the water that the impression of life and power is most animating. High up the river, generally near the Rock Ferry pier, a guardship is stationed, usually an ironclad. Beyond this we come upon four old men-of-war used as training-ships. The *Conway*, a naval school for young officers, accommodates 150, including many of good birth, who pay 50*l.* a-year apiece. The *Indefatigable* gives gratuitous teaching to the sons of sailors, orphans, and other unfortunate boys. The *Akbar* and the *Clarence* are Reformatory schools, the first for misbehaving Protestant lads, the

other for Catholics. The good work done by these Reformatories is immense. During the three years 1876 to 1878, the number passed out of the two vessels was 1890, and of these no fewer than 1420 had been converted into capital young seamen.*

Who will write us a book upon the immeasurable *minor* privileges of life, the things we are apt to pass by and take no note of, because 'common'? Sailing upon this glorious river, how beautiful overhead the gleam, against the azure, of the sea-gulls! Liverpool is just near enough to the salt water for them to come as daily visitants, just far enough for them to be never so many as to spoil the sweet charm of the unexpected: for the moment they make one forget even the ships. Man's most precious and enduring possessions are the loveliness and the significance of Nature. Were all things valued as they deserve, perhaps these bright and cheery sea-birds would have their due.

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE, LIVERPOOL.

The Liverpool docks are more remarkable than those even of London. Some of the vast receptacles fed from the Thames are more capacious, and the number of vessels they contain when full is proportionately greater than is possible in the largest of the Liverpool. But in London there are not so many, nor is there so great a variety of cargo seen on the quays, nor is the quantity of certain imports so vast. In the single month of October, 1880, Liverpool imported from North America, of apples alone, no fewer than 167,400 barrels. Most of the docks are devoted to particular classes of ships or steamers, or to special branches of trade. The King's Dock is the chief scene of the reception of tobacco, the quantity of which brought into Liverpool is second only to the London import; while the Brunswick is chiefly devoted to the ships bringing timber. At intervals there are huge cranes for lifting; and very interesting is it to note the care taken that their strength, though herculean, shall not be overtaxed, every crane being marked according to its power, 'Not to lift more than two tons,' or whatever other weight it is adapted to. Like old Bristol, Liverpool holds her docks in her arms. In London, as an entertaining German traveller told his countrymen some forty years ago, a merchant, when he wants to despatch an order to his ship in the docks, 'must often send his clerk down by the railroad; in Liverpool, he may almost make himself heard in the docks out of his counting-house.'* This comes mainly of the town and the docks having grown up together.

The 'dockmen' are worth notice. None of the loading and unloading of the ships is done by the sailors. As soon as the vessel is safely 'berthed,' the consignees contract with an intermediate operator called a stevedore,† who engages as many men

* *Vide* Mr. Inglis' Twenty-third Report to Government on the Certified and Industrial Schools of Great Britain, Dec. 1880.

* J. G. Kohl. 'England, Scotland, and Ireland,' vol. iii. p. 43. 1844.

† For the derivation of this curious word see 'Notes and Queries,' Sixth Series, vol. ii. pp. 365 and 492. 1880.

as he requires, paying them *4s. 6d.* per day, and for half-days and quarter-days in proportion. Nowhere do we see a better illustration than is supplied in Liverpool of the primitive Judean market-places, 'Why stand ye here all the day idle? Because no man hath hired us.' Work enough for all there never is, a circumstance not surprising when we consider that the total number of day-labourers in Liverpool is estimated at 30,000. The non-employed, who are believed to be always about one half, or 15,000, congregate near the water; a favourite place of assembly appears to be the pavement adjoining the Baths. The dockmen correspond to the male adults among the operatives in the cotton-mill districts, with the great distinction that they are employed and paid by time, and that they are not helped by the girls and women of their families, who in the factories are quite as useful and important as the rougher sex. They correspond also to the 'pitmen' of collieries, and to journeymen labourers in general. Most of them are Irish—as many, it is said, as nine-tenths of the 30,000—and as usual with that race of people they have their homes near together. These are chiefly in the district including Scotland Road, where a very different scene awaits the tourist. Faction-fights are the established recreation; the men engage in the streets, the women hurl missiles from the roofs of the houses. Liverpool has a profoundly mournful as well as a brilliant side. Canon Kingsley once said that the handsomest set of men he had ever beheld at one view was the group assembled within the quadrangle of the Liverpool Exchange. The income-tax assessment of Liverpool amounts to nearly 16 millions sterling. The people claim to be 'Evangelical' beyond compare; and that they have intellectual power none will dispute. Behind the scenes the fact remains that nowhere in our island is there deeper squalor, penury, and spiritual darkness.* When the famished and ignorant have to be dealt with, it is better to begin with supply of good food than with aëriform benedictions. It is gratifying to observe that all along the line of the docks there are now 'cocoa-shops,' some of them upon wheels, metallic tickets, called 'cocoa-pennics,' giving access. Lady Hope (*née* Miss Elizabeth R. Cotton) has shown that among the genuine levers of civilisation there are none more substantial than good warm coffee and cocoa. Liverpool, in imitation, is giving a lesson to the philanthropic all over England, which, if discreetly taken up, cannot fail to tell immensely on the morals, as well as the physical needs, of the poor and destitute.

Liverpool is a town of comparatively modern date, being far younger than Warrington, Preston, Lancaster, and many another which commercially it has superseded. The name does not occur in Domesday Book, compiled A.D. 1086, nor till the time of King John does even the river seem to have been much used. Commerce, during the era of the Crusades, did not extend beyond continental Europe, the communications with which were confined to London, Bristol, and a few inconsiderable places on the southern coasts. Passengers to Ireland went chiefly by way of the Dee, and upon the Mersey there were only a few fishing-boats. At the commencement of the thirteenth century came a change. The advantages of the Mersey as a harbour were perceived, and the fishing village upon the northern shore asked for a charter, which in 1207 was granted. Liverpool, as a borough, is thus now in its 674th year. That this great and opulent city should virtually have begun life just at the period indicated is a circumstance of singular interest, since the reign of John, up till the time of the famous gathering at Runnymede, was utterly bare of historical incident, and the condition of the country in general was poor and depressed. Cœur de Lion, the popular idol, though scarcely ever seen at home, was dead. John, the basest monarch who ever sat upon the throne of England, had himself extinguished every spark of loyal sentiment by his cruel murder of Prince Arthur. Art was nearly passive, and literature, except in the person of Layamon, had no existence. Such was the age, overcast and silent, in which the foundations of Liverpool were laid. Contemplating the times, and all that has come of the event, one cannot but think of acorn-planting in winter, and of the grand line in 'Faust,'—

> 'Ein Theil der Finsterniss die sich das Licht gebar.'
> (Part of the darkness which brought forth Light!)

The growth of the new borough was for a long period very slow. In 1272, the year of the accession of Edward I., Liverpool consisted of only 168 houses, occupied (computing on the usual basis) by about 840 people; and even a century later, when Edward III. appealed to the nation to support him in his attack upon France, though Bristol supplied 24 vessels and 800 men, Liverpool could furnish no more than one solitary barque with a crew of six. It was shortly after this date that the original church of 'Our Lady and St. Nicholas' was erected. Were the building, as it existed for upwards of 400 years, still intact, or nearly so, Liverpool would possess no memorial of the past more attractive. But in the first place, in 1774, the body was taken down and rebuilt. Then, in 1815, the same was done with the tower, the architect wisely superseding the primitive spire with the beautiful lantern by which St. Nicholas' is now recognised even from the opposite side of the water. Of the original ecclesiastical establishment all that remains is the graveyard, once embellished with trees, and in particular

* *Vide* 'The Dark Side of Liverpool.' By the Rev. R. H. Lundie. 'Weekly Review,' Nov. 20, 1880, p. 1113.

a 'great Thorne,' in summer white and fragrant, which the tasteless and ruthless old rector of the time was formally and most justly impeached for destroying 'without leave or license.' Wilful and needless slaying of ornamental trees, such as no money can buy or replace, and which have taken perhaps a century or more to grow, is always an act of ingratitude, if not of the nature of a crime, and never less excusable than when committed in consecrated ground. The dedication to St. Nicholas shows that the old Liverpool townsfolk were superstitious, if not pious. It is he who on the strength of the legend is found in Dibdin as 'the sweet little cherub'—

> . . . . . 'that sits up aloft,
> And takes care of the life of poor Jack.'

Up to 1699, St. Nicholas was only the 'chappell of Leverpoole,' the parish in which the town lay being Walton.

In 1533, or shortly afterwards, temp. Henry VIII., John Leland visited Liverpool, which he describes as being 'a pavid Towne,' with a castle, and a 'Stone Howse,' the residence of the 'Erle of Derbe.' He adds, that there was a small custom-house, at which the dues were paid upon linen-yarn brought from Dublin and Belfast for transmission to Manchester.* Fifty years later, Camden describes the town as 'neat and populous'—the former epithet needing translation; and by the time of Cromwell the amount of shipping had nearly doubled. The Mersey is the natural westward channel for the commerce of the whole of the active district which has Manchester for its centre. By the end of the sixteenth century this district was becoming distinguished for its productive power. A large and constantly increasing supply of manufactures adapted for export implied imports. The interests of Manchester and Liverpool were alike, as they have remained to the present day. Of no two places in the world can it be said with more truth, that they have 'lived and loved together, through many changing years;' though it may be a question whether they have always 'wept each other's tears.' In addition to the impulse given to shippers by extended manufacturing, the captains who sailed upon the Irish Sea found in the Mersey their securest haven, the more so since the Dee was now silting up,—a misfortune for venerable and unique Chester which at last threw it, commercially, quite into the shade. The Lune was also destined to lose in favour, an event not without a certain kind of pathos, since cotton was imported into Lancaster long before it was brought to Liverpool. Conditions of all kinds being so happy, prosperity was assured. Liverpool had now only to be thankful, industrious, honest, and prudent.

The period of the Restoration was particularly eventful. The Great Plague of 1665 and the Great Fire of 1666 led to a large migration of Londoners into Lancashire, and especially to Liverpool, trade with the North American 'Plantations,' and with the sugar-producing islands of the Caribbean Sea, being now rapidly progressive. Contemporaneously there was a flocking thither of younger sons of country squires, who, anticipating the Duke of Argyll of to-day, saw that commerce is the best of tutors. From these have descended some of the most eminent of the old Liverpool families. The increasing demand for sugar in England led, unfortunately, to sad self-contamination. Following the example of Bristol, Liverpool gave itself to the slave-trade, and for ninety-seven years, 1709 to 1806, the whole tone and tendency of the local sentiment were debased by it. The Roscoes, the Rathbones, and others among the high-minded, did their best to arouse their brother merchants to the iniquity of the traffic, and to counteract the moral damage to the community; but mischief of such a character sinks deep, and the lapse of generations is required to efface it entirely. Mr. W. W. Briggs considers that the shadow is still perceptible.* Politely called the 'West India trade,' no doubt legitimate commerce was bound up with the shocking misdeed, but the kernel was the same. The slave-trade began with barter of the manufactures of Manchester, Sheffield, and Birmingham for the negroes demanded, first, by the sugar-planters, and afterwards, in Virginia, for the tobacco-farms. When George the Third was but newly crowned, slaves of both sexes were at times openly sold by advertisement in Liverpool! All this is now done with for ever. To recall the story is painful but unavoidable, since no sketch of the history of Liverpool can be complete without reference to it. Out of the slave-trade were made many great fortunes, memorials of which it would be by no means hard to find. Notwithstanding the outcry by the interested that the total ruin of Liverpool, with downfall of Church and State, would ensue upon abolition, the town has done better *without* the slave-trade. The period of most astonishing expansion has been that which, as in Manchester, may be termed the strictly modern one. The best of the public buildings have been erected within the memory of living men. Most of the docks have been constructed since 1812. The first steamboat upon the Mersey turned its paddles in 1815. The first steam voyage to New York commemorates 1838. In Liverpool, it should not be forgotten, originated, directly afterwards, the great scheme which gave rise to the 'Peninsular and Oriental,' upon which followed, in turn, the Suez Railway, and then the Suez Canal. The current era

* 'Itinerary,' vol. vii. p. 40, Oxford, 1711.

* *Vide* 'Liverpool Mercury,' Dec. 11, 1880.

has also witnessed an immense influx into Liverpool of well-informed American, Canadian, and continental merchants, Germans particularly. These have brought (and every year sees new arrivals) the habits of thought, the special views, and the fruits of the widely diverse social and political training peculiar to the respective nationalities.

A very considerable number of the native English Liverpool merchants have resided, sometimes for a lengthened period, in foreign countries. Maintaining correspondence with those countries, having connexions one with another all over the world, they are kept alive to everything that has relation to commerce. They can tell us about the harvests in all parts of the world, the value of gold and silver, and the operation of legal enactments. Residence abroad supplies new and more liberal ideas, and enables men to judge more accurately. The result is that, although Liverpool, like other places, contains its full quota of the incurably ignorant and prejudiced, the spirit and the method of the mercantile community are in the aggregate vigorous, inviting, and enjoyable. The occupations of the better class of merchants, and their constant consociation with one another, require and develope not only business powers, but the courtesies which distinguish gentlemen. A stamp is given quite different from that which comes of life spent habitually among 'hands;'* the impression upon the mind of the visitor is that, whatever may be the case elsewhere, in Liverpool ability and good manners are in partnership. The characteristics observable in office hours reappear in the privacy of home.

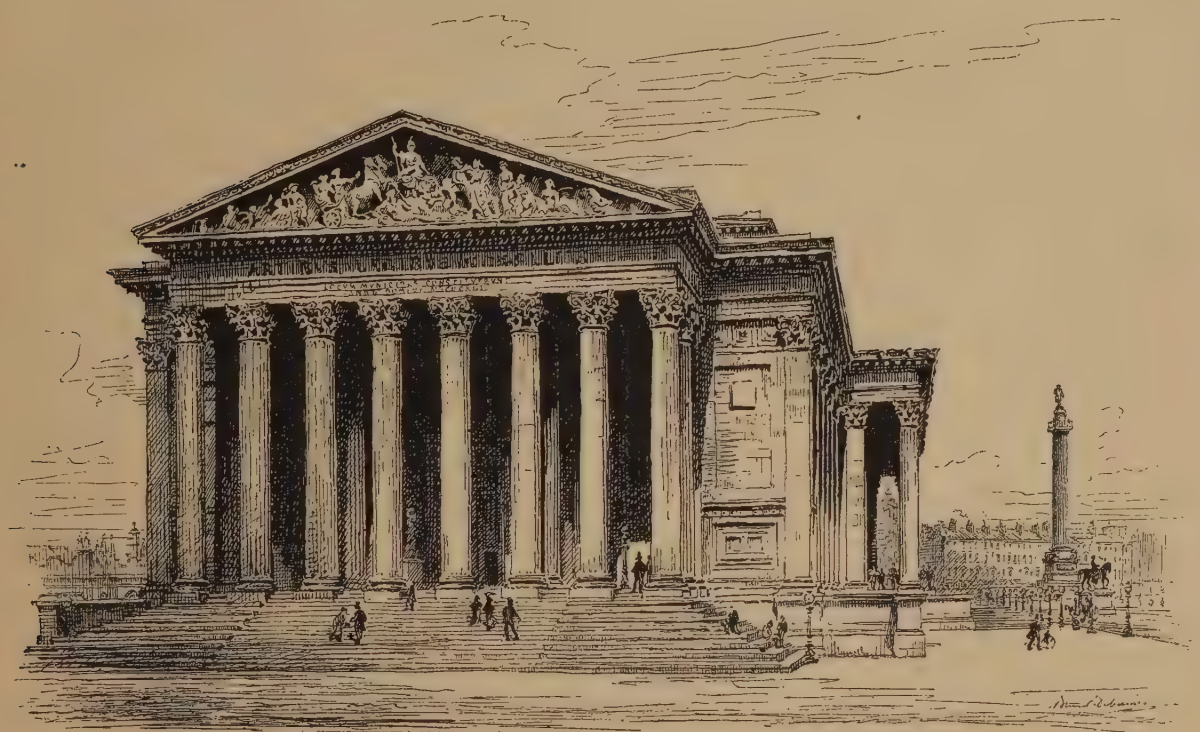
The description of business transacted in Liverpool is almost peculiar to the place. After the shipbuilders and the manufacturers of shipping adjuncts, chain-cables, &c., there are few men in the superior mercantile class who produce anything. Liverpool is a city of agents. Its function is not to make, but to transfer. Nearly every bale or box of merchandise that enters the town is purely *en route*. Hence it comes that Liverpool gathers up coin even when times are 'bad.' Whether the owner of the merchandise eventually loses or gains, Liverpool has to be paid the expenses of the passing through. Much of the raw material that comes from abroad changes hands several times before the final despatch. In the daily reports of the cotton-market a certain quantity is always distinguished as bought 'upon speculation.' The adventurous do not wait for the actual arrival of this particular article. Like the Covent Garden wholesale men, who buy the produce of the Kentish cherry orchards while the trees are only in bloom, the Liverpool cotton-brokers deal in what they call 'futures.'

Another curious feature is the problematical character of every man's day. The owner of a cotton-mill or an iron-foundry proceeds, like a train upon the rails, according to a definite and preconcerted plan. A Liverpool foreign merchant, when leaving home in the morning, is seldom able to forecast what will happen before night. Telegrams from distant countries are prone to bring news that changes the whole complexion of affairs. The limitless foreign connexions tend also to render his sympathies cosmopolitan rather than such as pertain to old-fashioned citizens pure and simple. Once a-day, at least, his thoughts and desires are in some far-away part of the globe. Broadly speaking, the merchants, like their ships in the river, are only at anchor in Liverpool. The owner of a 'works' must remain with his bricks and mortar; the Liverpool merchant, if he pleases, can weigh and depart. Though the day is marked by conjecture, it is natural to hope for good. Hence much of the sprightliness of the Liverpool character;—the perennial uncertainty underlying the equally well-marked disposition to 'eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die,' or, at all events, *may* die. This in turn seems to account for the high percentage of shops of the glittering class and that deal in luxuries. Making their money in the way they do, the Liverpool people care less to hoard it than to indulge in the spending. How open-handed they can be when called upon is declared by the sums lately raised for the new Bishopric and the University College. In proportion, they have *more* money than other people, the inhabitants of London alone excepted. The income-tax assessment has already been mentioned as nearly sixteen millions. The actual sum for the year ending April 5th, 1876, was 15,943,000*l.*, against Manchester, 13,907,000*l.*, Birmingham, 6,473,884*l.*, London, 50,808,000*l.* The superiority in comparison with Manchester may come partly, perhaps, of certain firms returning from the places in the country where their 'works' are situated. Liverpool is self-contained, Manchester is diffused.

Liverpool may well be proud of her public buildings. Opinions differ in regard to the huge block which includes the Custom-house; but none dispute the claim of the sumptuous edifice known as St. George's Hall to represent the architecture of ancient Greece in the most remarkable and successful degree yet attained in England. Strange, considering the local wealth and the claim of a character for thoroughness and taste, that this magnificent structure should be allowed to remain unfinished, still wanting, as it does, the sculptures which formed an integral part of Mr. Elmes' carefully considered whole. Closely adjacent are the Free Library and the new Art Gallery, and, in Dale Street, the Public Offices, the Townhall,

* In Liverpool, strictly speaking, there are *no* 'hands,' no troops of workpeople, that is to say, young and old, male and female, equivalent as regards relation to employer, to the operatives of Oldham and Stalybridge.

and the Exchange, which is arcaded. Among other meritorious buildings, either classical or in the Italian palazzo style, we find the Philharmonic Hall and the Adelphi Hotel. The Free Library is one of the best-frequented places in Liverpool. The number of readers exceeded, last year, in proportion to the population, that of every other large town in England where a Free Library exists. In Leeds, during the year ending at Michaelmas 1880, the number was 648,539; in Birmingham, 658,000; in Manchester, 958,000; in Liverpool, 1,163,795. In the Reference Department the excess was similar, the issues therefrom having been in Liverpool one-half; in Leeds and Birmingham, two-fifths; in Manchester, one-fifth. The Liverpool people seem apt to take advantage of their opportunities. When the Naturalists' Field Club starts for the country, the number is three or four times greater in proportion to the whole number of members than in other places where, with similar objects, clubs have been founded; whether as much work is accomplished when out, is undecided. They are warm supporters also of literary and scientific institutions, the number of which, as well as of societies devoted to music and the fine arts, is in Liverpool exceptionally high. At the 'Associated Soirée,' held on the 22nd December last, there were Presidents of no fewer than fifteen. Educational, charitable, and curative institutions exist in equal plenty. It was Liverpool that, in 1791, led the way in the foundation of Asylums for the Blind. The finest ecclesiastical establishment belongs to the Catholics, who in Liverpool, as in Lancashire generally, have stood firm to the faith of their fathers ever since 1558, and were never so powerful a body as at present. The new Art Gallery seems to introduce an agreeable prophecy. Liverpool has for more than 130 years striven unsuccessfully to give effect to the honourable project of 1769, when it sought to tread in the steps of the Royal Academy, founded a few months previously. There are now fair indications of rejuvenescence. If we mistake not, there is a quickening appreciation of the intrinsically pure and lovely, coupled with indifference to the qualities which catch and content the vulgar—mere bigness and showiness. Slender as the appreciation may be, still how much more precious than the bestowal of patronage, in ostentation of pocket, beginning there and ending there, which all true and noble art disdains.



ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Since the above was written, the following paragraph has appeared in the newspapers:

'The Liverpool people have at last made up the account of their autumn (1880) art exhibition. Of the 1081 works shown, 269 were sold, and the sum obtained for them reached the handsome total of 11,610*l.*; an amount exceeding that received at either the Royal Academy or Grosvenor Gallery last year.'

LEO GRINDON.

THE VIRGIN AND CHILD ON CLOUDS.

ENGRAVED BY MARC ANTONIO, AFTER RAPHAEL.

Reproduced by Amand Durand.

THIS is one of the finest known examples of the classic or grand style of line-engraving, and is well worth examination, as much for what it refuses as for what it gives. The reader sees at a glance what a majesty there is in such work as this; but is he clearly aware how much the dignity of it depends on the resolute and systematic setting aside of natural truth? If a model were seated in this attitude, and in this dress, would her flesh and her dress be without texture and local colour as these are? What clouds in nature have ever been so hard and unyielding as these? The ideal of these clouds appears to have been derived from marble monuments, and not from nature. Again, the radiance of the Virgin and Child is represented here without the slightest attempt to imitate natural light. The black lines which suggest radiation do not even pretend to any luminous quality whatever; nor do they, by way of compensation, offer any technical charm. Flesh and drapery are shaded in the same manner, with the same simple lines crossed in the darks, and passing off into dots towards the lights. The curl and flow of hair are beautifully rendered, but there is not the faintest attempt to render its softness or its delicacy, and for anything that the engraver tells us about its nature it might be of metal.

Now, if we suppose in the place of this admirable, but not imitative, piece of work, a translation of the same subject into a more natural style of art, such as the style of a modern English engraver, interpreting a modern English picture, would the result be a gain or a loss? The answer is not far to seek. In natural truth it would be a gain, in artistic perfection a great and unavoidable loss, and this for the simple reason that artistic perfection of this high kind is not compatible with any *general* imitation of nature, that it depends, first of all, upon abstraction, and that there would be no abstraction if the artist were pinned down to the imitation of nature in all qualities. The one object of so great an engraver as Marc Antonio is the rendering of noble form, and that not natural, but idealised form; for the forms in this noble design are all idealised. To this object everything else is either sacrificed or subordinated. Local colour and texture are both absolutely sacrificed; there is nothing here of either. Light and shade is not quite absolutely sacrificed, but it is strictly subordinated. Having made these necessary sacrifices, the engraver could do—and could do on no other terms—such a piece of work as this before us, which is one of the very grandest and best performances in its own kind of art, as good in its manner as the finest works of the Greek sculptors in their manner, which also depended upon abstraction for the attainment of its own perfection.

P. G. HAMERTON.

THE CERTOSA OF FLORENCE.

ON the Siena road, three miles from the Porta Romana, stands the ancient Certosa of Florence. Less famous than her sister of Pavia, the Tuscan monastery is rich in historical interest and treasures of art. She has her paintings, her tombs, and sculptures; round her walls cluster the traditions of many ages; illustrious dead rest within her churches. Inferior to her rival in architectural splendour, the beauty of her situation far surpasses that of the Pavian Certosa. Placed on the summit of a picturesque hill in an angle formed by the junction of the torrents of Ema and Greve, the imposing range of her buildings, with towers, and battlements, and Gothic windows, strikes the eye of the traveller, and appears to him some grand mediæval fortress crowning the heights. Olive and cypress groves grow along the hill-side; at its feet nestles the little village of Galluzzo, which Dante sung of long ago; and on either side of the torrent fair Val d'Ema spreads her gardens of rose, and vine, and corn. From their cloisters the monks of the Certosa look down on the valley of Florence. They can see suns set over her towers and the violet glow of the plains reaching out towards Pistoja and the Apennines. Beyond, behind the topmost tiers of Giotto's campanile, rises the white-walled steep of Fiesole, and far away on the right, often fringed with snow, are the mountains of Vallombrosa. All around are great memories, scenes and names celebrated in Florentine story. On the opposite hills stands Poggio Imperiale, the villa of the Grand dukes, with its long avenue of ilex and cypress; further on are the tower where Galileo watched the stars, and San Miniato, from whose ramparts Michelangelo defended the republic. Older than any of these, already famous in days when the Medici and Michelangelo were unheard of, the Certosa was founded by a Florentine of an earlier age, a man who, although he left his home young

to become great in another sphere, never forgot that he was a citizen of Florence, and came back at last to be laid in his own convent on Tuscan soil.

Few figures in the history of the fourteenth century command our attention more than that of Niccola Acciaiuoli, Grand Seneschal of the kingdom of Naples. We see him conspicuous among the crowd of petty destinies around him, firm and unmoved as a rock in the midst of confusion and strife, controlling conflicting elements by the force of his character, retrieving the fortunes of a royal house, and saving a kingdom from anarchy by his single exertions. We see him by turns successful as a general, eminent as a statesman, distinguished by an unalterable fidelity to his prince, splendid in his alms and foundations, the patron of learning, the friend of Petrarch.

To this remarkable man the Certosa of Val d'Ema owes her existence. The whole story of her foundation is so closely connected with Niccola's fortunes, and forms so interesting an episode in his career, that a brief sketch of his life may not be out of place here.

Originally steel workers driven from Brescia by the invasion of Barbarossa, the Acciaiuoli were already one of the most powerful of Florentine merchant-houses when in 1310 Niccola was born at a villa on the hill of Montegufoni, in Val di Pesa, some miles to the west of Florence. His father, Acciaiuolo Acciaiuoli, married him to Margherita degli Spini at the age of eighteen, and three years afterwards sent him to Naples, where he had opened a house for the purpose of advancing loans to King Robert. Here the striking beauty of his person, his chivalrous accomplishments, and ready wit, won general favour at court, and attracted the notice of Robert, who appointed him guardian of his nephews, the young sons of Catherine, the widowed princess of Taranto, and titular empress of Constantinople. In 1338 he led a successful expedition into Greece to recover the dominions of these princes from the Turks, on which occasion he first displayed his military and administrative talents. Having conquered the Morea, and obtained the recognition of Catherine's eldest son Robert as Prince of Achaia, at the end of three years Niccola returned to Naples, where he was received with great honour, and sent as ambassador to Florence.

It was during this visit to his native city that he founded the Certosa. Already, as he took farewell of his wife and children when starting on his perilous expedition against the Turks, the wish to build a convent near Florence had arisen in his mind, as we know from the will he left behind him—a curious and elaborate document, of which the original Italian version is still preserved in the archives of the Certosa. After providing for his wife and children, and directing alms to be given and masses to be said not only for his own soul, but for every member of his family with the most scrupulous care, he proceeds to set apart a portion of his revenue for the endowment of this Certosa to be erected on a site chosen by a certain Carthusian monk, Frate Amico, under the patronage of his four favourite saints, Messer Michele Agnolo, Messer Niccola, Lorenzo, and Benedetto. 'And I beg of you, Acciaiuolo, my father,' he adds, 'to execute faithfully my will in this respect, and to have more care of my soul and yours than of my sons, for if they are honest they will have greater possessions than they need, and if they are worthless they will not remember my soul, and it will be better they should have little than much, therefore I ask you for God's sake to provide well for my soul and your own.'

Niccola's resolve proved more sincere than most pious intentions, and no sooner had he returned safely from his crusade, than without a moment's delay he applied himself to the execution of his plan.

On the 8th of February, 1342, the deed of gift was drawn up by which he endowed the Carthusian monks with all his lands in Val d'Ema; and immediately afterwards, or it may have been even before, the foundations of the new monastery were laid on the hill—Monte Aguto, between the rivers Greve and Ema. Convent-church and buildings were at once begun on a large scale; but the name of the architect of the Certosa is still unknown. Tradition ascribes this honour to Orgagna, but Vasari, in his life of this artist, owns that the true architect has never been discovered; and it seems more probable that a Carthusian monk, Fra Jacopo Passavanti, to whom frequent allusion is made in Niccola's letters, furnished the plans. While the walls of the Certosa were slowly rising from the ground, public events occupied all the founder's attention, and diverted his thoughts for a time from his favourite project.

The death of King Robert in 1343, and the accession of his daughter Joanna and her weak husband, Andrea of Hungary, plunged the kingdom of Naples into a state of anarchy, deplored by Petrarch in his letters. Two years afterwards Andrea was murdered, whether with or without the Queen's connivance; and at the end of another two years Joanna married Louis of Taranto, the second of the Empress Catherine's sons. From the time of Robert's death Niccola had taken no part in public affairs, but he appears to have been instrumental in bringing about this marriage, in which he probably saw not only the advancement of his pupil to the throne, but the best hope for the peace of the realm. At first, however, the consequences of the step proved disastrous to the parties concerned. The barons rose in arms against the Queen; the King of Hungary, armed with Papal excommunications, invaded Naples as the avenger of his brother's murder. Joanna took ship for Provence; and Louis of Taranto, deserted by all his followers

saving the faithful Niccola, fled with him to Siena, and found a refuge in Acciaiuoli's own villa at Monte Gufoni. While the two wandered from city to city, vainly endeavouring to obtain supplies of men and money, the Hungarian king became master of Naples, and all the fortresses in the country were surrendered into his hands, with the single exception of the citadel of Melfi, which Niccola's eldest son, Lorenzo, then scarcely more than a boy, defended valiantly during a long siege. But the victor's triumph was destined to prove of short duration, and in a few months, alarmed by an outbreak of plague at Naples, he returned home, leaving a German governor to rule the province.

Meanwhile, Niccola having successfully pleaded Louis and Joanna's cause at Avignon, and collected a fleet at his own expense, landed at Naples with the king and queen, who entered the city in the month of August, 1348. They found the unhappy kingdom a prey to the ravages of Hungarians and free companies, but by degrees the efforts of Niccola, now Grand Seneschal of the realm, met with success, and at length, on the 27th of May, 1352, Louis of Taranto was crowned at Naples with great solemnity.

It was on this occasion that Petrarch,—who, although not personally acquainted with Niccola, had been seized with admiration for his great qualities, and saw in him the deliverer of Naples,—addressed his famous letter to the Grand Seneschal, congratulating him on the triumph of his arms, and giving him admirable advice for the guidance of his royal pupil in all things necessary to his own welfare and public good.

'At length, you have conquered, O Signor,' he begins; 'at length the battle ceases, treachery yields to faith, pride to humility, despair to hope, and, vanquished by the power of fortitude, every obstacle disappears. Lately we saw you offer an heroic resistance to the frowns of Fortune; now we behold you her conqueror. Now the royal youth—sole object of your cares and efforts—receives the crown, and before his countenance the clouds which darkened the face of Italy shall melt away, the tears of the nation shall be dried, and lost peace—long sighed after—shall return to the distracted kingdom.'

He goes on to inform both king and minister that as the rose is surrounded by thorns so the path of glory is beset with difficulties, and exhorts Louis to follow the examples of his uncle, King Robert, and to learn of Niccola piety towards God, love of his country and the practice of virtue, advice which Petrarch lived to regret had been given in vain.

Numerous letters, still extant, bear witness to the friendship which existed between Petrarch and the Grand Seneschal, and prove the high estimation in which Niccola was held by the poet and his friends. For although Niccola's life had been spent in the active discharge of public duties both in camp and court, his natural genius supplied the want of scholarship, and there was a grace and charm about his letters that excited the wonder of Petrarch, and made him declare, in writing to another friend, that eloquence was more the fruit of nature than of study. But the great soldier was far from despising learning; on the contrary, he devoted every moment of leisure to the study not only of contemporary but of ancient literature. We find him quoting Seneca and bringing forward numerous instances from Roman history in his letters, while Boccaccio relates how, during his wars in Sicily he actually composed a history of the Crusades in the French language, of which, unfortunately, nothing more is known. Above all, he delighted in the society of poets and men of letters, and endeavoured by every means in his power to bring Petrarch to live at Naples, sending him the most pressing invitations again and again, and promising him a new Parnassus between Salerno and Vesuvius. In this he never succeeded, but many of Petrarch's dearest friends, Francesco Nelli, Zanobi da Strada, Giovanni Barili, were his constant guests and chosen companions. So also at times was Boccaccio, who, although he frequently lived at his charge and dedicated his work on illustrious women to Niccola, was not always satisfied with the treatment he received from the Grand Seneschal's dependants, and makes bitter complaints of the neglect he suffered on one occasion. But of all these, the friend whom Niccola most loved and valued was Zanobi da Strada, a Florentine poet, who, little known to posterity, seems to have been famous in his own day and received the laurel crown from the hands of the Emperor Charles IV. For him the Grand Seneschal had a deep and tender affection, which nothing could ever impair; and the letter which he wrote on the poet's death is a touching memorial of an intimacy honourable to both men. Genuine sorrow for his friend is mingled with lamentation over the loss sustained by the world in the death of a poet, the like of whom had not arisen for perhaps a thousand years, 'saving only one other, Messer Francesco Petrarcho.'

'No gift of all that Fortune has bestowed upon me in this world do I hold equal to the friendship of this man. He chose me and I chose him as friend, in all things our souls agreed together. Leaving his country, his home, and his kinsfolk, at my request he gladly followed me. When he was present we took sweet counsel together; in his absence his letters were my joy and delight. As I read I saw my friend and felt all the nobility of his soul, the graces with which God had filled this divine spirit. But since the clearness of his intellect could distinguish things unseen through the mists of this life, since while my excellent friend lived he saw what was hidden and recognised the vanity of this world, he is now come to the place where he lives and will live for ever, and I am there with him. Inseparable were our souls and inseparable will they remain.'

Like the poet of 'In Memoriam,' he notes the different phases of grief, and from the contemplation

of all that made his friendship pleasant, from regret for all that has been and can never be again, he passes to consider the high teaching of death and the many things which he has learnt by the removal of his friend to another life. He concludes with a generous assurance to the Florentine Landolfo to whom the letter is addressed, and who had been intimate with Zanobi, that he will henceforth do his utmost to supply his dead friend's place. 'And now, since the time is short, and the space between Zanobi's departure and my own will not be long, I will say no more but this only, that another Messer Zanobi remains to you, that is I, the great Seneschal.'

Zanobi's saying, 'Qui mortem metuit cupit nihil,' quoted by Niccola in this letter, and also rendered, 'Contemsit omnia ille qui mortem prius,' was adopted by him as his motto, and is still to be seen on the Grand Seneschal's tomb at the Certosa.

It is this gentler side of Niccola's nature, this strong human tenderness breaking out here and there in his letters, wherever we get a glimpse of his inner feelings, which renders his character so attractive. And as in his friendships so in all his private relations, whether as husband, son, or father, we find the same marks of deep and lasting affection for those connected with him. On the point of embarking for Greece he sends back a ring to his wife, Mona Margherita, and in his will he remembers his mother long dead, and appoints masses to be said for her soul. As long as his father lived he paid him the most dutiful attention, and on his death caused his remains to be interred in the chapel reserved for his own sepulchre at the Certosa, where Niccola's sister Lapa, for whom he had an especial fondness, is also buried. With the same faithfulness he clung to everything belonging to his early days, and in one of his later letters he stops in the details of business to tell his kinsman to buy back the houses of the Acciaiuoli at Monte Gufoni which had passed into other hands, 'if they are not too dear,' since he would, if possible, erect a chapel on the spot where he was born.

All through his life he retained the beauty of countenance and majesty of bearing which distinguished him as a youth. Fair-haired and of tall stature, with a broad, serene brow and a peculiar brightness in his eye, his presence commanded respect and inspired even his enemies with awe. In the corrupt court to which he came while yet a youth, he remained untainted by the evil influences around him, and, Sismondi tells us, preserved the purity of republican morals. The exalted station which he occupied rendered him naturally the object of envy and calumny, but he recked little of the ill-will shown him, and treated slander with the scorn it deserved. At the same time he knew how to forgive, and when wounded by a Neapolitan, who resented an act of justice on his part, himself obtained the man's pardon from the king. Unfortunately, with all these fine qualities there was a haughtiness about him, an utter carelessness of the opinion of men, which occasionally became irritating to those around him, and was the cause of quarrels with his best friends. This it was, probably, which wounded Boccaccio, and finally estranged even Petrarch. In the same way, his love of splendour gave great offence on one occasion to the Florentines, who regarded the banquets and entertainments which he gave in their city as ill becoming the severity of republican simplicity. And yet this same man, who delighted in stately pageants and splendid festivities, and appeared in public in a silken tunic worked with feathers and gold, was remarkable in private life for the simplicity of his attire and the frugality of his repasts, being often heard to say that state was to be used not for the honour of the individual, but for the dignity of the office and majesty of the crown.

But there was in reality a natural magnificence about the man which appears in all his actions. It was not only that he took pleasure in pomp and delighted to accumulate lands and titles, but everything he did was marked by the same love of splendour and planned on the same vastness of scale. Churches, convents, altars, in Greece, in Naples and Tuscany, are to perpetuate his name; hundreds of poor are to be clothed yearly in memory of his father; masses to be said by thousands for the repose of his soul and those dear to him. The whole lands in the Morea are to endow the Certosa, and the convent itself is to be the finest in Italy.

The real greatness of the man was best shown in the hour of trial. However extreme the peril, however sudden the emergency, his serenity never forsook him. His fortitude in defeat and exile excited general admiration, and his biographers speak with wonder of his behaviour on hearing of his son Lorenzo's death. This, his eldest son, described as 'a youth of a most lovely countenance, tried in arms, and eminent for his graceful manners and his gracious and noble aspect,' was Niccola's pride and joy, the darling of his heart, and hope of his house. Already he had won his first laurels in the defence of Melfi; and now he had received the honour of knighthood and been betrothed to a daughter of Count Sanseverino, when a sudden death cut him off in the flower of manhood. The Grand Seneschal was at Gaeta, providing for the defence of the realm, when the news reached him. For a moment his constancy forsook him, and, strong man as he was, he quailed under the blow. His head sank on his breast, and the persons who were present held their peace, awe-struck in the presence of this great sorrow. Then he lifted his head slowly and stood erect before them all.

'My grief is hard to bear,' he said, 'because I

loved him too well. Yet, dearly as I loved him, I knew that he must die some day; and God, Who knows best, has called him for his eternal welfare. Farewell, then; since it is His will, farewell for ever, my most dear Lorenzo!' After this one passionate cry he recovered his usual serenity, and gave orders that his son's corpse should be borne to Florence to receive the last honours.

On the 7th of April, 1354, a splendid train of knights and squires, with flying banners and shields blazoned with the Acciaiuoli arms—a silver lion rampant on an azure field—issued from the Porta San Pier Gattolini, now the Porta Romana, followed by the noblest citizens of Florence. In the midst, on a bier hung with crimson velvet and cloth of gold, under a canopy of embroidered silk, the body of the young hero was borne in state, surrounded by horsemen in rich attire carrying lighted torches. So the procession passed along Val d'Ema and wound its way up the steep hill-side to the gates of the Certosa, where, in the newly-erected chapel of St. Tobias, chosen by Niccola as the place of his own sepulchre, the last remains of his beloved child were laid.

'This funeral,' says the chronicler, Matteo Villani, from whom these details are borrowed, 'magnificent enough for any prince, were he even of blood royal, we have recorded because it was a new and strange thing in Florence, which excited much attention, and cost upwards of five thousand gold florins.'

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

(*To be continued.*)

SOME ITALIAN EMBROIDERIES.

THE splendours of ecclesiastical vestments, of altar-hangings, and of royal robes, have engaged and absorbed the attention of artists, of amateurs, of collectors, and of workers of ornament with the needle. Thus it has frequently happened that embroideries for domestic use, of humble materials and modest aim, but of curious workmanship and well-arranged design, have been neglected and even despised. There are many such embroidered veils, head-dresses, table-covers, napkins, bed-hangings, &c. &c., which can still be gathered from Italian houses, or bought from dealers in antiquities, curiosities, or lace. Examples which can be directly traced to particular places of manufacture are comparatively rare; so are pieces which can be assigned to an earlier time than the first half of the sixteenth century.

To the many questions that may be asked concerning such European embroideries as are known not to be quite modern, decisive answers can but rarely be given. The determination of their exact age and of the part of the country in which they were wrought, constitutes a hard, often an insoluble, problem. And if we turn from the consideration of the material fabric, and of the time and place of its manufacture, to the origin of the ornamental or decorative elements of a piece of embroidered linen, or net, or silk, then difficulties of another order have to be met. We observe the importation of foreign forms, modified in diverse ways and to different degrees by native skill. We see European workers with the needle picturing, in their own way, certain selections from the flora and fauna of Asia and of Northern Africa. We recognise classical forms surviving through early mediæval times, and regaining new life at the Great Renaissance. But when designs from living things, plant or animal, have filtered through many media, and have been modified over and over again by transposition from material to material, and adaptation to each, the difficulty of tracing the original forms involves a task of very serious labour. Written, pictorial, and sculptured records offer a measure of help in the work of identification; but the evidence from these and other sources of information cannot be accepted unconditionally. A Venetian artist had many opportunities of obtaining fabrics of Oriental workmanship, and may have introduced his acquisitions into his pictures, to be mistaken in our day for embroidery wrought at Venice. So at Milan, at Genoa, and at Florence, similar mistakes might have originated; and to describe all the needlework shown in Florentine pictures of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries as Tuscan would be nearly as rash as to regard the splendid Persian carpets, which Metsu and Van der Meer delighted to paint, as of Dutch origin. Nor can the evidence of sculptured memorials be trusted implicitly, since the costly robes in which nobles and ecclesiastics were invested in their marble representations had often been gifts from foreign countries. Even the pattern-books of the sixteenth and seventeenth century must not be regarded as infallible, for the Germans borrowed their designs from the Italians, just as the Italians adapted theirs, in great measure, from the wares and webs of Constantinople and the East.

Much has been said as to the unstable nature of some of the grounds on which various examples of the broiderer's art are attributed to particular places and particular times. The reason for dwelling upon a topic of quite minor interest may perhaps find a suitable place here; it is this. We may feel quite sure that a bit of work is Italian, but when we try to assign it, say, to Palermo, further study of other examples and of other evidence obliges us to say

that it might have been produced at Naples, or Florence, or one of the North Italian cities. Then we perhaps have an opportunity of examining some Spanish, or even German examples, and our hesitation and perplexity increase. A little later several of the islands of the Greek Archipelago put in claims for consideration. And so we feel it wiser to postpone our decision altogether. In the present paper, although we need not trouble ourselves much with any historical and geographical questions, yet the few words of caution already given may not prove out of place. We may now pass on to the special examination of the three illustrations taken from examples representing three kinds of Italian domestic embroidery of the sixteenth century.

Beginning with the smaller and simpler example in red and white we have an instance of the frequent geometric repetition of a very inconsiderable decorative element producing a happy effect. The simple design, perhaps originally suggested by the spreading corolla and recurved calyx of a *Campanula*, is repeated no less than twenty-four times in this small fragment of needlework. The design is formed by leaving the original bleached linen fabric; the red ground is worked in a kind of cushion-stitch. With a firm untwisted silk thread dyed with madder-crimson, three strands of the linen stuff are caught together both in the web and in the woof. Between each complete cross-stitch is added, along both ways of the stuff, a simple straight stitch, which serves to fill in the red groundwork quite solidly. The rows of cushion-stitches are crossed alternately; both sides of the embroidery are alike. Our illustration is about half the size of the original, which has forty-two strands to the linear inch. This corresponds to no less than 200 cushion-stitches per square inch. But some other examples in our possession are still finer, having sixty strands to the linear inch, or 360 cushion-stitches to the square inch. Some notion may be formed, from these figures, of the immense amount of labour involved in needlework of this kind. Perhaps survival, after three centuries, may be taken as a set-off against such tedious tasks; and at least it affords proof of the excellence of the materials and of the broiderer's art.

Our second illustration differs altogether in its method of workmanship from that just described. The linen ground is of looser and coarser texture, having thirty-three strands to the linear inch. The red silk is not worked in cushion-stitch, but is twisted very tightly round each group of three strands both of the web and of the woof, so as to form a sort of open network, the openings in which are of nearly twice the breadth of the red bars. In the photograph these spaces are reduced disproportionately in size. The branching design in white, which spreads in somewhat rigid fashion over the red network ground, has been emphasized by a simple but effective method very much used in Italy from the fifteenth century to the present time. The thinness and poverty of the original loosely-woven linen stuff have been concealed by darning the parts which form the pattern with white linen thread. Two thick strands of this are introduced, stem-stitchwise, between each triple group of strands of the web. The design of the ornament in this piece of embroidery may have originated in Persia; it somewhat doubtfully suggests the pomegranate; other examples of the same variety of work contain ornaments derived from the tulip and hyacinth, so

VENETIAN DARNED NETTING.

common on Rhodian *faïence;* others are decorated with some of the strange animal forms of which the embroiderers of Sicily were so enamoured.

A fragment of darned netting of undoubted Venetian origin, of the first half of the sixteenth century, is here shown in white on a black ground: in reality it is of two shades of tawny buff, the colour of the unbleached linen of which it is made. The netting is of light texture and darker than the linen darning which forms the pattern. The net is of double strands, sixteen to the linear inch. The thicker and paler darning thread is passed three times through each mesh, over and under alternately. The design is a common one, but very beautiful in its acanthoid scroll and vine-like foliage. The fringe is of silk of three hues, straw colour, amber yellow, and pale pink.

We shall have an opportunity of saying more about this class of needlework, and of illustrating it further, in a second paper on Italian embroideries.

A. H. Church.

ART CHRONICLE.

Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., is painting an idyllic subject, evidently inspired by Theocritus. Two maidens in Greek drapery are lying down, full-length, under a tree, the head of one resting against the shoulder of the other, as they listen to a shepherd playing the flute: only the finely-modelled back of the youth is presented to the spectator. The landscape is in harmony with this Arcadian theme. For grace and beauty of form and colour, this picture promises to be one of the President's most attractive works. Sir Frederick has also on the easel his own portrait, painted for the Uffizj Gallery in Florence. The ample crimson robes of the Oxford D.C.L. well relieve the head and face, drawn and modelled in a strong light. The background, slightly indicated, consists of a portion of the frieze of the Parthenon. The full-length portrait of Lady Rosebery, though not complete, is an excellent likeness. Besides these works, there are several heads of young girls, painted with the refinement and finish characteristic of Sir Frederick Leighton's work.

Mr. Millais is engaged on a picture representing the Princess Elizabeth as a child, pondering with a wistful expression over a letter she is writing to the House of Commons, in behalf of her father, Charles the First. Near her is a cabinet which originally belonged to that king, and which is now in the possession of Mr. Millais.

Miss Clara Montalba is in Venice painting a large picture in oil, which promises to be her most important work.

Mr. George Howard has been appointed a Trustee of the National Gallery.

Mr. J. C. Robinson has been appointed Surveyor of the Royal Pictures in lieu of Mr. Richard Redgrave, R.A., who has resigned.

The exhibition of the works of the Old Masters at Burlington House includes as its most striking feature a remarkable collection of pictures from the Dutch school. Earl Cowper contributes three magnificent Rembrandts, Mrs. Hope two. Sir William N. Abdy lends a small full-length figure of a burgomaster in a broad-brimmed black hat, black cloak, black breeches, and shoes, by Gerard Terburg. Three other Terburgs are lent by Mrs. Hope. Teniers is represented by nine splendid examples; Wouverman by four, representing hunting parties and hawking parties and richly dressed ladies halting in front of public-houses. There are three most luminous De Hooghes, one of which, *The Card Party*, is lent by the Queen; and four Jan Steens, masterly in execution, colouring, and composition, whatever abatement be made on the score of selection of subject. There are eight Van Dycks with all the master's grace and dignity of grouping and attitude, and all the ripple and shimmer of draperies. Mrs. Hope contributes three charming pictures by Paul Potter, also one by Van der Helst, *The Arrest of the De Witts*, a fine picture by Jan van der Meer, and two by Gerard Dow. Gabriel Metsu is represented by four beautiful works. We have landscapes by Berghem, Both, and Cuyp, and four sea pieces by Van de Velde.

There is a fine portrait of Sir Thomas More, stated to be by Holbein. Admirable as it is, has it the Holbein stamp? There are three beautiful Canalettos, views of the Piazza of St. Mark, of the Grand Canal, and of the Rialto; four Veroneses, two of them allegorical figures representing Geometry and Astronomy, more than life-size and of great majesty. There are six works by Andrea del Sarto, three of them highly interesting portraits, one of which is supposed to be Petrarch's Laura. The Queen has lent the portraits of the *Princesses Isabella Clara Eugenia* and *Catherine of Spain*, daughters of Philip II. and his third wife, Elizabeth of Valois, by Sir Antonio More. In their prim, quaint attire the little faces look simple and kindly; the eldest, Isabella, her father called on his death-bed 'the mirror and light of his eyes.' Later on she became sovereign of the Low Countries, and at the famous siege of Ostend is said to have taken an oath not to change her linen till she was mistress of the place. The siege lasted upwards of three years, at the end of which her linen was of the colour known from this circumstance as the '*couleur Isabelle*.' By Correggio there is a head of the Saviour crowned with thorns, and a similar subject by Quentin Matsys, both masterpieces, but the latter the more touching. There is a Pieta by Andrea Mantegna, superb in colour, in which the dead body of the Saviour in all its extreme emaciation is represented seated on a ruined marble throne, the face of divine beauty; on either side, gazing awe-struck, are Isaiah and St. Jerome. There are two Giorgiones and two exquisite Raphaels lent by Earl Cowper, a seaport and a landscape by Claude, a deposition by Albert Dürer, three Murillos, including *The Marriage and Miracle of Cana*, magnificent in colour and composition, but in expression savouring more of the presence of the publicans and sinners than of the divine guest's. There is the portrait of *Vittoria Colonna*, the noble lady whom Michelangelo loved, by Sebastiano del Piombo; and the portraits of the three little serene *Daughters of King Ferdinand of Austria*, by Titian; also a *Virgin and Child* and a *Holy Family* by the same master. There are fifteen works by Sir Joshua Reynolds. His portrait of the *Children of the first Viscount Melbourne* is rich in colour and powerful in effect, as is his portrait of the *First Baron Carysfort*. His *Sleeping Cupid*, life-size, lying on a cloud holding an arrow in his hand, is very sweet and fanciful; as also is his *Nymph* with Pan piping to her. His picture of Colonel Acland and Lord Sydney shooting red deer is a fine example of his power of combining vigorous portraiture and beautiful landscape. There is a portrait by Sir David Wilkie of *Thomas Erskine, earl of Kellie*, seated in his robes with a green ribbon across his chest. By Gainsborough there is a masterly portrait of *Mr. Pitt* and two other magnificent portraits of the *Viscountess Ligonier* and the *Countess Bathurst*. Hogarth's *The Lady's Last Stake* represents a lady who has lost at the gambling-table her money, watch, jewels, and her husband's miniature; these have been won by a young officer,

who holds them in his hat and is offering to give them back if she will put her honour to the hazard as her last stake—the picture represents her hesitating.

There are two Turners, *Kilgarran Castle on the Twywey* and *The Lake at Tabley*, both interesting examples of the painter. The series of pictures by George Morland illustrating the progress of Letitia from innocence to depravity and subsequent penitence, is an interesting example of an eighteenth-century fashion in art which Mr. Frith has revived in our own time.

THE Grosvenor Gallery has well supplied the demand of that portion of the art-loving world which claimed to be made acquainted with the products of Mr. Burne-Jones' peculiar and original genius. Of the forty-nine decorative designs shown this year in the East Gallery, nineteen are the work of his hand—the most part illustrative of Biblical subjects. The *Judgment*, a design for a window at Easthampstead, is represented by angels carrying trumpets. Before the three central figures lies the opened book, below the dead are rising, some with countenances expressive of terror, others with the apathy of death still in their eyes ; others, again, as if vaguely catching pleasant sounds. *Paradise*, another design for a window, shows plane after plane of beatified beings, aspiring ever upwards towards the Lamb, standing on a hill, from which a fountain flows in four streams. *Dies Domini* illustrates a verse in the prophet Daniel, 'Behold one like the Son of Man came with clouds of heaven.' From the blue clouds enveloping the central figure issue seraphic faces. *Elijah* is a grand face and form, but more those of a sibyl than of a prophet. The draperies of Mr. Burne-Jones' designs are rich in all the resources of line and play of colour. His *Two Groups of Angels*, a design for a window in Salisbury Cathedral, are full of tender majesty. The *Design from the Song of Solomon*, with its motto, 'Awake, O north wind, and come, thou south, and blow upon my garden,' introduces us to the spouse among her lilies, her roses of Sharon, her spices and pomegranates. The *Sea Nymph* and *Wood Nymph*, in their respective elements and with their respective appendages, have each the characteristic physiognomies that betray the hand of Mr. Burne-Jones. Mr. Walter Crane has eighteen designs in this East Gallery : some for tiles, some for tapestry, for wall paper, for needlework and friezes, all marked by his usual graceful fancy and quaint invention. His *Goose Girl*, a cartoon for tapestry, depicts a young girl whose scared face looks the character. She is a goose-herd, no doubt, for her crook stands by her side, and her hissing geese all round. Her hair, as it streams flame-like in the direction of a small thin-legged boy, pursuing his flying hat, seems to point to him as the cause of some disaster. *Night and Day*, a design for the decoration of a ceiling, is circular, with two female figures—one dark, the other light—standing in opposite hemispheres, head towards head, the round ball of the earth between them. *The Zodiac* illustrates the constellations of the sun's path, with appropriate figures. Mr. W. B. Richmond's *Birth of Venus* portrays the goddess rising in delicate rosy tints from the foam of the sea, with her attendant nymphs in faintly beryl-tinted drapery that undulates and ripples like the waves. Mr. Holiday's *Archbishop Langton*, for stained glass, has much dignity of character, and is vigorously drawn. The other special feature of this exhibition consists of thirty-eight water-colour drawings by French artists—some of the landscapes are poetically felt, and rendered with much artistic refinement, but there is no special national characteristic noticeable among them.

The English water colours are of fair average quality, none very commanding, but some excellent. Mr. Poynter's *Battledore and Shuttlecock* is a tall, graceful lady in green attire playing alone a game that allows a picturesque pose and gesture. Mr. Morris' *The Bridal Morn* is a tender oasis in stormy surroundings. Mr. G. Howard's *Lord Devon's Walk* would be a favourite with all who love Nature in her solemn sunset mood by sea and cliffs. Mr. J. O'Connor is represented by some fine *Studies in the Tower*—first of a series of Old London, and by some characteristic sketches in Berne.

DR. ALFRED WOLTMANN, who was Professor at Strassburg, began a few years ago what was intended to be an important history of painting, but did not live to finish it. The work has since been carried forward by Professor Woermann, of Düsseldorf, aided by other writers ; and will in time, it is hoped, be brought to a conclusion by them. A translation of it has been begun, and the first volume is now ready in English, edited by Professor Colvin, and published by Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. The name of the translator is not given ; but he is spoken of in the preface as a person distinct from the editor. It has been the object of both, we are told, to convey in the clearest and simplest form the facts and information provided by the authors :—

'For that purpose allowance has been made for the difference which exists between German and our own modes, not of expression only, but of thought ; and the letter of the original has often been sacrificed for the sake of presenting a statement or an idea in the shape that seemed most suited to English apprehensions. With the facts and judgments of his authors it would have been presumption in the Editor to tamper ; and he has been careful to mark with brackets [ ] the very few instances where he has introduced an addition or interpolation into the text or notes. For the rest, he has considered it within his province to venture upon an occasional abridgment or transposition, and has consulted his own ideas of order and lucidity in such matters as chapter-headings, the indication of leading dates, and the divisions and headings of paragraphs.'

The contents of the first volume are divided into two parts, the first treating of painting in the ancient world (Egypt and the East, Ancient Greece and Rome), the second of painting in the early Christian and mediæval worlds. We have read the first part carefully, but have not had time to do more than glance at the second. What we have read is marked by sustained good sense, without attempts at brilliance ; and there appears to be a sufficiency of information. Our impression is, that the book will be valuable to students as a general guide, though, from the vast extent of the ground which it covers, it cannot be expected to go very fully into matters of detail. The most necessary qualification in the author of a work of this class is to be able to select instances well, and to give a clear notion of the broad fundamental differences which separate one class of art from another—the difference, for example, between Egyptian and Assyrian art. We observe, with pleasure, that the author is disposed to study all art, whether primitive or advanced, with equally serious attention, though not, of course, with equal admiration. The early steps of art, when, as in Egypt, it had to struggle on without perspective and without expression, evidently awaken a keen scientific interest in the author's mind ; and he takes real pleasure in pointing out by what ingenious devices the Egyptian craftsman got over his difficulties, so far at least as to make his meaning clear. The Egyptian manner of using carved relief and colour is explained in a manner which shows real analytical ability :—

'When we have said that there is little essential difference of character between those works which are pure paintings on the flat and those which are paintings on a ground more or less relieved, we have already pronounced the verdict of the former considered from the pictorial point of view. For painting cannot be combined in any degree with relief without forfeiting its own specific prerogatives. It is not that relief is treated by the Egyptian artists, as Ghiberti treated it in the fifteenth century, according to the laws of painting, but that painting is treated according to the laws of relief ; or more strictly that painting and relief in one are employed to produce representations merely in outline, and effects purely decorative. Neither the principle of the painter, nor the principle of the relief sculptor, is really carried out. The Egyptian artist applies his combined arts, one might almost say, hieroglyphically ; his one object, to which all artistic effort is secondary, is to be clear and intelligible, and to tell so that all may understand it the story which he undertakes to tell.'

A little further in the same chapter the author explains that Egyptian paintings were not at all pictures in our sense of the word, that the Egyptian artists had no notion of 'enclosing separate and complete pictures within determinate limits.' They simply arranged scenes in horizontal tiers one above another.

'When the conditions of symmetry have been sufficiently complied with in the arrangements of lines and colours at certain points—as, for

instance, at the huge gateways where men passed in beneath the symbolic sun-globe with its extended wings,—when this has been done sufficiently to ensure decorative effect, the arrangement of the figure subjects remains to a large extent free, and admits of much variation, in spite of the continual recurrence of similar figures marching this way or that in stiff procession.'

The true conclusion with regard to Egyptian wall-painting appears to be that it was essentially historical and explanatory rather than artistic, and came nearer to writing, as writing was at first understood, than to pictorial art as we understand it now. The Egyptian craftsmen do not seem to have studied nature in any modern sense of the word 'study,' but rather to have represented natural objects by a systematic and intelligible kind of substitution. We may, therefore, easily go wrong in criticising work so remote from modern art as theirs. Dr. Woltmann marks certain distinctions between Egyptian and Assyrian painting, but includes the races which produced both in the following comprehensive criticism:—

'As these races understood it, painting was an art differing scarcely, if at all, from relief, by which disconnected figures were drawn, often helplessly enough in outline, and then conventionally tinted; an art to which it had not become clear how a single figure seen from different sides, or even seen from one and the same side, could be correctly represented on the flat, and which was quite inadequate to depict larger compositions with natural backgrounds, and all the combinations necessary to a true picture.'

This criticism seems perfectly just, but we suspect that, with regard to ancient Greek painting, Dr. Woltmann, like most writers upon art, is too willing to take its excellence on credit. The Greeks were excellent sculptors, and they had an exquisite taste, though a very limited inventiveness in architecture. From these talents, and, probably, also from influences unconsciously derived from their fine literature, many have been ready to infer that they must have been fine painters in the modern sense of the word. There is no real evidence that they were anything of the kind. Sculpture is a much simpler and more definite art than painting; it was therefore better suited to the clear and simple genius of the Greeks. The existence of such admirable sculpture is, of course, a clear proof that much knowledge of the figure existed in ancient Athens, and it is therefore highly probable that the ancient painters *drew* the figure beautifully as an isolated object; but that is quite a different accomplishment from the art of making pictures that hold together. We strongly suspect that if we could see the works of the most famous Greek painters, they would turn out to be little more than sculptors' drawings, conventionally coloured within the outlines, and that the objects would be represented one by one, as in Flaxman's designs, for instance, and not in their effect upon each other, as in Etty's pictures. Very small things strike contemporaries with wonder in an early stage of art. Dr. Woltmann refers to an account of a picture of Pausias, in which it is said that he represented the face of Methê (personified drunkenness) as if 'visible through the transparent substance of the glass through which she drank.' This is just one of those small feats of skill which would attract attention in a very early stage of art, and the stories which have come down to us about imitative skill in painting so as to deceive birds and men, so far from being evidence of great technical or critical advancement, are, in reality, evidence that the painters and critics of those days were in an early stage of art. It may, however, be considered as proved that the ancient Greeks had made an immense advance upon the Assyrians and Egyptians. They understood perspective—at least, in part—and they had conceived the notion of the portable picture which, whatever may be said against it as being inferior to wall-painting, has been highly favourable to the study of nature and to the pictorial arrangement of natural material.

The influence of the Greek picture-painters on vase-painting must also from the first have been considerable, and from the beautiful drawing on many vases we may of course conclude that the drawing of the great painters must have been more beautiful still. On the other hand, the absence of the picturesque design on Greek vases seems in itself a good reason for supposing that the higher painting was not picturesque in our sense, for if it had been it would have got upon vases as it has done in France. Such a vase as the red-figured one given here was nearer to sculpture than to modern painting in the principles of the designs upon it. The nearest approach to the picturesque in ancient art appears to have been made by the caricaturists of antiquity, who had a freer way of grouping figures than the serious designers. Here is a caricature of Æneas escaping from Troy with his son Ascanius holding his hand and his father Anchises on his shoulder, which is grouped in a very lively manner, and might easily be turned into a modern popular sketch by a process of evolution raising the figures to complete humanity.

GREEK VASE.

CARICATURE. ÆNEAS ESCAPING FROM TROY.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF LANCASHIRE.

III.—*The Cotton District, and the Manufacture of Cotton.*

FIRST in the long list of Lancashire manufacturing towns, by reason of its magnitude and wealth, comes Manchester. By-and-by we shall speak of this great city in particular. For the present the name must be taken in the broader sense, equally its own, which carries with it the idea of an immense district. Lancashire, eastwards from Warrington, upwards as far as Preston, is dotted over with little Manchesters, and these, in turn, often possess satellites. The idea of Manchester, as a place of cotton factories, covers also a considerable portion of Cheshire, and extends even into Derbyshire and Yorkshire—Stockport, Hyde, Stalybridge, Dukinfield, Saddleworth, Glossop, essentially belong to it. To all these towns and villages Manchester stands in the relation of a Royal Exchange. It is the reservoir, at the same time, into which they pour their various produce. Manchester acquired this distinguished position partly by accident, mainly through its very easy access to Liverpool. At one time it had powerful rivals in Blackburn and Bolton. The former lost its chance through the frantic hostility of the lower orders towards machinery, inconsiderate men of property giving them countenance—excusably only under the law that mental delusions, like bodily ailments, are impartial in choice of victims. Bolton, on the other hand, though sensible, was too near to compete permanently. The old sale-rooms in Bolton, with their curious galleries and piazzas, now all gone, were, eighty years ago, a striking and singular feature of that famous hive of industry.

Most of these little Manchesters are places of comparatively new growth. A hundred years ago nearly all were insignificant villages or hamlets. Even the names of the greater portion were scarcely known beyond the boundaries of their respective parishes. How unimportant they were in earlier times is declared by the vast area of many of the latter, the parishes in Lancashire, as everywhere else, having been marked out according to the ability of the population to maintain a church and pastor. It is not in manufacturing Lancashire as in the old-fashioned rural counties,—Kent, Sussex, Hampshire, and appled Somersetshire,—where on every side one is allured by some beautiful memorial of the lang syne. 'Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,' is not here. Everything, where Cotton reigns, presents the newness of aspect of an Australian colony. The archæological scraps—such few as there may be—are usually submerged, even in the older towns, in the 'full sea' of recent building. Even in the graveyards, the places of all others which in their tombstones and inscriptions so tenderly 'make former times shake hands with latter,' the imagination has usually to turn away unfed. In place of yew-trees, old as York Minster, if there be anything in the way of green monument, it is a soiled shrub or two from the nearest nursery garden.

The situation of these towns is often pleasing enough: sometimes it is picturesque, and even romantic. Having begun in simple homesteads, pitched where comfort and safety seemed best assured, they are often found upon gentle eminences, the crests of which, like Oldham, they now overlap; others, like Stalybridge, lie in deep hollows, or, like Blackburn, have gradually spread from the margin of a stream. Not a few of these primitive sites have their ancient character pleasingly commemorated in their names, as Haslingden, the 'place of hazel-nuts.' The eastern border of the county being characterised by lofty and rocky hills, the localities of the towns and villages are there often singularly favoured in regard to scenery. This also gives great interest to the approaches, as when, after leaving Todmorden, we move through the sinuous gorge that, bordered by Cliviger, 'mother of rocks,' leads on to Burnley. The higher grounds are bleak and sterile, but the warmth and fertility of the valleys make amends. In any case there is never any lack of the beauty which comes of the impregnation of wild nature with the outcome of human intelligence. Manchester itself occupies part of a broad level, usually clay-floored, and with peat-mosses touching the frontiers. The world probably never contained a town that only thirty to a hundred years ago possessed so many ponds, many of them still in easy recollection, to say nothing of as many more within the compass of an hour's walk.

Rising under the influence of a builder so unambitious as the genius of factories and operatives' cottages, no wonder that a very few years ago the Lancashire cotton towns seemed to vie with one another which should best deserve the character of cold, hard, dreary, and utterly unprepossessing. The streets, excepting the principal artery (originally the road through the primitive village, as in the case of Newton Lane, Manchester), not being susceptible of material change, mostly remain as they were—narrow, irregular, and close-built. Happily, of late there has been improvement. Praiseworthy aspirations in regard to public buildings are not uncommon, and even in the meanest towns are at times undeniably unsuccessful. In the principal ones, Manchester, Bolton, Rochdale, and another or two, the old meagreness and unsightliness are daily becoming less marked, and a good deal that is really magnificent is in progress as well as completed. Unfortunately, the efforts of the architect fall only too soon under the relentless influence of the factory and the foundry. Manchester

is, in this respect, an illustration of the whole group; the noblest and most elegant buildings, sooner or later, become smoke-begrimed. Sombre as the Lancashire towns become under that influence, if there be collieries in the neighbourhood, as in the case of well-named 'coaly Wigan,' the dismal hue is intensified, and in dull and rainy weather grows still worse. On sunshiny days one is reminded of a sullen man constrained to smile against his will.

A 'Lancashire scene' has been said to resolve into 'bare hills and chimneys;' and as regards the cotton districts the description is, upon the whole, not inaccurate. Chimneys predominate innumerably in the landscape, and from every summit there generally undulates a dark pennon—perhaps not pretty, but in any case a gladsome sight, since it means work, wages, food, for those below, and a fire upon

IN A COTTON FACTORY.

the hearth at home. Never mind the blackening of the marble statues; the smoke denotes human happiness and content: when her chimneys are smokeless, working Lancashire is hungry and sad. Lancashire, it may be allowed here to remind the reader, is the only manufacturing district in England which depends entirely upon foreign countries for the supply of its raw material. How terribly this was proved at the time of the Federal and Confederate war, all who were cognisant of the great Cotton Famine will remember. Next in order would come sugar and silk, a dearth of either of which would unquestionably be disastrous; but not like want of cotton in Lancashire,—the stranding of a whole community.

In the towns most of the chimneys belong to the factories—buildings of remarkable appearance. The very large ones are many storeys high, their broad and lofty fronts presenting tier upon tier of monotonous square windows. Decoration of an artistic kind seems to be studiously avoided, though there is often plenty of scope for inexpensive architectural effects that, to say the least, would be welcome. Seen by day, they are black; after dark, when the innumerable windows are lighted up, the spectacle changes, and becomes unique. Were it desired to illuminate in honour of a prince, to render a factory more brilliant, from the interior, would be scarcely possible. Like all other great masses of masonry, the very large ones, though somewhat suggestive of prisons, if not grand, are impressive. In semi-rural localities, where less tarnished by smoke, especially when tolerably new, and not obscured by the contact of inferior buildings, they are certainly very fine objects. The material, it is scarcely needful to say, is red brick. Factories, and more particularly 'Bleach-works' and 'Print-works,' are often built far away out in the fields, occupying quite isolated positions, with a view to securing some local advantage, such as a plentiful supply of water. When at the foot of a hill, it is interesting to observe that the chimney is placed halfway up the slope, a preliminary underground passage inducing a more powerful draught. It is in the neighbourhood of these rural establishments that the damage done by manufacturing to the pristine beauty of the country becomes conspicuous. Near the towns the results are simply dirt, withered hedges, and a general withdrawal of meadow adornment. In the country we perceive how the picturesque becomes affected. Railways are not more cruel. Cotton, with all its kindliness, reverses the celestial process which makes the wilderness blossom as the rose. There are differences in degree—the upper portion of the Irwell valley, near Summerseat, is perhaps, in a measure, exceptional. Against the destruction of natural beauty, when works and

factories assume the sway, of course must be set not only the supply of work to the industrious, but the enormous rise in the value of the land; since rise of such character is a sign of advancing civilisation, which in due time will more than compensate the damage. In the manufacturing parts of Lancashire, land available for farming purposes commands ten times the rental of a century ago. Mr. Henry Ashworth's paper on the increase in the value of Lancashire property, published in 1841, showed that since 1692 the rise in Bolton had been six hundredfold.

All the towns belonging to the Manchester family-circle present, more or less decidedly, the features mentioned. They differ from one another not in style, or habits, or physiognomy; the difference is simply that one makes calico, another muslins, and that they cover a less or greater extent of ground. Ancoats, the manufacturing portion of Manchester, supplies a fair index to the general character, wanting only the indications of superior taste and culture, as displayed in ornament, which render the villages, in turn, alone different in complexion, from the towns. The social, moral, and intellectual qualities of the various places form quite another subject of consideration. For the present it must wait; except with the remark that a Lancashire manufacturing town, however humble, is seldom without a lyceum, or some similar institution; and if wealthy, is prone to emulate cities. Witness the extremely beautiful Art-exhibition, last year, at Darwen!

The industrial history of the important Lancashire cotton-towns, although their modern development covers less than eighty years, dates from the beginning of the fourteenth century. As early as A.D. 1311, temp. Edw. II., friezes were manufactured at Colne, but, as elsewhere in the country, they would seem to have been coarse and of little value. 'The English at that time,' says quaint old Fuller, 'knew no more what to do with their wool than the sheep that weare it, as to any artificial curious drapery.' The great bulk of the native produce of wool was transmitted to Flanders and the Rhenish provinces, where it was woven, England repurchasing the cloth. Edward III., under the inspiration of the incomparable Philippa, resolved that the manufacture should be kept at home. Parties of the Flemish weavers were easily induced to come over, the more so because wretchedly treated in their own country. Manchester, Bolton, Rochdale, and Warrington, were tenanted almost immediately, and a new character was at once given to the textile productions, both of the district and the island in general. Furness Abbey was then in its glory; its fertile pastures supplied the wants of these industrious people: they seem, however, not to have cared to push their establishments so far, keeping in the south and east of the county, over which they gradually spread, carrying wherever they went, the 'merry music of the loom.' The same period witnessed the original use of coal,—again, it is believed, through the sagacity of Philippa; the two great sources of Lancashire prosperity being thus, in their rise, contemporaneous. The numerous little rivers and waterfalls of East Lancashire contributed to the success of the new adventurers. Fulling-mills and dye-works were erected on the margins. The particular spots are now only conjectural; mementoes of these ancient works are nevertheless preserved in the springing up occasionally, to the present day, on the lower Lancashire river-banks, of plants botanically alien to the county. These are specially the Fullers' teasel, *Dipsacus Fullonum*, and the Dyers' weed, *Reseda Luteola*, both of which were regularly used in the manufacturing. The Flemings brought with them the national *sabots*, from which have descended the wooden clogs heard in operative Lancashire wherever pavement allows of the clatter, only that while the *sabots* were wholly wooden, with a lining of lambskin, the Lancashire clogs have leathern tops. This ancient woollen manufacture endured for quite 300 years. Cotton then became a competitor, and gradually superseded it; Rochdale, and a few other places, alone vindicating to the present day the old traditions.

Very curiously however, in the writings of the period and long afterwards, the Flemings' woollens are called 'cottonnes.' In 1551-2, temp. Edward VI., an 'Acte' passed for the making of 'woollen clothe' prescribes the length and breadth of 'all and everie cottonnes called Manchester, Lancashire, and Cheshire cottonnes.' Leland, in the following reign, mentions in similar phrase, that 'divers villagers in the moores about Bolton do make cottons.' Genuine cotton fabrics were known in England, no doubt, though the raw material had not been seen. Chaucer habits his Knight in 'fustian,' a word which points to Spain as the probable source. The truth would seem to be that certain woollens were made so as to resemble cotton, and called by the same name, just as to-day certain calicoes are sold as 'imitation Irish.'

The employment of cotton for manufacturing in England is mentioned first in 1641, when it was accustomed to be brought to London from Cyprus and Smyrna. The word 'cotton' itself, we need hardly say, is of oriental origin, taking one back to India, the old-world birthplace of the plant. Used there, as the clothing material, from time immemorial, it is singular that the movement westward should have been so slow. The people who introduced it, practically, to Europe, were the Moors, who in the tenth century cultivated cotton in old Granada, simultaneously with rice, the sugar-cane, and the orange-tree, all brought by themselves from Asia. In those days Moslems and Christians declined to be friendly, and thus, although the looms were never still, the superabundance of the manufacture went exclusively to

Africa and the Levant. The cotton-plant being indigenous also to Mexico and the West Indies, when commerce arose with the latter, Cyprus and Smyrna no longer had the monopoly. Precise dates, however, are wanting till the first years of the eighteenth century, when the United States and the Mersey of to-day had their prototype in Barbadoes and the Lune, already mentioned as having been a cotton port long anterior to Liverpool. Lancaster city itself is not accessible by ships. The cotton was usually landed on the curious *lingula* which juts into the Irish Sea where the estuary disappears, and hither the country people used to come to wonder at it.* The first advertisement of a sale of cotton in Liverpool appeared, Mr. Picton says, in November 1758, but thirty years after that Lancaster was still the principal Lancashire seat of import. One of the most distinguished of the 'Lancashire worthies,' old Mr. John Blackburne, of Orford Mount, near Warrington, an enthusiastic gardener, cultivated the cotton-plant to so great an extent that he was able to provide his wife with a muslin dress, the material derived wholly from the greenhouse he loved so fondly, and which was worn by Mrs. Blackburne in or about 1790. Strange, that except occasionally, in an engine-room, we scarcely ever see the cotton-plant in the county it has filled with riches—the very place where one would expect to find it cherished. How well would it occupy a few inches of the space so generally devoted to the pomps and vanities of mere colour-worship! Apart from the associations, it is beautiful; the leaves, though greatly diversified, resemble those of the grape-vine, the flowers are like single yellow roses. There never was a flood without its Ark. One man has done his part to admiration —Mr. R. H. Alcock, of Hudcar, Bury.

The Lancashire cotton towns owe their existence essentially to the magic touch of modern mechanical art. During all the long procession of centuries that had elapsed since the time of the 'white-armed' daughter of Alcinous, her maidens, and their spinning-wheels, and of the swarthy weavers of ancient Egypt, the primæval modes of manufacture had been followed almost implicitly. The work of the Flemings themselves was little in advance of that of the Hebrews under Solomon. In comparison with that long period, the time covered by the change induced by machinery was but a moment, and the growth of the weaving communities, compared with that of previous times, like a lightning-flash. The movement commenced about 1760. Up till long after the time of Elizabeth, the staple manufacture of Lancashire, as we have seen, was woollen. Flax, in the sixteenth century, began to be imported largely, both from Ireland and the Continent, and when cotton at last arrived, the two materials were combined. Flax was used for the 'warp' or longitudinal threads, which in weaving require to be stronger than the 'woof,' while cotton was employed only for the latter—technically the 'weft.'

Fabrics composed wholly of cotton do not appear to have been made in Lancashire before the time of George II., Bolton leading the way with cotton velvets about 1756. The cotton weft was spun by the people in their own cottages, chiefly by the women of the family, though as the century advanced, so greatly did the demand increase that every child had work of one kind or another. Thus began 'infant labour,' afterwards so much abused. The employment of children over thirteen years of age in the modern factory is quite a different thing. Placed under legal restrictions, it is a blessing alike to themselves and to their parents, since if not there, the children now earning their bread would be idling, and probably in mischief. Those, it has been well said, who have to live by labour, should early be trained to labour. Diligent as they were, the spinsters could not produce weft fast enough for the weavers. Sitting at their looms, which were also in the cottages, thoughtful men pondered the possibilities of quicker methods. Presently the dream took shape, and from the successive inventions of Whyatt, Kay, Highs, and Hargreaves, emerged the famous 'spinning-jenny,'* a machine which did as much work in the same time as a dozen pair of hands. Abreast of it came the warping-mill, the carding-engine, and the roving-frame, the latter particularly opportune, since the difficulty had always been to disentangle the fibres of the cotton prior to twisting, and to lay them exactly parallel. Arkwright now came on the scene. He himself never invented anything; but he had marvellous powers of combination, such as enabled him to assimilate all that was good in the ideas of other men, and to give them unity and new vitality. The result was machinery that gave exquisite evenness and attenuation to the 'rovings,' and a patent being granted, July 15, 1769, Arkwright is very properly regarded as the founder of the modern modes of manufacture. Arkwright possessed in addition, a thoroughly feminine capacity for good management and perseverance, with that most excellent adjunct, the art of obtaining ascendancy over capitalists. Among the immediate results were the disuse of linen warps, the new frames enabling cotton warp to be made strong enough, and the concentration of all the early processes, spinning included, in special buildings, with employment of horse or water-power. The weaving, however, long remained with the cottagers, and

* *Vide* the 'Autobiography of Wm. Stout,' the old Quaker, grocer, ironmonger, and general merchant of Lancaster. He mentions receiving cotton from Barbadoes in 1701, and onwards to 1725, when the price advanced 'from 10*d.* to near 2*s.* 1*d.* the lb.'

* That the spinning-jenny was so named after a wife or daughter of one of the inventors is fable. The original wheel was the 'jenny,' a term corresponding with others well known in Lancashire, the 'peggy' and the 'dolly,' and the new contrivance became the '*spinning*-jenny.'

survives, to a slight extent, even to the present day. The Lancashire cotton manufacture, strictly so called, is thus very little more than a century old. No further back than in 1774, fabrics made wholly of cotton were declared by statute to have been 'lately introduced,' and a 'lawful and laudable manufacture.'

The following year, 1775, saw the perfecting of Crompton's celebrated 'mule,' which produced, at less expense, a much finer and softer yarn than Arkwright's machine. It was specially suitable for muslins; and from this date, most assuredly, should be reckoned the elevation of the manufacture to its highest platform;—one grand feature alone remaining to be mentioned, the superseding of horse and water-power by Steam. Had the former remained the only artificial sources of help — even supposing rivers and waterfalls not subject to negation by drought, the cotton manufacture must needs have been confined within narrow limits, and the greatest imaginable supply of the raw material would not have altered the case. Steam, which, like Lord Chatham, 'tramples upon impossibilities,' at once gave absolute freedom; and manufacturing, in the space of thirty years, eclipsed its history during 3000. The 'mule' was now transferred to the mill, and the factory system became complete. Power-looms were first employed in Manchester in 1806. Stockport followed, and by degrees they became general, improvements going on up till as late as 1830, when the crowning triumph of cotton machinery was patented as the 'self-acting mule.' The pride of Lancashire, it must be remembered, consists, after all, not in the delicacy and the beauty of its cottons, for in these respects India has yet scarcely been out-run; but in the rapidity, the cheapness, and the boundless potentialities of the manufacture, which enable it to meet, if called upon, the requirements of every nation in the world. While any human creature remains imperfectly clad, Lancashire still has its work to do. To be entrusted with this great business is a privilege, and in the honourable execution consists its true and essential glory. 'Over-production,' while any are naked, is a phrase without meaning.

THE DINNER HOUR.

Reviewing the whole matter, the specially interesting point—rendered so through inciting to profoundest reflection—is that those poor and unlettered men, Hargreaves, Arkwright, Crompton, and the others, were the instruments, under Providence (for such things do not happen fortuitously), by which the world became possessed of an entirely new industrial power, fraught with infinite capacities for promoting human welfare; and which, in its application, introduced quite new styles of thinking and reasoning, and gave new bias to the policy of a great nation. In no part of the transformation was there any precedent or example; it had neither lineage nor inheritance; it was anticipated in momentousness only by the inventions of Caxton and Gioia;* and if in our own day the electric telegraph and the telephone reveal natural laws scarcely distinguishable from those of miracle, it may still be questioned if these latter discoveries surpass in intrinsic value the three or four that gave life to the modern cotton manufacture.

The interior of a great cotton factory, when at work, presents a spectacle altogether unimaginable. The vast area of the rooms, or 'flats,' filled in every part with machinery, admits of no comparison with anything else in England, being found in the factory alone. A thousand great iron frames, exquisitely composite, and kept fastidiously clean, are in simultaneous movement, the arms of some rising and falling, while parts of others march in and out, and to and fro, giving perfect illustrations of order, reciprocal

* Inventor of the mariner's compass.

adaptation, and interdependence, and seeming not only alive, but conscious. Where the power-looms are, long lines of slender pillars support the roof, presenting an unbroken, and almost endless, perspective; and between the machinery and the ceiling, connected with the horizontal shafts which revolve just below it, are innumerable strong brown leather straps, that quiver as they run their courses. According to the department we may be in, either threads, or coils of cotton, whiter than pearl, and of infinite number, give occupation to those thousand obedient and tireless slaves—not of the ring or the lamp, but of the mighty engine that invisibly is governing the whole; and in attendance, in no degree laboriously, are men and women, boys and girls, again beyond the counting. The precision in the working of the machinery enforces upon these a corresponding regularity of action. There is no re-twisting or re-weaving; everything, if done at all, must be done properly and at the proper moment. Apart from its being a place wherein to earn, creditably, the daily bread, if there be anything in the world which conduces pre-eminently to the acquisition of habits such as lie at the foundation of good morals—order, care, cleanliness, punctuality, industry, early rising, —assuredly it is the wholesome discipline of the well-ordered Cotton Factory. Whatever may befall *outside*, there is nothing deleterious *inside;* the personal intercourse of the people employed is itself reduced to a minimum; if they corrupt one another, it is as people not in factories do. In the rooms and 'sheds' devoted to weaving, the rattle of the machinery forbids even conversation, except when the voice is adjusted to it. In the quieter parts, the girls show their contentedness, not unfrequently by singing—'the joyful token of a happy mind.'* 'How often,' says the living type of the true Lancashire poet, most genial of his race—Edwin Waugh,—'how often have I heard some fine psalm-tune streaming in chorus from female voices, when passing cotton-mills at work, and mingling with the spoom of thousands of spindles.' Of course, there is a shadowy side to life identified with the factory. The hands do not live in Elysium, any more than the agricultural labourer does in Arcadia. The masters, as everywhere else, are both good and bad; they are no better, that is to say, than other men, and no worse.

Counting all the deficiencies, the Lancashire cotton operatives are quite as well off, and as well paid, as any other large class of English work-people; and if the manufacturing towns are unlovely, they at all events know little or nothing of the vice and filth of metropolitan St. Giles'. Our illustrations of factory hands, at work, and assembling for receipt of wages, represent those engaged in the great Ordsall Mills, Manchester,—Messrs. R. Haworth and Co.—which include the largest and most wonderful weaving-shed in the world.

LEO GRINDON.

THE CERTOSA OF FLORENCE.

(*Concluded from Page* 32.)

AT the close of the funeral solemnity, Niccola, turning to his friends, desired them henceforth to speak no more of his son's sudden and bitter end, lest any fresh reminder should revive the old pain. His grief thus stifled, he returned to Naples to make new conquests and subdue more enemies. But from that time his letters breathe a saddened tone, and the Certosa becomes more than ever the object of his interest. How constantly the thought of his convent, now doubly precious to him, filled his mind, how yearningly, amid the stress of public business, his heart turned to that 'place of blessed repose,' we see in the letters addressed during 1355 and 1356 to his kinsmen Jacopo Acciaiuoli and Andrea Buondelmonti, whom he had entrusted with the superintendence of the works still in progress there. 'Jacopo, I say to you that all my consolations centre in our monastery; all trouble and vexations bring me back to find comfort there. When I think of it, anger and grief flee away. I possess nothing that is really my own but this Certosa, and if I had money I would make it the most famous place in Italy; but if I live four more years, and fortune is not too contrary, I still hope that I may be able to make it beautiful.'

For this purpose, he is constantly sending large sums of money, and however hard pressed he finds himself, repeats his injunctions that the monastery is on no account to suffer. 'Think not,' he writes again, 'that because the work is costly I shall like it less, for all other substance that I possess will pass to my successors. Who they may be I care not, but this monastery with all its adornings will be mine for all time, and will keep my memory green and everlasting in Florence. And if, as Monsignor the Chancellor (his kinsman, the Bishop Angelo Acciaiuoli) has it, the soul is immortal, my soul will rejoice over this Certosa, wherever she is ordered to go. Therefore, I pray of you to seek the perfection of the whole as much as lies in your power, and I will on my part do all I can to supply you with the necessary means.' Nothing is to be neg-

* '—— Et cantus, animi felicia læti
Argumenta, sonant!'
OVID, *Met.* iv. 760, 761.

lected; Niccola provides in turn for the fortification of the convent, a very necessary thing in those stormy days, for the adorning of its altars with pearls and precious stones, for the building of hospital, *forestiera*, and halls in which the monks may practise different trades, and for spacious gardens where they may take recreation. Annexed to the monastery was a noble building, with battlements and a quadrangle, destined to receive fifty scholars with professors and lecturers, for whose use Niccola had formed a large library of manuscripts, but this institution was unfortunately not kept up by the Grand Seneschal's heirs. What, however, occupied his attention more than all at this time was the building of a house adjoining the monastery, which he intended as a residence for himself. He dwells with the greatest delight and affection on this his 'dear *abitaculo*, from which he would not part for all the lands round Florence,' and gives the minutest directions for the building of kitchen, loggia, halls, and even chimney-pieces. Everything is to be broad and spacious, the garden as beautiful as it is possible to make it, the vaulting of the rooms very lofty, since in his eyes the finest feature in a building is great height and space. In all his letters he presses on the completion of his '*abitaculo*,' and expresses his anxiety that all should be ready when the time comes for him to leave public life. Then, if only God grant him this desire of his heart, he hopes to retire there and spend his last days unvexed by the clash of arms and the turmoil of the world, in this peaceful retreat, with only the company of the monks, the quiet round of the Church's offices, and the loveliness of Val d'Ema to be his solace.

But that time never came. To the end of his days he led the same busy, active life; and a hurried visit here and there was all he had to bestow on his beloved Certosa. Neither king nor realm could spare him. Louis and Joanna were both too incapable to govern alone; and 'whenever,' says Villani, 'the virtue of this man was absent from court, affairs went ill.'

From the grave of his son he had gone straight to Sicily, to conquer that island from the Aragonese, and had already subdued Palermo and Messina, when he was recalled and sent as ambassador to the Emperor Charles IV., whose descent into Italy had created general alarm. His mission met with complete success; and the Emperor not only paid him the highest honours and kept him to attend his coronation at Rome, but tried to induce him to accompany him on his return to Germany, an invitation which Niccola, faithful to his old allegiance, refused to accept. On another occasion, when he was sent to the Papal Court at Avignon in 1360, Innocent VI. presented him with the golden rose, a mark of special favour hitherto reserved for royal personages. From Avignon he went to Milan to negotiate a peace between the Pope and Bernabo Visconti, and there sought out his old friend Petrarch in his retreat at the monastery of S. Simpliciano, two miles from the town. This meeting between the Grand Seneschal and the poet, who had so long admired and honoured him, is best described in Petrarch's own letter to Zanobi da Strada:

'Thy Mecenas has paid a visit to my Augustus, and also, I am proud to say, to me. Without fear of stooping from his high station, twice he entered my library, regardless of the crowd which thronged around him, or the multitude of affairs and inconvenience of the distance, which to say the truth is great. Such were the majesty of his bearing, the courtesy of his manner, the earnestness of the first silence, and the first words, that not only myself, but all the illustrious personages present, were filled with reverence, and almost moved to tears. He was pleased to examine the books which are my companions, and here we reasoned of many things, but more than all of thee. Nor did he remain a short time, as is the custom of those who pay visits, but stayed so long with me that you would have thought he could hardly tear himself away, and by his presence he gave this poor threshold such splendour that it will certainly be famous for all time; and all who come to see it, not only Romans and Florentines, but every lover of virtue, will regard it with devout veneration. Of him what more shall I tell you? All this royal city was moved with joy at his coming, and from that serene brow joy and calm seemed to radiate. Welcomed by the Duke, beloved by the people, even more dear to me, although I loved him so well before that I held it scarcely possible to love him better; so nobly did he bear himself, that the fame of him whom I had not seen was not diminished, but greatly increased by his presence. Live, therefore, happy in the possession of such a friend, and remember me.'

Unfortunately, this friendship did not long survive Zanobi's death, which happened in the following year in 1362. Indeed, Petrarch wrote again to the Grand Seneschal, congratulating him on the conquest of Sicily which he had achieved, and rejoicing that he was allowed to call him friend.

'It would take the pen of Homer to record the glorious deeds by which you have restored peace to Sicily, and made Naples happy. Now Arethusa wakes to new joy, Etna restrains her fury, and Charybdis becomes mild out of reverence for your person. Continue, O great one, your illustrious career, adorned by so many virtues, more than all by that modesty which is your most splendid ornament, and which suffers me to call you friend.'

He concludes by alluding to the death of King Louis, which had lately happened:

'Ah! forgive me,' he exclaims, 'forgive me if in my grief I say that had he lived obediently to your counsels he would have led a happier life, met death gladlier, and left a fairer memory behind him.'

In the following year comes a letter of a different strain. Niccola, it appears, had omitted to do him some service he had asked, some trifling favour that he had requested, whether for himself or for a friend, and, worse than this, had neglected to answer two

previous letters on the subject. The poet had lately lost several of his dearest friends, Nelli, Zanobi, and others, which partly accounts for the querulous tone in which he writes. He upbraids Niccola bitterly with injustice and neglect, and after warning him that, in spite of all his greatness, he too is mortal, concludes with the words: 'Friendship is a fair and noble thing, but she requires much to be real. Nothing is easier than to call oneself a friend, nothing harder than to be one. Farewell, and forgive me if I speak too freely.'

It would be interesting to know how the Grand Seneschal answered this letter, but unfortunately, nothing after this is heard of their correspondence, and we are left to suppose that it ceased. Probably when Niccola received Petrarch's complaint he was too deeply engaged to give it his attention, for, since the king's death the management of the kingdom rested entirely in the hands of the Grand Seneschal, who proved as faithful a servant to Joanna as he had been to her husband. Under his wise rule commerce began to revive and prosperity to return to the kingdom so long torn by civil wars and divisions.

But even now there were not wanting slanderous tongues to malign the great man, and the less his enemies dared use open violence, the more malice did they bear against him. It was to refute these slanders and to defend himself from the charge of appropriating rents due to the Papal See that he wrote the memorable letter to Angelo Acciaiuoli at Avignon, the original of which is still preserved in the Laurentian library.

In this eloquent treatise, after clearing himself in the eyes of the Pope, he narrates his past history, and enumerates the services he had rendered to Robert of Naples, to Louis and Joanna, to the Church and people of Italy. There is still the same pride of character, the same contempt of base motives, of conscious sense of superiority to the men around him, the same old love of magnificence in the manner in which he heaps up the long roll of his exploits and services to cast them in the face of his accusers. But with it all, there comes a touch of sadness, a conviction of the vanity of earthly greatness, as if he said to himself he had done all this, and had it been worth while? Certainly, in no other cause would he have risked so much and laboured so unceasingly—no, not for all the lands in Naples. And now that the greater part of his course is run, and the end draws every day nearer, he can say with truth in the words of the Apostle, 'I have fought a good fight.' All that he asks is justice, that justice which is not denied to heretics or Jews, and remarks in conclusion that were he as rich in substance as he is in enemies, the rents due to the Papal See by the Queen would soon be paid, Sicily subdued, and all the foes of the realm conquered. 'But misery alone is without envy, and because we know not what it is we seek, all is for the best. Farewell.'

Already in this letter, written from Melfi on the feast of St. Stephen, 1364, there was a foreboding of the coming end. A fever had then attacked him, which, however, passed off in a short time, but he only lived till the following November, when a few days' illness ended his career at the early age of fifty-five.

The suddenness of his death filled Naples with consternation at the moment. The prop of the kingdom was gone, the man who had saved the throne and restored peace to the Sicilies, and there was no one to fill up the gap which he had left.

In a short note Angelo Acciaiuoli, his son and successor in all his dignities communicated the sad news to the prior of the Certosa, and the prayers of the whole Carthusian Order were asked for the soul of their illustrious benefactor. His own city of Florence was the first to do him honour, and paid magnificent homage to the memory of 'this our most dear citizen.' Afterwards, when his son Angelo was disgraced and imprisoned by the ungrateful Joanna, the Signory of Florence interfered on his behalf, and sent the Queen an indignant remonstrance, reproaching her for so grievously forgetting the services of the great man who had stood by her when all others forsook her, and had more than once shown how gladly he would have died in her cause. Matteo Palmieri, a scholar of the age of the Medici, wrote a history of the Grand Seneschal, and Andrea Castagno introduced his portrait among the life-sized figures of celebrated Italians which he painted for the Villa Pandolfini.

But it was still with the Certosa, as Niccola had himself wished, that his memory was chiefly associated. There, according to the directions given in his will, his body embalmed and brought from Naples was laid to rest in the crypt by the side of his beloved Lorenzo. The best sculptors of the day, Orgagna's pupils, were employed to raise the Arca above his remains and carve his sleeping effigy as nearly as possible approaching to what he had been in life. There we see the Grand Seneschal, in full armour, reclining under a Gothic canopy of marble supported by spiral columns. The head rests on the embroidered pillow, and the hands are folded with the quiet consciousness that their work is done. The face is singularly noble, the serene brow, which had met so many perils in life unmoved, seems to have won a new majesty in the repose of death. Below, the lion rampant of the Acciaiuoli holds between his paws the Angevin fleur-de-lys, which Niccola was privileged to wear, and a long inscription records his titles and great deeds, while on either side we read Zanobi's motto, 'Contemsit omnia ille qui mortem prius,' and that other saying with which the Grand Seneschal was wont to console himself in dark days, 'Nescimus quia petamus omnia pro meliori.'

On the floor of the same chapel are three monumental slabs, which, although different in form, are almost equal to the former in beauty; they are those of Acciaiuolo, his father, of his son Lorenzo, and of Lapa, his sister, the only woman to whom, by special favour, the right of burial in Niccola's sepulchre was granted. All three are remarkable for the rich costumes and embroidery of the recumbent figures, in all three we see the same slender spiral columns which remind us of Giotto's Tower. That of Lorenzo is especially beautiful. The young knight sleeps in his coat of mail with his sword at his side, and his graceful head bent a little forward over his clasped hands. His flowing locks fall on his shoulders, and the intricate tracery of the armour is a marvel of delicate workmanship, as if the sculptor had lavished all the wealth of his art, by Niccola's command, on this last memorial of the son he had loved so well. And as we stand by these tombs, where father and son rest in their long slumber we feel that Niccola's words have come true, and that after all this Certosa is his most lasting monument. Since his times, whole dynasties have risen and fallen in the Sicilies, change has succeeded change, and kingdoms have been swept away, till not a trace of his work remains to bring back his name to men's lips. But at the end of these five hundred years every traveller who, walking through Val d'Ema, sees the long pile of buildings lifting their battlements against the sky, and asks who founded the Certosa, receives for answer—'Niccola Acciaiuoli, the Grand Seneschal.'

We see it now in the days of its decay, but for many hundred years after Niccola's death the Certosa was one of the most celebrated monastic foundations in Italy. Like other Tuscan convents, it became the home of art, a sphere where the painters of different schools and ages were invited to display their powers.

In that same chapel of the Acciaiuoli, not many years after the great Seneschal's death, a young Dominican monk from the convent of Fiesole painted his first works, and introduced some angels playing musical instruments, whose exceeding beauty attracted universal attention, and were before long to earn for him the name of the 'Angelic painter.' These have disappeared, and a few pictures by Giotteschi artists are all that remain of fourteenth-century art, but the Chapter-house contains a beautiful fresco of the Crucifixion by Mariotto Albertinelli. Here, then, he came, the gay pleasure-loving artist, whose restless nature was always craving after new excitement and who soon afterwards gave up painting to keep a tavern, because he preferred receiving praises for his good wine to hearing harsh censures on his pictures. At the time when he painted this work he was in a graver mood than usual, for he had come fresh from parting with Baccio della Porta, the friend who in spite of his different tastes was more than a brother to him, and who had renounced the world in despair at the death of Savonarola. This may account for the inscription which Albertinelli left on his fresco at the Certosa, and which has more of seriousness than we might have expected from him. It is as follows:—'Mariotti

EFFIGY OF LORENZO ACCIAIUOLI.

Florentini opus, pro quo, patres, deus orandus est, A.D. MCCCCCVI. Mens. Sept.' It was his best time, for he had just painted his well-known *Visitation* and completed the *Last Judgment* in the cloisters of S. Maria Nuova, which Baccio had left undone, and in this fresco of the Certosa the kneeling Magdalen at the foot of the Cross, and Angels receiving the blood which drops from the wounds of Christ, have a Peru-

ginesque grace, rare in his works. Albertinelli's residence at the Convent seems to have been the cause of considerable annoyance to the monks. He had brought with him a band of noisy scholars, who played tricks on the Carthusians, and, dissatisfied with the fare provided for them, stole the monks' suppers and created general confusion, until the brothers, to be rid of their tormentors, agreed to double their rations, if only they would finish the work as speedily as possible, which, accordingly, Vasari says, was 'effected with much merriment and many a joyous laugh.'

Another artist, whose gentle nature was more congenial to the place, Jacopo di Pontormo, the best of Andrea del Sarto's pupils, spent many months at the Certosa, where he adorned the Great Cloister with a whole series of scenes from the life of Christ. Poor Pontormo! it was his precocious genius that made Michael Angelo say, 'If this boy lives to grow up, he will surpass us all.' But, alas! for youthful promise, his after-career failed utterly to fulfil this prophecy. Not content with the portraits he knew how to paint in so masterly a manner, he was seized with an unlucky wish to emulate the Sistina, and threw away years of his life in an attempt to cover the interior of St. Lorenzo with gigantic frescoes, destined to be the wonder of the world. The results proved miserably inadequate to the grandeur of the design, and before the work was completed the artist died, worn out by his exertions and heart-broken at the failure of his attempts. All through his life he suffered from this ambition to imitate the work of greater men; and Vasari says that the frescoes he painted at the Certosa were spoilt by an ineffectual attempt to follow the manner of Albert Dürer. Of this it is impossible to judge, for only the merest fragments of these works are now left. A graceful head or two, a bit of Andrea-like colouring here and there are all that remain to recall the memory of a painter worthy of a better fate.

Time has proved less destructive to the sculptor's art, and besides the tombs of the Acciaiuoli, many specimens of Renaissance work are still to be seen at the Certosa. Luca della Robbia has left there some of his Saints and Angels in delicate blue and white, and in the refectory is a pulpit carved with the cross and crown of thorns by that sweetest of all Florentine sculptors, Mino da Fiesole. Donatello is said to have fashioned the tomb of another Acciaiuoli, Angelo, Bishop of Otia, which was enriched with a garland of fruit and flowers by a later master, Giuliano di San Gallo, the favourite architect of Lorenzo de' Medici. In the Chapter-house, under Mariotto's fresco, is one other tomb, which must not be passed over, the work of Francesco di San Gallo, Giuliano's son. It is that of Lionardo Buonafede, a name which frequently occurs in old Florentine records, and is worthy of all remembrance. Originally a monk of the Certosa, this excellent man was, during twenty-seven years, Spedalingo of the great Florentine hospital, St. Maria Nuova, and made himself beloved by his good works and the many charitable institutions which he founded. At the end of that time he became Bishop of Cortona, and, dying at a great age, wished to be buried in his old convent. His portrait, with a view of the Certosa in the background, is introduced in an altar-piece by Ridolfo de Ghirlandajo, now in the Academy. It is curious to find that this saintly prelate, while Spedalingo of St. Maria Nuova, was called upon to baptize the infant daughter of Lorenzo di Piero de' Medici, the famous Catherine, Queen of France.

Francesco di San Gallo was an inferior artist to his father, and has left little work of importance behind him; but in the good Bishop's tomb it must be owned he has succeeded in producing a master-piece. There is no aiming at effect, no especial richness of decoration, or beauty of workmanship; but the sculptor has caught the expression which lingers on the faces of the dead, and rendered it with touching simplicity. The old man lies on his death-bed: he has breathed his parting sigh, and his eyes have closed in their last slumber; but a happy smile still plays on his features, the brightness of the long life spent in doing good shining on his countenance. The mere sight of that face is enough to take away all terror from the thought of death. It is all so easy and natural, just as if he had laid down to rest, a little tired with his long journey, and in that sleep had found all his soul desired.

'He was ninety-five years old when he died,' said the monk who stood with me by the tomb, and then turned away, as if that explained everything.

Of about the same date as Buonafede's tomb is the stained glass in one of the cloisters representing scenes from the life of St. Bruno, and ascribed to Giovanni da Udine, the friend of Raphael, who spent some years at Florence, and designed the windows of the Laurentian Library, before returning to die at Rome and be laid by the side of Raphael, 'never again to be divided from him whom living he had refused to leave.' (*Vasari.*) St. Bruno's history appears again in a series of frescoes executed at the Certosa by Bernardino Poccetti, that prolific artist whose works in Florentine churches and convents have rendered him, in the eyes of modern travellers, a type of the decadence of Italian painting.

Thus, the Certosa continued to exercise a noble and liberal patronage of art until seized and suppressed by the French, on the invasion of Napoleon. Many priceless treasures perished then, and the collections which had been formed with so much love and care were scattered by ruthless hands. One victim of persecution and outrage, the aged pontiff, Pius VI., found a shelter within her hospitable walls,

and the rooms where he resided, until dragged to die in France, are still shown.

In 1814 the convent was restored to the monks; and when the recent Acts were passed for the dissolution of monasteries, the Certosa was one of the few foundations which were spared for the sake of their great memories. We can pass under the gateway now, through which of old no monk might issue and no woman enter, without the Archbishop's permission; and, climbing up the steep hill-side, cross the threshold above which Niccola's lion still lifts its fleur-de-lys. A strange loneliness fills the spacious courts, and the wind blows cold up the empty corridors. Here and there we meet a white-robed brother, lighting the lamps in the church, pacing up and down the cloisters, or taking an evening walk among the dark shadows of the cypress avenues. From all we receive the same courteous welcome. They lead us through their halls and cloisters, and show us the beauties of their ancient home—the great central church, with its rich mosaic pavement and cluster of surrounding chapels, the crypt where the ashes of their founder rest, the *Spezeria*, fragrant with the scent of the perfumes they manufacture. Their dress, their rule is still the same, they are almost the only things that have not changed in these five hundred years. Without the world goes on, the fashion of its order changes, but in the life of these monks the lapse of ages has worked little alteration. Every day brings back the same round of services, every night they rise at stated hours from their beds of sackcloth to repeat the same nocturnal offices. One generation is laid in the Campo Santo, and another takes its place without a break in the monotony of their existence. Only their ranks are sadly thinned, and the few who remain appear conscious that their days are numbered. There is a melancholy pride in their voices as they guide the stranger through the deserted courts, and pause to compare their past greatness with their present condition.

'Once we were a hundred and more, now we are only twenty. *Chi sa?* Who knows how long we shall be suffered to remain here at all? Who can tell how soon another decree may not drive us out to wander homeless exiles over the face of the earth, and turn our beloved convent into a barrack or factory? God knows! these are evil days! blessed be His will!'

And so, meanwhile, they linger on, isolated fragments of a system that belongs to the past, but worthy of our reverence as the last relics of an age which could produce foundations as vast and splendid as this Certosa and men as noble as Niccola Acciaiuoli.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

ALBERT DÜRER'S 'ST. JEROME.'

REPRODUCED BY AMAND DURAND.

THE appearance of a new edition of Mrs. Heaton's valuable 'Life of Dürer' gives a certain freshness of interest to this plate, which she ranks along with the *Knight, Death, and Devil*, and the *Melencolia*, as one of the three greatest works in the range of Dürer's art. It is not comparable to the *Knight, Death, and Devil*, for weird imagination, nor to the *Melencolia* for intensity of thought, but it has a great charm and quality of its own, which every one who loves quiet intellectual labour will appreciate. This is a print which a clergyman or a scholar might choose to hang up in his private study. The artistic motive of it is calm, well-occupied solitude, and it tranquillises the mind without saddening it. The room is a cell, but a cheerful, well-lighted, and sufficiently furnished cell. The hardness of the simple benches is neutralised by the luxury of cushions. The woodwork, though plain, is not without a certain elegance, many of the angles being carefully chamfered. We have heard of a gentleman who recently, in England, had one of Albert Dürer's tables executed for him to his great satisfaction. He made a mechanical working drawing from Dürer's design, gave it to an intelligent cabinet-maker, and realised in wood a piece of furniture which perhaps Dürer himself only beheld in imagination. Was not that an ingenious way of employing a great master?

Dürer had a pleasant way of gratifying our curiosity about matters of detail. Only let us believe the engraver—believe that he knew all about St. Jerome—and then how interesting the cell becomes! We see how St. Jerome kept his papers—he had not many of them—by a leather strap just nailed against the wall, and we observe that he possessed a pair of scissors. The great hour-glass was an important possession for a man careful about his time before the invention of watches, but it seems to be hung too much out of the way. There is a niche in the wall between the two windows, with the vessel for holy water and sprinkler. The feeling of quiet and repose is greatly assisted by the restfulness of the two animals, the lion being drowsy, with half-closed eyes, and the dog in the land of dreams.

It is curious how Dürer's designs were at the same time intelligently composed in many parts and innocently ill arranged in others. He was often very ingenious in filling up a dead space, of which there is an excellent instance here in the variegated shadows

and lights from the thick window-panes, which give great charm and interest to what would otherwise have been a very dull piece of wall. The various objects on the wall behind St. Jerome are there for the same reason, and the pumpkin with its leaf and bit of stalk, drawn with such admirable feeling for decorative beauty, fulfils a most important office as an interruption to the monotonous lines of the ceiling. On the other hand, there is no denying that the animals are put in very awkwardly, and that the lines in the foreground and on the left side are very stiff. There is, however, an evident intention to frame the picture on the top and bottom and one side, ingeniously carried out by interesting projections in the upper and lower left-hand corners.

Mrs. Heaton's work, in its new edition, has cast off the gift-book appearance of the first, which was richly illustrated, and issued in a decorative binding with gilt edges. In the present edition the size of the work is more handy and the binding simpler. An important difference in the illustration may be noticed. Autotype was employed for the principal illustrations in the first edition—a process which reproduces the lines of an engraving, but cannot give its quality.* In the new edition this has been wisely discarded for the better process of héliogravure, which gives the lines and their quality also. The engravings on copper have been reproduced by M. Amand Durand, and M. Charreyre has reproduced by the same process the portrait engraved by Hollar from the painting by Dürer himself.

The engravings reproduced are, *St. George on Horseback;* the *Little Horse; Ecce Homo,* from the 'Little Passion,' in copper; *Healing the Lame Man,* also from the 'Little Passion;' *Virgin, with Crescent Moon; Virgin, crowned by two Angels; St. Anthony with the Bell; St. Christopher.* Eight woodcuts have been copied in photolithography. The superiority of the new edition is in its coppers, which are really valuable; its inferiority is in the reproduction of woodcuts, which are far from being so good as those in the first edition. Compare, for example, the *Descent into Hell.* In the first edition it was a reduction, but the lines were clear; in the second it is a much smaller reduction, and the lines are rotten. The degree of reduction ought always to be mentioned, and this is not done. The text of the work has become more valuable in consequence of many important corrections and additions. On the whole it is a convenient and desirable book, full of well-arranged information about Dürer, and well worth keeping along with Mr. Scott's 'Life,' which it now resembles in size.

P. G. Hamerton.

THE SCIENTIFIC AND ARTISTIC ASPECTS OF POTTERY AND PORCELAIN.

THE recent Cantor Lectures of Professor Church on 'Points of Contact between the Scientific and Artistic Aspects of Pottery and Porcelain' have just been published in a separate form by the Society of Arts. The following extracts, taken from three out of the five lectures, will serve to show the kind of lessons which Professor Church drew from the subject which he handled:—

'There are several opinions now current as to the effect of scientific knowledge upon the artistic value of the products of manufacture. Some persons argue that the evidence afforded by the consummate beauty of certain Greek vases of the "period of perfection" will suffice to prove not only that a rational, an intimate, and an exhaustive knowledge of the chemistry and physics of ceramic materials and processes is not needed, but also that it is certain to end in what we may term artistic disease, and the death of true beauty. They deem that knowledge, full, exact, unbending, fetters the imagination, and crushes the poetry out of the handiwork of man. Quite on the other side are ranged the devotees of science. Science, say they, must be master. Nothing is satisfactory but mathematical precision. Not content with explaining, by means of all kinds of analytical processes, the causes of the beauty of any product of human skill, these rigid disciplinarians permit no departure from established rule. But, happily, there is a third, and, we trust, an increasing, group of persons concerned with manufactures, who take a broader view of the requirements of the day. They are prepared to welcome every kind of aid, from whatever quarter it may come. They call in the assistance of the chemist to analyse old materials and to search by synthesis for new. They appreciate highly the hereditary and traditional knowledge and skill which, rightly directed by a sense of fitness and beauty, have often in past times been alone sufficient to produce results of the highest excellence. But they will be always on their guard against—they will not permit—the dull uniformity and the complete stagnation consequent upon a mechanical routine, however perfect. They may temper the individual originality, which cannot bear to be always producing the same pot, just as the true painter will not endure the too easy labour of continually painting replicas, even of

* They were called Autotypes, but strongly resemble Woodburytypes in appearance and texture.

ITALIAN EMBROIDERY : ARMORIAL COGNIZANCE IN WHITE ON RED.

ITALIAN EMBROIDERY : INITIAL LETTER IN RED SILK ON WHITE LINEN.

his best picture. But the judicious director or manager will be ever on the search for new developments in art. He will strive to learn from, rather than to imitate, the productions of other countries and other times. He will press into his service every improvement in machinery, in grinding and washing the raw materials, in enamels and glazes, in kilns and the use of fuel; but he will not allow the accuracy of his processes to exclude the charms of variety and tenderness in his products. He will recognise the importance of the fact that such a thing exists as harmony between the material and its decorative treatment, both as to form and colour. He will not insist upon the application to the finest egg-shell porcelain of designs characterised by rugged picturesqueness, nor will he diaper a piece of rough-marbled clay with delicate reticulations of coloured golds.

'But, after all, is it not clear that, if an excellence of result that will bear the test of time is to be achieved, the highest art-knowledge and the highest art-power must be affiliated to our potteries? The perpetual experimenting (untrained as much of it was) of Wedgwood would have led to no very adequate realisation in actual ceramic products, had not the sweet and careful neo-classical art of Flaxman been available. With wider research, with profounder insight, with more numerous and more varied available examples of excellence; in description more full—in explanation more exact, in analysis more thorough, in suggestion more fertile, in taste more eclectic—the spirit of to-day, if more exacting than the spirit of yesterday, should at least make the attempt to secure, in some measure, that quality of rounded perfection which inspires our efforts, though, alas! too often only to condemn them. We enjoy greater and more varied opportunities of knowledge, and training, and execution, than Wedgwood, and we shall fail of our duty to ourselves and to our country if we do not take full advantage of them.

'Such views on the connexion to be established between the sciences and the arts, which can be enlisted in the service of ceramic manufactures, have long been mine. Thirteen years ago, in an address to the Cirencester School of Art, I used similar language, dwelling with special emphasis upon the right use of the large resources which chemical knowledge bestows upon the art of pottery, and urging temperance in the employment of strong colours and showy glazes. These should be used to decorate and develope the beauty of fine contours and good forms, not to obscure them.

'In drawing your attention to the specimens on the table, some of which are old, and many new, some European and some of Eastern origin, it may be useful if I point out, not only the lessons which individual examples may teach, but a general difference of character or feeling between modern work, and much European work generally, on the one hand, and old and most Eastern work on the other. As such general difference lies almost wholly in the glaze and its associated chromatic elements, this place seems to be the most appropriate for its consideration. Modern work is prosaic, laboured, uninteresting. If it be learned, it is not learned enough. If its decoration were the outcome of nothing more than unspoilt tradition, the decorative result would be more satisfactory. But the obvious striving after effects and qualities which are yet imperfectly realised, pains the artistic sense of those persons who are familiar with the productions of other times and other countries. If one examines a modern piece of English turquoise glaze, a very noticeable defect obtrudes itself on the eye at once. The colour is staring enough, strong enough (what the French call *voyant* and *criant*), but muddy withal; you cannot look *into* it. If a mottled, or flooded, or varied glaze be attempted, the result realises the mottling or other peculiarity of the Chinese original distinctly, but misses its easy, careless grace, whereby art conceals artifice. Of course all modern and all English work is not amenable to such criticism. For instance, Mr. W. De Morgan's Persian tiles are worthy of unqualified praise. On the red body beneath, a white slip or wash is placed, which, while illuminating the nearly transparent turquoise, puce, and blue glazes above, does not reveal itself, nor disclose the mechanism of the final success. Here, too, the design of the ornament, the quality of the hues, the degree of gloss, and the blending of contiguous colours, are all just simply perfect.

'And it is not difficult to discover similar meritorious elements in the productions of other factories. Here is a specimen of modern Hungarian earthenware, in which, upon a softly mottled ground of dove-colour and crimson, a graceful network of golden foliage is spread. And these beautiful tile-pictures, by Messrs. Simpson, of St. Martin's Lane, illustrating both underglaze and overglaze painting, show the association of high artistic power with the frank recognition of the nature of the materials, and the uses to which the objects are to be put.

'These examples of Persian and Rhodian wares and their imitations are most instructive; they show, above all things, how useless it is to attempt the imitation of an effect by means of processes and materials having wholly different physical and chemical characters. Does this modern attempt at Persian *faïence* realise any of the beauties of the original? Is it not a ridiculous caricature? Look at the carefully painted imitation of the flooding or spreading at the edges of the colours. Look at the opaque, uninteresting body. Here is no going downwards into the clay, and no dissolving upwards in the glaze.

'But a few words seem necessary concerning certain highly felspathic bodies which come so near true hard china, that they may well be mentioned now. The most notable of these is that employed by L. Solon for the decoration of his celebrated *pâte sur pâte* pieces. Thanks to Messrs. Minton, I am able to show you four specimens of this most refined and lovely work. It is marvellous to see Mr. Solon, as I have been privileged to see him, without outlines or previous sketching, laying the wet porcellaneous slip with a brush on the coloured ware in the green state, and then carving the powdery substance into forms of exquisite truth and tenderness. If you examine this specimen of this artist's work, this pilgrim's bottle, you will, I trust, agree with me that the glaze, which has yet to be applied, will be very far from improving the artistic qualities of the surface, the form, the colour, and the design of the piece generally. But the manufacturers have their own reasons for covering fine work with glaze; and the porcelain purchasers, for the most part, have no objection to the glazing layer which, if it protects, yet conceals and even modifies the body and its decoration. Some day, let us hope, a surface like that of Wedgwood's finest jasper will permit Solon's exquisite work to be thoroughly enjoyed.'

SOME ITALIAN EMBROIDERIES.

II.

AT the close of our last paper we promised some further observations on the darned nets with ornamental designs which form so considerable a section of Italian works with the needle. The specimen already figured, though of refined yet rich decorative character, was worked wholly in unbleached linen of two shades: the specimen which we now give to our readers is partly built up of more costly material. The network ground is of fine green silk, sixteen strands to the linear inch. That part of the scroll pattern which appears white in the accompanying phototype is darned with three strands, or in some places with two strands, of bleached linen thread. For the twirls and tendrils, and for many little fillings in throughout the piece, as well as for the alternate leaflets in the borders, a quiet yet lustrous hue of ochreous golden silk is employed. In the original embroidery, this colour bears out with considerable power from the darker but thin green netting on which the pattern is worked. Thus the white linen and golden silk darning keep well together as one continuous design; especially is this the case when the piece of work is seen against a dark background, as of black velvet. Even then there is something of soft mystery, in sheen, and texture, and colour, in this embroidery, an effect which is exaggerated in the dimly discernible, almost ghostly, appearance of parts of the design in our photographic reproduction, which, by-the-by, is just two-thirds of the size of the original.

It may interest some of our readers if we mention that the particular kind of embroidered silk net which has just been described is commonly found decorating, as a kind of insertion, each end of the linen veils still worn as head-coverings by Italian women in many parts of the Peninsula. Our specimen here figured was bought, with a companion piece, in Naples some years ago. It measures forty-eight inches in length, by twenty-eight in breadth. When properly folded, so that the two pieces of insertion are just above one another and rest on the shoulders, it forms a beautiful as well effective protection to the head and neck. It is now difficult to obtain good old pieces of this kind of embroidery out of Italy, while even in out-of-the-way country towns the emissaries of two or three energetic native amateurs generally manage to baffle the attempts of foreign travellers who have a hankering after these beautiful specimens of handiwork. We should feel inclined to assign the present example to the latter half of the sixteenth century. But this kind of work, darned netting, *lacis* or *filatorium*, was much in vogue for the decoration of church linen, napkins, towels, bed-hangings, and table-covers, downwards from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century. A similar sort of embroidery, with severe Gothic designs, was made even in earlier centuries in other countries besides Italy. In England it was not uncommon even as early as the beginning of the fourteenth century.

Some good specimens of Italian darned net or canvas are in the South Kensington Museum. One of these (No. 252, 1880), of the first half of the sixteenth century, is a table-cover of blue silk, surrounded by a deep border of unbleached linen canvas, in which linen darning representing strap-work and foliage has been introduced, with the rare addition of a narrow edging to all the design of greenish blue silk. A similar table-cover is in our own collection: here the darned design represents a branching vine, with leaves, tendrils, and grapes. Another example has twisted scrolls ornamented with diaper work, while a third specimen combines with the vine-leaf pattern acanthoid scrolls and ribbons tied into bows. In one fine piece of this darned net a design drawn from a double-headed eagle is dimly discernible; in another we

have a vine pattern very completely and artistically developed. In this last piece there is a near approach to botanical accuracy in the form and arrangement of the stem, leaves, and grapes, while the latter are ingeniously raised into a considerable degree of convexity by tightly sewing round each portion of the canvas ground which had been previously darned so as to represent a grape.

On the smaller of the two embroidered strips, printed in red, we have an example of a variety of needlework of a very simple sort, and not so full of laboriousness as the piece by which it is accompanied. It is of white linen, sixty-four strands to the linear inch. The crimson silk with which it is embroidered is brought over three threads of the ground at a time, a kind of back-stitch being employed so that the red lines are continuous in front, and the piece shows much more silk on the reverse side. The peculiar delicacy of the effect of the work is secured by leaving blank spaces, generally of three strands, both in the warp and in the woof—leaving these spaces in fact, so as to show the linear ground between the perfectly continuous rows of red silk stitches. Not only in its method of workmanship described above, but also in its design does this piece of Italian sixteenth-century embroidery show a feature not exhibited by our other specimens. This is the decorative employment of a letter of the alphabet; in this case Z, a not uncommon initial of Italian family names. Initials, as well as all kinds of armorial and heraldic insignia, were employed extensively in the textiles, as well as in the embroideries, of mediæval Italy. Especially in Sicily were they in vogue as decorative elements for the adornment of the works of the shuttle and the needle. But in that island the influence of Oriental taste was of necessity more direct than in Venice and northern Italy, so that it came to pass that with the native elements of decoration, furnished by family cognizances, were associated Persian and Saracenic animals and plants. The particular specimen of needlework now before us cannot indeed be definitely claimed for Sicily, although the island is still marvellously rich in old embroideries of a similar kind, and although it is quite usual for persons engaged in the commerce of such articles to attribute every specimen of this sort to Palermo. We had well-nigh forgotten to refer to the fringe of the specimen before us, which is perfectly in accord with the design, and with the distribution of colour in the work itself, and is probably of the same date. In the phototypic illustration, the beauty of the fringe is not even suggested, and verbal description of its structure and design is not easy, small matter though it be. It is but nine-sixteenths of an inch deep altogether; a narrow gimp of red silk and white silk in alternate vertical lines, with a rather deeper repetition of the same arrangement below, finished by small tufts of crimson and white silk as a cut fringe at the edge.

Our second illustration in red and white offers an example of a sixteenth century embroidery in which an armorial cognizance, or what at least most probably is a decoration of heraldic character, has been made the motive of the entire design. The patterns are left in the white linen stuff, while the

ITALIAN DARNED NETTING.

background is wholly filled in with the same cushion-stitch in red which we described in our first paper on 'Italian Embroideries.' There are also introduced a few long, slender stitches to represent the internal subdivisions of the hand with its cuff and feathers. These stitches mark out the shafts and barbs of the feathers, the vandyked segments of the cuff, and the nails and fingers. In the arrangement of the chief element of the design this embroidery closely resembles the small, geometrical piece figured in the February number of the PORTFOLIO. Here may be noted how ingeniously a considerable degree of variety is attained by alternately grouping together the four cuffs and then the four feathers. The harsh outline of the angular trellis, which extends throughout the piece (and it is 3½ yards long), is broken by spirals of five coils, each end of the spirals being prolonged into a triplet of small and graceful leaves. The same kind of leaf is repeated in the border. We may add that the linen fabric employed in this piece of work has forty strands to the linear inch; the depth of the original embroidery is about nine inches.

It will readily be understood that the pieces of Italian embroidery which have been described and illustrated in the present and preceding paper are not offered to our readers as the finest and rarest existing specimens of the several classes to which they belong. Some of them are, indeed, of less importance than other specimens of the same kind existing in other private collections or in the South Kensington Museum. But they serve the purpose of drawing attention to certain methods of decorating linen and net (or rather canvas), which are not generally recognised nor much appreciated at the present day. And besides the methods of decoration, we are here introduced to types of design and to ornamental elements which it may be serviceable to study in reference to artistic handiwork in other materials, and even to the productions of the loom.

We have named the collection of embroideries in the South Kensington Museum. The Italian specimens there preserved, and especially those acquired last year from Mr. J. C. Robinson, are of great value and interest. It must, however, be mentioned here that to these white linen pieces embroidered with floral and geometrical designs in red silk is attributed, in the Museum register, a Spanish origin, although the date of their production, the first half of the sixteenth century, agrees with that we have named for the pieces which we have figured. There are twelve of these embroideries in the Robinson collection at South Kensington, the numbers of which it may be useful to give; they are Nos. 223—1880, to 234—1880. These specimens are napkins, usually about 4 feet 4 inches long by 2 feet 4 inches in breadth. The embroidery takes the form of an insertion, sewn in near each end of the piece of linen, which is further decorated by fringes and small patterns worked in red silk. So many decorative designs, originating in Italy or first elaborated in that country, travelled into Spain, and were copied there in the same materials and with but slight modifications, such as the introduction of Spanish armorial insignia, that great care is needed in speaking about the place of production of such needlework as that now under discussion.

But there is much to be said in favour of an Italian origin for specimens which have been purchased from private sources in Italy itself, and in which the patterns worked can be identified, in part at least, with the designs and borderings engraved in such old Venetian pattern-books as those of A. Paganino (1527), G. Tagliente (1531), and G. Ostaus (1567). The Franckfort *Modelbuch* of 1571 and that first printed at Nürnberg in 1597 afford evidence of how Italian designs became thoroughly well known in Germany, and it is not at all difficult to understand how, by means of actual Italian examples, Italian sketches, and even Italian workers, Spain and Portugal may have adopted and adapted the needlework of the southern peninsula. There can, we suppose, be no shadow of hesitation in calling the splendid bed-valances (272 and 272*a*—1880) in the South Kensington Museum, Spanish, for they bear in the centre the heraldic insignia of Don Lorenzo Carafa de Marra, Duke of Sabioneta, a grandee of Spain. But this floral and scroll design, worked in coloured silks on silk canvas, is almost absolutely identical with a piece of embroidery which we possess, and which from undoubted evidence we must attribute, not merely to Italy, but to Venice or Burano. The date of the Spanish piece is, however, later, and the workmanship less careful and confident. It must be owned, however, that a similar difference between the specimens attributed to Spain and those assigned to Italy, in the case of silk embroidery on linen, has not yet been pointed out.

We cannot refrain from calling attention to a lovely little strip of silk embroidery on white linen in the South Kensington series. It belongs to the class in which the pattern is left in fine white linen stuff, while the ground is sewn over, three threads together, with silk. But the silk in this example is of a soft amber colour, while the pattern is a simple diaper, made up of lozenges, in each of which is set a beautiful finely cut leaf. This specimen is well worthy of attentive study. It is numbered 1321–71, and attributed to the seventeenth century: surely too late a date.

In a third paper on Italian embroideries, an attempt will be made to illustrate and annotate specimens belonging to classes of needlework about which we have hitherto said little or nothing.

A. H. CHURCH.

ART CHRONICLE.

THE *mise en scène* of 'The Cup,' at the Lyceum Theatre, from designs furnished by Mr. Knowles to Mr. Irving, is an event in the annals of scene-painting and theatrical management. The interior of the Temple of Artemis, in the second act, brings before the spectator, by the imaginative realism that pervades every detail, the splendour and impressiveness of the ancient ritual. We might fancy ourselves in the vast and gloomy fane of the Ephesian Artemis. The roof of cedar-wood is supported by massive Ionic pillars, some of which are sculptured, bearing out Pliny's description, that in the Temple of the great goddess at Ephesus, which it took 120 years to build, there stood thirty-six richly-sculptured pillars (*columnæ cælatæ*). The colossal green-bronze statue of Artemis, the many-breasted goddess, looms in the background. The image, with its rows of pendulous breasts, as it is represented at the Lyceum, was probably copied from the representation on the coins of Asiatic cities struck under the Roman Empire. The figure is shaped like a mummy, the face has something of Egyptian impassibility. As the play proceeds, we assist at one of the religious pageants which made the worship of Artemis world-famous. Camma, the priestess and *prophetis*, or deliverer of oracles, is draped in her robes of sacerdotal office. She carries the great sceptre; over her golden chiton falls the peplum, gemmed and heavily embroidered in gold and scarlet and green. The secondary priestesses, arrayed, according to the inscriptions, 'as maidens going to meet their lovers,' pass in and out with fillets on their heads, with sandals, made of the skins of immolated victims, and wearing over their blue tunics the peplum of varied hues. A procession of young boys dance round the Temple, clad in white, scattering flowers and holding chains of roses. Incense rises, the flame of the altar is lit, libations are poured to the great goddess, there are invocations and chanted prayers. Synorix, his head wreathed with golden bay-leaves, robed in white, with gold-embroidered mantle of red, and jewel-sandalled feet, is an impressive figure, standing with expression of semi-savage passion at the foot of the statue. In the second scene of the first act a room in the house of Sinnatus is a highly-wrought picture of a Greek interior. Delicately-tinted frescoes cover the walls, tall bronze lamps burn, and the jars, tables, chairs, and low couch, that furnish the room, are of simple and beautiful design. Camma, in her blue chiton, singing to her gold-stringed, swan-shaped harp, might have been the original of one of the dignified and graceful figures that inspired the artists who wrought the terra-cotta statuettes found at Tanagra.

MR. ALMA-TADEMA is engaged on a picture which is a partial *replica* of one painted last year. The interior of a house is visible, with a white and black mosaic pavement, highly finished in every detail. One looks through the open doorway at the back into a street full of details of buildings. Skilfully arranged above the doorway is a strip of grey wall (the inside of the wall of the house), and above this strip, and on the extreme upper edge of the canvas, is an iron grating, admitting the light of the sky. In the midst of the mosaic floor stands a group of two figures—a mother and daughter embracing one another. The daughter faces the spectator. She throws her left arm round the mother's neck, who bends down to her and passes her left arm round the child's body. The faces are thus brought together, the mother being posed with her back towards us, and her face in profile. The figures are clad in dark garments of a neutral tint, relieved against the brightness of the doorway beyond. Another picture, by the same artist, represents a sitting figure at the door of a temple—a young, handsome woman, with red hair, and with a ruddy mantle enfolding her. She faces the spectator, and by her side is a kind of silvery metal vessel. Her feet are resting upon a white sheep-skin rug.

MR. FELIX MOSCHELES is engaged on a large picture in oils—the *Pirate's Captive*—representing the tall dark form of a young woman relieved against a deep blue sea and the rich hangings of the pirate's vessel.

PROFESSOR SIDNEY COLVIN has been delivering a course of four most interesting lectures on the 'Amazons,' illustrated by casts and diagrams, at the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street.

MR. WHISTLER'S Venice pastels, fifty-three in number, are now being exhibited in the gallery of the Fine Art Society, New Bond Street. The vast variety of ready-made tints in this medium of pastels admirably fits it for the instantaneous rendering of delicate, vivid, transient effects. To assist and complete this property of freshness and facility in his medium, Mr. Whistler has most dexterously employed brownish-grey paper, which plays an important part in these very clever productions. Most of them can hardly be called more than short-hand records, intended as memoranda for further development; yet the colour and shimmer of water, mirroring the rich tints of surrounding objects, are finely depicted. The draughtmanship, swift and sketchy as it is, is masterly; and the atmospheric toning of the brilliant colours of many of them is subtle and effective. *The Salute, Morning, blue and rose* (40), with its tenderly fused silvery white and rose and blue, is like the inside of some sea-shell. *The Salute, Sunset, red and gold* (49) has a solemn suggestiveness. *The Fishing Boats* with their white, yellow, and black sails midway on the soft blue sea is very effective. The colouring and treatment of *The Cemetery* give a more characteristically Venetian stamp to this picture than is given to most of its fellows. *The Giudecca* (13), with its gracefully shaped black boat and reflection in the foreground floating on a sea described as having in it a note in flesh colour, is poetical, and so also is the *Sunset: red and gold*, and *The Gondolier*.

MR. ARCHER has just completed a fine life-size portrait, down to the knees, of Mr. Gilbert, the dramatic author, in sailor costume, his hand upon the rudder, steering his own yacht. Mr. Archer has also in progress a picture giving a very poetical version of the last parting of Burns and his Highland Mary. A narrow stream runs between them; he is giving her a Bible as his parting gift. One of her hands is resting on it and the other is pressed to her bosom. Her face is full of tender sadness. She wears the snood and the Campbell plaid. Burns' face, which has not yet received the final touches, has in it all the passionate pathos of the moment. The background of sombre rock and heather and rippling stream harmonises with the emotion of the scene.

MR. O'CONNOR has executed a large picture in tempera representing the vegetable market of Verona. The old picturesque buildings—the Exchange with its arcades and pointed windows, the Palazzo Maffei—allow fine scope to Mr. O'Connor's mastery of architectural draughtmanship. All the well-known features of the Piazza are faithfully rendered—the tribune, the fountain, the clock-tower, the pillar that once supported the image of the winged lion of St. Mark. The scene presented is full of animation with its vegetable vendors and their white umbrellas, and radiant with the play of light and shade.

MR. ROBERT BARRETT BROWNING has sent from Antwerp several pictures. One of these represents an old peasant-woman holding a young pig in her arm; with the other she is leading a donkey, on which are two paniers containing ducks and geese. A small dog is barking at the grey donkey, and from behind a window a black cat is watching the procession. Besides this picture and the *Tanner's Garden*, already described in the PORTFOLIO, is an excellent study of still life, consisting of a copper pan, sunflowers, and peaches; and a picture of eagle-owls in a dark cave, the weird, sinister-looking birds are effectively grouped.

M. LÉOPOLD DOUBLE, formerly aide-de-camp of Marshal Soult, died suddenly in Paris in the beginning of February. He possessed a magnificent collection of works of art of very various kinds, arranged in twelve saloons furnished in the taste of different epochs, and for which an offer of 200,000*l.* was made during the owner's lifetime, and declined by him without hesitation. M. Double was a valued and intimate friend of the late Jules Jacquemart and other well-known men. Not long before his death he had been in correspondence with the Editor of the PORTFOLIO. His interest in the fine arts remained lively to the last. The sale and dispersion of his collection will be one of the most important events in the art-world during the year 1881.

THE death of Mr. Alfred Elmore, R.A., on Monday, 24th January, will leave a gap, not in the artistic world only, but among a large circle of friends. He had been for many years in delicate health, never having recovered from the effects of a severe fall from horseback. To this accident, which left a lameness behind, may be traced the cancerous affection from which Mr. Elmore ultimately died. The pain and depression of years did not, however, keep him from his work, and every year there issued from his studio pictures which testified to a serious and cultured aim in art. Mr. Elmore was the son of a retired army-surgeon. He was born on June 18, 1815, the day of the battle of Waterloo, at Clonakilty, county Cork: when he was twelve years of age his family removed to London. In after life he was wont to tell that a picture in the possession of his father—*A Dead Christ*, attributed to Van Dyck—moved him powerfully, and was the impulse that led him to take up art as a profession. His first studies were made from the antiques in the galleries of the British Museum. At seventeen he was admitted as a student in the schools of the Royal Academy; and in 1834 he produced his first exhibited picture, *A Subject from an Old Play*. After this came a course of study in Paris; copying in the galleries of the Louvre and attending a private *atelier*. *Christ crowned with Thorns* was exhibited in 1837 at the British Institution; two years later another religious picture, *The Crucifixion*, was shown at the same gallery. In 1840 the young painter, who at that time used only to represent sacred themes, sent to the Royal Academy *The Martyrdom of St. Thomas à Becket*. This picture was a commission from Daniel O'Connell, and still hangs in a church at Dublin. A lengthy stay on the Continent—during which Mr. Elmore studied for some time at Munich; visited Venice, Bologna, and Florence; and for two years worked diligently at Rome—influenced the treatment and gave a more varied scope to the subjects of his works. *A Carnival Scene from a window at Rome* and *The Novice* were exhibited in 1843; the first at the British Institution, the latter at the Royal Academy. In 1844, *Rienzi in the Forum*—a work fine in its grouping and its vivid presentation of a dramatic scene—attracted much attention, and secured for its author his election as an Associate of the Royal Academy in the following January. An *Italian Cornfield* (we believe the only landscape Mr. Elmore ever exhibited) was also shown at the Royal Academy in 1843. In 1857 Mr. Elmore was elected R.A. His most notable exhibited pictures during his Associateship were: the *Origin of the Guelph and Ghibelline Factions in Florence*, 1845; the *Fainting Hero*, from 'Much Ado about Nothing,' 1846. In 1847, *Bianca Capella*, exhibited at the British Institute; *Beppo*, and the *Invention of the Stocking Loom*, at the Royal Academy; the *Deathbed of King Robert of Naples* came in 1848. In the following year, a *Scene from 'Tristam Shandy;' Religious Controversy in the time of Louis XIV.;* and *Lady Macbeth*. In 1850 were exhibited, *Griselda*, the *Queen of the Day*, and another *Scene from the 'Decameron;'* in 1851, *Hotspur and the Fop;* in 1852, a *Scene from 'Pepys' Diary;'* in 1853, *Blanche of Castille separating Louis IX. from his Wife*. After an interval of three years came, in 1856, the *Emperor Charles V. and St. Just;* in 1858, *Dante*, and the painter's diploma work, a *Scene from the 'Two Gentlemen in Verona.'* In 1860, the picture of *Marie Antoinette facing the Mob at the Tuileries*, is in Mr. Elmore's best manner. This was followed in 1861 by *Marie Antoinette in the Temple, Peace:* 1651, and *Men were Deceivers ever;* 1862, *The Invention of the Combing Machine;* 1863, *Lucrezia Borgia;* 1864, *Within the Convent Wall*, a romantic picture. It was not till 1868 that Mr. Elmore exhibited again, his subject being *Ishmael*. This was followed in 1870 by *Louis XIII. and Louis XIV.;* in 1872, *Across the Fields;* in 1873, *After the Expulsion;* in 1874, *Mistress Hetty Lambert;* in 1875, *Ophelia;* in 1877, *Mary, Queen of Scots, and Darnley at Jedburgh; Pompeii, A.D. 79*; *John Alden and Priscilla* (1878). The two pictures exhibited last May were *An Eastern Bath* and one bearing the motto, that now reads with a peculiar pathos,

> 'We look before and after,
> And pine for what is not.

WILLIAM BLAKE. 'Life and Works of William Blake,' by Alexander Gilchrist; New and Enlarged Edition. (Macmillan & Co. 1881.)—Seventeen years ago the 'Life of William Blake,' written by the sympathetic hand of Mr. Alexander Gilchrist, introduced the poet-artist to the public as one who might with truth be styled 'Pictor Ignotus.' The two volumes then published by Messrs. Macmillan, containing not only a full memoir, but a selection from Blake's metrical writings, and, what was yet surer in appeal, reproductions from his designs, met with a warm reception. The welcome accorded was, doubtless, rendered all the warmer by the pathetic circumstance that the book was a posthumous work, edited by the widow and two friends of one who had died in the prime of his years, and the pride of an earnest career, while yet this labour of love was uncompleted. The matter of the book, and the manner of its issue, raised talk about Blake in circles which had hitherto ignored or been indifferent to one of the most phenomenal artists of the century. Since that date the interest aroused in William Blake has steadily increased; partly, perhaps, because the peculiar manifestations of his genius grew with the growing taste of the time for psychological study, with the fuller license of artistic expression, and with the fashion for aesthetic enthusiasms among the cultured classes. In 1866 Mr. Algernon Swinburne combined close criticism and impassioned descriptive eloquence in a remarkable Essay on the poetical merits of Blake, illustrating the text by reproductions in polychrome from the artist's colour-prints. In 1875 a full selection of Blake's poetical works was issued in the Aldiné edition, by Mr. W. M. Rossetti, prefaced by a condensed, but complete, memoir. To these literary tributes may be added many appreciative notices of the artist which appeared in magazines, reviews, &c.; notably an article by Mr. James Smetham, himself an artist, published in 'The London Quarterly' of January 1869, and now reprinted in the new edition of Gilchrist's work. Furthermore, in 1876 an exhibition was opened, by the Burlington Fine Arts Club, of the pictorial works of Blake, in what he himself comically miscalled 'fresco,' in engraving, colour-printing touched by hand, and so on; altogether a thoroughly representative collection, calculated to set forth intelligibly the high qualities, and also, be it said, the shortcomings, of the poet-artist. For this exhibition Mr. W. B. Scott most fitly took the office of preparing a catalogue, with a discriminating prefatory notice; and he subsequently brought out a series of etchings, after designs by Blake, in his own possession, then shown at the Club. The issue by Messrs. Macmillan of a revised, amplified, and enriched edition of Mr. Gilchrist's book is, then, fully justified by the appreciative attitude of the audience for whom it is intended. The additional matter now incorporated consists chiefly as follows: Several letters of Blake to his patrons, Mr. Hayley and Mr. Butts, and one of special interest to the editor of 'The Monthly Magazine,' containing a warm defence of Fuseli's picture of Ugolino; a descriptive catalogue of the designs to 'Blair's Grave,' written by Mr. F. J. Shields; an annotated catalogue of Blake's works, prepared by Mr. W. M. Rossetti; the essay by Mr. Smetham before mentioned; and a memoir of Mr. Gilchrist, by his widow. To the poems has been added one more: 'Love to Faults is always Blind.' To the illustra-

tions have been added the portrait taken of Blake by Phillips, engraved by Schiavonetti; portrait sketches, by Blake, of himself and his wife; and Frederick Tatham's version of *Mrs. Blake in Age*; also sketches, by Herbert Gilchrist, of Blake's home at Feltham, and the room in which he worked and died in London.

BEHEMOTH AND LEVIATHAN.

Messrs. Scribner have lent their plates from the design *Young burying Narcissa*, and from the print of *Elijah in the Fiery Chariot*, also of the *Councillor*, *King*, *Warrior*, *Mother and Child, in the Tomb;* there are, besides, an engraving of *The Ghost*

NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

appearing to Hamlet, from a folio Shakespeare in the possession of Mr. Macmillan, and two fresh designs from the Jerusalem, a Crucifixion and a composition of three angelic figures. The inventions to the Book of Job have, moreover, been newly

reproduced by the 'photo-intaglio process.' A beautiful cover has been adapted by Mr. Shields from a fanciful design by Blake, and the printing and paper are luxuries to a book-lover.

The position of William Blake on the roll of artists must ever remain anomalous, inasmuch as art was to him an expression of his whole being to a degree and in a manner different from the working of the like faculty in others. In Blake the spiritual side of his nature so overruled the rest, from his very cradle, that his perceptions of the external world became a reflex of his inner life. As an artist he made the mistake of endeavouring to bend the conditions of an art which rests on the imitation of actual objects apprehended through the senses, into a means of expressing mental experiences and the 'things of the spirit,' which were to him verily 'the only realities.' Yet it is precisely this struggle after the impossible which gives to Blake's designs their significant value; and the well-known definition by Coleridge might in this instance apply 'with a difference,' as that a picture is more a thought than a thing. An irregular and imperfect training in the technical business of his craft, a very limited acquaintance with the works of the great masters, while, as has been happily said, 'guarding about his originality with ignorance,' yet hindered the splendour of his imagination, his grand creative faculty, and his amazing, almost intuitive, power of design, from fruition into perfect art manifestation. Blake's poverty quickened his inventiveness to find out a process of printing off his designs in colour, retouching by hand, after a method which was a forerunner of the chromography of to-day, and curiously beautiful in its results. He devised a mode of painting in water-colours on a plaster-covered canvas, which he thought was like the fresco of the old masters, and he used loaded pigments and gold with startling effects; but nevertheless it remains that, with a splendid sense of the expressive power of colour, he was no colourist in the ordinary sense; and he was no master of the brush, and did not understand good painting, depreciating consequently the pictures of Rubens, the Dutch School, and the Venetians. But no one apprehended better than he the beauty and dignity of the human form, and he shows this in his work, despite its shortcomings. His 'line' is singularly significant. Has he been surpassed in the power of expressing motion? That he died an 'honest, poor man' was mainly due to the unusualness of his appeal, whether poetical, artistic, or personal. He had good, helpful friends, and won appreciation from many thoughtful artists, his contemporaries. A genius, so manifold yet so simple, is best understood from a distance in time, whence the whole mental stature stands revealed in its true relative proportions.

THE 'Memoirs of Gabriel Béranger,' an artist of French descent, who a century ago visited Ireland, were written by the late Sir William Wilde, M.D., and published in the journal of the Royal Archæological Association of Ireland. They are now collected in a volume, and published, with further developments and additions, by Lady Wilde. In 1780, when he was thirty years of age, Béranger was commissioned by the Archæological Society to travel over Ireland and make sketches of the principal antiquarian remains in the island—abbeys, castles, forts, mounds, cromlechs. In carrying out this commission, he travelled through Ulster and Connaught, explored the neighbourhood of Dublin and County Wicklow, making an ample supply of highly interesting sketches, and noting down in his diary the events and his observations of each day. He records many of the old social customs and habits of the people. The relations, too, of landlords and tenants have a place, and all is profusely illustrated, with historical notes appended. Béranger's work was written in a firm, plain handwriting, and bound into a clasped volume. Sir W. Wilde, who was profoundly versed in Irish archæology and Celtic lore, published this, making it a nucleus round which he wove his own vast store of Celtic antiquarian knowledge. Sir William Wilde's disquisitions and speculations on the Round Towers and the Seven Churches are especially interesting.

MR. BATSFORD, of High Holborn, sends us a hundred views of Fusiyama, the 'august' mountain of Japan, contained in three of the Japanese picture-books, now so freely imported and so well known. The snowy cone of the extinct volcano, rising to a height of more than 12,000 feet, appears in the background of each sketch, the foreground being occupied with figures, trees, and houses, full of variety, quaintness, and humour, and drawn with remarkable freedom and vivacity.

A preliminary volume, by Mr. F. V. Dickins, giving an explanation of each design, and some information about the designer, will be welcome to all who have found Japanese drawings often easier to enjoy than to understand. Hokusai, the author of these woodcuts, seems to have been born about 1760, and to have spent most of his life near Yedo. His name, we are told, is a famous one in the list of Japanese artists, and it is rather strange that it should be doubtful whether he died in 1834, or lived on in extreme old age until 1849. It may surprise our readers to learn that not only art, but art criticism, flourishes in Japan, and that a Japanese publisher, when about to issue a volume of engravings, applies, as it seems, like his brethren in England, to some art critic for a preface. Here is a passage from the preface to the first volume of the 'Manquun,' or rough sketches, by Hokusai :—

'The looks and gestures of men give abundant expression to their feelings of delight and disappointment, of suffering and enjoyment. Nor are the hills and streams, herbs and trees, without each their peculiar nature, while the beasts of the field and the birds of air, while insects and reptiles and fish, have all within them a vital essence ; and glad are our hearts as we recognise such plenteousness of joy and happiness in the world. Yet with change of place and season all vanishes and is passed away. How shall we hand down to future ages, and bring within the knowledge of our remote fellow-men beyond a thousand leagues, the spirit and form of all the joy and happiness we see filling the universe? Art alone can perpetuate the living reality of the things of the world, and only that true art which abides within the realm of genius can properly serve this end. The rare talent of the Master Hokusai is known throughout the land.'

We are not told whether the artist was his own engraver, or whether his designs were reproduced by other hands. There appear to be three printings, in black, dark grey, and light grey; but in some of the tints there is gradation of tone without any apparent engraved lines. Some information on the method of printing employed would have been welcome.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO. have added to their little volumes of the 'Art at Home Series' one on the Minor Arts, such as Porcelain Painting, Wood-carving, Stencilling, Modelling, Mosaic Work, &c., by Mr. Charles G. Leland. The writer says in his Preface:—

'This little work is offered to the public with much more serious intention than that of affording amusement to idlers. It professes to teach, in a simple, practical manner, the processes of several minor decorative arts, which may prove sources of profit or culture. Not only has decoration extended of late years in many directions where it was before unknown, but there is also a constantly-growing demand for that which is *made by hand*, as being more truly artistic and interesting than the most finished results of mere machinery. Were there an universal and established preference for artistic handiwork to that produced by machinery, we should have advanced far in knowing how to obtain employment for those who are deprived of it by labour-saving inventions.'

Mr. Leland maintains that the *processes* of the minor arts may be so distinctly set forth in a few pages as to enable any intelligent youth to produce something creditable. We believe that a clear explanation of processes would not go for much, unless good examples of work already done were set before the aspirant; the example, in these matters, being not less essential than the precept. Here is an interesting remark from the economical point of view :—

'The monopoly enjoyed by the large manufacturers of machine-made goods is due simply to the fact *that they can give credit*. Take, for instance, a gas-fitter called to supply a few brackets. Let us grant that he has taste, and would make something beautiful. But if he is not to be paid till Christmas or "Christmas a year," he will simply buy cheaply some of the ugly objects which large gas-fitting houses keep in stock, manufactured by thousands, produced very cheap, and subject to a long discount or a long credit. It is not true that the tradesman or mechanic is incapable of becoming an artist. I found him, as a rule, ambitious and capable, but always kept back and discouraged by the delay which maketh the heart sick, and thereby encouraged to supply cheap stuff. Pay cash, and the men who embellish your houses will do their very best, and it will be better for the consumer, the artist, and for Art.'

We have only had time to read carefully the chapter on 'Leather Work,' which is well done. The others are on Porcelain, Painting, Wood-carving, Modelling, Mosaic Work, &c.

CANON W. A. SCOTT ROBERTSON'S book on 'The Crypt of Canterbury Cathedral : its Architecture, its History, and its Frescoes,' is as full of interest as it is of value both to the antiquarian and the artist. As in our cathedrals themselves the historical and the artistic interest are usually evenly balanced, so it is in a book of this kind when written by a cultivated archæologist.

Canon Robertson gives us an interesting comparison of the ancient extant crypts built before A.D. 1100 : Repton, Ripon, Hexham, Bedale, Lastingham and Wing, Rochester and Worcester, Gloucester, Winchester, and Oxford. The original crypt of Canterbury was contemporary with these, having been built by Lanfranc in 1070–77. Canon Robertson puts the date of Prior Ernulph's crypt, which still exists, at *circa* 1100, the choir above having been roofed and painted before 1107. At that time it was a marvel of boldness in construction. The span of the vaulting of previous crypts had been usually not more than eight feet. Ernulph's had vaulted aisles sixteen feet four inches wide. The description of the crypt is illustrated by plans and sketches, and is clear and interesting. Attention is called to the similarity of the work in the ruined chapter-house at Rochester, where the peculiar carved diaper-work of reticulated pattern, which was a distinctive feature of Prior Ernulph's work, was afterwards introduced when he became Bishop of that see.

On the day of Becket's murder in 1170, his body was brought down to the extreme eastern chapel of this Crypt, but was removed in 1220 to the shrine above in Trinity Chapel. In 1174 King Henry II. walked bare-footed and meanly clad from St. Dunstan's Church to the Cathedral, and did penance before the tomb in the Crypt. King Louis VII. of France made a pilgrimage to it in 1179.

Some account of the numerous pilgrims of all ranks who visited the shrine after the removal of the body from the Crypt and down to the time of the Reformation, and of the immense sums received in offerings from them, is given. Reference is also made at some length to the occupation of a large portion of the Crypt, after the Reformation, by a congregation of French Protestants, or Walloons, whose successors have continued to worship there till the present day ; but we are left without information as to when first, or by whose authority, permission was given them to make use of it.

The Frescoes in St. Gabriel's Chapel, which are undoubtedly works of the twelfth century and interesting not only for their beauty of design and colour, but from the fact of their endurance to this day, receive a considerable share of Canon Robertson's attention. They appear to have been outlined in ochre and afterwards filled in in tints, and where executed on the wall when it was fresh without any other vehicle than water. The artists were English. Mr. Ruskin has expressed a regret which will scarcely be generally felt that Italian painters were not employed. It is surely more interesting to us to know, by the preservation of these frescoes, that the art of painting had reached so high a pitch in this country in the twelfth century, than to have confirmed in us the knowledge that it was even more advanced in Italy. Comparison, too, of these frescoes with the missals and other illuminated manuscripts of the time, shows that the English school of painting had even then its distinguishing characteristics.

Canon Robertson has collected a large amount of archæological and artistic information about these frescoes, into which space will not allow us to follow him, Mr. De Gray Birch, of the British Museum, contributing some valuable descriptive notes. The book is well illustrated by a chromo-lithograph and autotypes of the frescoes, and lithographs and other drawings and plans of the architectural details. It is published for the Kent Archæological Society, and is an excellent example of the good work such societies are doing in preserving for posterity records and illustrations of such examples of mediæval art as time and the restorers have yet left us.

HEAD OF AN AFRICAN ELEPHANT.

BY HEYWOOD HARDY.

THIS is one of Mr. Hardy's vigorous and original studies of animals. The oil-study from which the etching has been done was not intended for the public eye, but was executed for the artist's own instruction and satisfaction. The editor of the PORTFOLIO found it amongst Mr. Hardy's accumulated transcripts from nature, and begged the artist to do an etching of it for this periodical.

The only conscious deviation from living nature has been the addition of tusks, which were studied from a skull in the Museum of the College of Surgeons. Elephants in confinement knock their tusks against the walls of their dens, which produces disease in the root, and they drop out. The model in the present instance was an African elephant, a young bull in the Zoological Gardens, a place often visited by animal painters for purposes of study, and by none more assiduously than by Mr. Hardy. The upward curve of the tusks, and the great size of the ears, are peculiarities of the African elephant.

Nothing is more curious and interesting in the comparative study of animals than the great differences of proportion in their parts. Anatomists prove to us that parts which do not appear to be the same in different animals really are so; but that does not much concern the fine arts. What really does concern the fine arts is the manner in which Nature changes proportions and yet preserves harmony. An elephant is a perfectly harmonious piece of construction, and so is a gazelle; yet the proportions in the two cases are as unlike as they possibly can be. Except the horns, all the parts of the gazelle exist in the elephant, but how differently! The eye and ear in both are the same organs; but the wonder is that the eye should be so small in the elephant and the ear so enormous. There is always a risk in guessing at the reasons for natural structure, yet if one may hazard a guess, it seems as if the eye were small for its safety, and the ear large to suit the general hugeness of the animal; unluckily, to this it may be answered that the hippopotamus, which is also a huge animal, has a very small ear. The ears of the elephant go well with the gigantic leafage of tropical forests. As for his eye, the smallness of it does not offend; and when we look at it attentively we see that it is the eye of a wise beast — almost human in its mild observation.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF LANCASHIRE.

IV.—*Manchester.*

THE writer of the entertaining article in the 'Cornhill' for February of the present year, upon 'The Origin of London,' shows that had the choice of the best site for a capital to be made *now*, and for the first time, the selection would naturally fall upon the corner of south-east Lancashire in which Manchester stands. Geographically, it is the centre of the three kingdoms; and its advantageousness in regard to commerce, all things considered, is paramount. These facts alone suffice to give interest to the locality; and that the town itself should have acquired the importance now possessed, in some respects almost metropolitan, looks not so much like accident or good fortune as the fulfilment of a law of Nature. The locality is by no means picturesque or even pretty. The ground, as said before, is nearly level, though upon the northern edge slightly elevated, and at a few miles distance agreeably broken. The innumerable little dells and ravines, which, beginning at Prestwich, are found in singular beauty near Heywood, quite compensate the flatness on the Cheshire side. Here the county is bordered by the Mersey—a river utterly devoid of the charms usually identified with fairly broad and winding streams. At Northen there are some pleasant shaded pathways, with willows and poplars like those upon which *Œnone* was carved; but the bank, if raised, is artificial, with a view to protecting the adjacent fields from inundation in time of floods, such as occur not infrequently —the Mersey being formed, in the beginning, by the confluence of several minor streams, which gather their waters from the moors and the Derbyshire hills. Manchester has three rivers of its own,—the Irwell, which divides the town from Salford, and the little tributaries known as the Medlock and the Irk. All three pass their earlier life in valleys which in the bygones must have been delightful, and in some parts romantic. Traditions exist to this day of the times when in their upper reaches they were 'silver-eddied.' Near Manchester, and all the way while passing through, they have been converted into scavengers; the trout, once so plentiful, are extinct; there are water-rats instead. This, perhaps, is inevitable in a district which, though once green and tranquil, has been transformed into an empire of workshops.

The Manchester rivers do not stand alone in their triple illustration of what can be accomplished

by the defiling energy of 'Works.' In the strictly manufacturing parts of South Lancashire it would be difficult to find a single watercourse of steady volume that any longer 'makes music with the enamelled stones.' Julia,* to-day, would be impelled less to charming similes than to epitaphs; no sylvan glade, however hidden, if there be water in it, has escaped the visitation of the tormentors.

Little can be said in praise of the Manchester climate, and that little, it must be confessed, however reluctantly, is only negative. The physicians are not more prosperous than elsewhere, and the work of the Registrar-general is no heavier. On the other hand, the peach and the apricot cannot ripen, and there is an almost total absence of the cheerful evergreens one is accustomed to see in the southern counties,—the ilex, to wit, the bay, the arbutus, and the laurustinus. In the flourishing of these consists the true test of geniality of climate; rhododendrons and gay flower-gardens, both of which Manchester possesses in plenty, certify nothing. Not that the climate is positively cold, though as a rule, damp and rainy. Snow is often seen in the Midlands, when in Manchester there is none. The special feature, again negative, is deficiency of bright, warm, encouraging sunshine. Brilliant days come at times, and sultry ones; but often for weeks together, even in summer, so misty is the atmosphere, that where the sun should be in view, except for an hour or two, there is only a luminous patch.

MANCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

The history of Manchester dates, the authorities tell us, from the time of the 'ancient Britons.' There is no need to go so far back. The fact in the local history that connects the living present with the past, is that the De Traffords of Trafford Hall are seated to this day upon the estate held by their ancestor in the time of Canute. How it came to pass that they were not dispossessed by some Norman baron, an ingenious novelist may be able perhaps to tell. Private policy, secret betrothals, doubtless lay in the heart of as many adjustments of the eleventh century, as behind many enigmas of the nineteenth. The Traffords reside close to 'Throstlenest,' a name occurring frequently in Lancashire, where the spirit of poetry has always been vigorous, and never more marked than in appellations having reference to the simple beauty of unmolested nature. At Moston there is also Throstle-glen, one of the haunts, half a century ago, of Samuel Bamford. An interesting association with those long-ago Norman times is found again in the memorials of the little oratory among the rocks by the river-side at Ordsall, the original, it would seem, of the hermitage near the present Agecroft Bridge, founded temp. Henry II., and subsequently, when occupied by the Cluniac monks, distinguished under the still current name of Kersal Cell.* At the time spoken of the county was divided into 'tithe-shires.' The 'Hundred of Salford' was called 'Salfordshire,' and in this last was included Manchester; so that whatever dignity may accrue therefrom belongs properly to the town across the river, which was the first, moreover, to be constituted a free borough, receiving its charter in the time of Henry III., who died in 1272, whereas the original Manchester charter was not granted till 1301. To all practical intents and purposes, the two places now constitute a social and commercial unity. Similar occupations are pursued in both, and the intercourse is as constant as that of the people who dwell on the opposite sides of the Thames.

The really important date in the history of Man-

* 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' II., 7.

* Of the original 'Kersall Cell' nothing remains, though the existing ancient and very beautiful timbered building called by the same name doubtless occupies the site.

chester is that of the arrival of the Flemish weavers, in the reign of Edward III. Though referable in the first instance, as above mentioned, to the action of the king and the far-seeing Philippa, their coming to Manchester seems to have been specially promoted by the feudal ruler of the time—De la Warre, heir of the De Grelleys, and predecessor of De Lacy—men all of great distinction in old Manchester records. Leading his retainers to the field of battle, De la Warre literally, when all was over, turned the spear into the pruning-hook, bringing home with him some of these industrious people, and with their help converting soldiers into useful artisans. A wooden church had been erected, at a very early period, upon the sandstone cliff by the river, where the outlook was pleasant on the meadows and the arriving Irk. By 1422, so much had the town increased, it sufficed no longer, and then was built the noble and beautiful 'cathedral' of to-day, the body of which is thus now nearly 460 years old. The original tower remained till 1864, when, being considered insecure, it was taken down, and the existing *facsimile* erected in its place. Up till 1656, the windows of this fine church, in conformity with the delightful principles of all first-class Plantagenet and Tudor ecclesiastical architecture, were coloured and pictorial;—the design being that they should represent to the congregation assembled inside some grand or touching Scripture incident, making palpable to the eye what the ear might be slow to apprehend. While in its full beauty, the town was visited by Leland, who on his way passed Rostherne mere, evidently as lovely then as it is to-day:—

'States fall, arts fade, but Nature doth not die!'

'Manchestre,' he tells us, was at that period (temp. Henry VIII.), 'the fairest, best-builded, quikkest, and most populous Tounne of Lancastreshire' (v. 78).

ST. ANNE'S SQUARE, MANCHESTER.

At the commencement of the Civil Wars, Manchester was important enough to be a scene of heavy contest. The sympathies of the town, as a whole, were with the Parliament; not in antagonism to royalty, but because of the suspicion that Charles secretly befriended Popery. It was the same belief which estranged Bolton,—a place never in heart disloyal, so long as the ruler does his own part in faithfulness and honour. Standing in the Cathedral graveyard, it is hard to imagine that the original of the bridge now called the 'Victoria' was once the scene of a deadly struggle, troops filling the graveyard itself. Here, however, it was that the severest assault was made by the Royalists, unsuccessfully, as were all the other attacks, though Manchester never possessed a castle, nor even regularly constructed fortifications.

The town was then 'a mile in length,' and the streets were '*open and clean.*' Words change their meaning with lapse of time, and the visitor who in 1650 thus describes them, may have been given a little to overpraise; but if Manchester deserved such epithets, alas for the condition of the streets elsewhere! As the town increased in size, the complexion may also, very possibly, have deteriorated. The fact remains, that after the lapse of another 150 years, say in 1800, it was inexpressibly mean and common, continuing so, in a very considerable degree, up to a period quite recent. People who know Manchester only as it looks to-day, can form no conception of the beggarly appearance of all the central part of the town no further back than during the reign of George IV., Her Majesty's uncle. Several years after he came to the throne, where Market Street now is, there was only a miserable one-horse lane, with a foot-path of less than twenty-four inches. Narrow 'entries' led to adjacent 'courts.' Railed steps led down to cellars, which were used as front parlours. The shops were dark and low-browed; of ornament there was not a scrap. Mosley Street, King Street, and

one or two others, comparatively modern, presented, no doubt, a very decided contrast. Still, it was without the slightest injustice, that so late as in or about 1845, the late Mr. Cobden described Manchester as the shabbiest city in Europe for its wealth.

Shortly after the Restoration there was a considerable influx, as into Liverpool, from the surrounding country; and by 1710 again had the population so much increased that a second church became necessary, and St. Anne's was erected, cornfields giving place to the 'Square.' St. Anne's being the 'new' church, the existing one was thenceforwards distinguished as the 'old.'* Commerce shortly afterwards received important stimulus by the Irwell being made navigable to its point of confluence with the Mersey, and by the erection of the original Exchange. In 1757 Warrington, the first town in Lancashire to publish a newspaper, was imitated in the famous old 'Manchester Mercury.' Then came the splendid inventions above described, upon which quickly arose the modern cotton manufacture. In 1771 a Bank and Insurance Office were found necessary, and in less than a year afterwards the renowned 'Jones Loyds' had its beginning. Social and intellectual movements were accelerated by the now fast developing Manchester trade. Liverpool had founded a Subscription Library in 1758: Manchester followed suit in 1765. In 1781 a Literary and Philosophical Society was set on foot, and in 1792 Assembly Rooms were built.

New streets were now laid out—to-day, so vast has been the subsequent growth, embedded in the heart of the town—the names often taken from those of the metropolis, as Cannon Street, Pall Mall, Cheapside, and Spring Gardens, and at a little later period Bond Street and Piccadilly. Factories sprang up in not a few of the principal thoroughfares: perhaps it would be more correct to say that the building of factories often led to the formation of new streets. The kind of variety they conferred on the frontages is declared to the present day in Oxford Road. Similar buildings, though not so large, existed till very lately where now not a vestige of them remains. The 'Manchester and Salford Bank' occupies the site of a once famous silk-mill. Gathering round them the inferior class of the population—the class unable to move into pleasanter neighbourhoods when the town is relished no longer—it is easy to understand how in most parts of Manchester that are fifty years old, splendour and poverty are never far asunder. In London, Bath, Leicester, it is possible to escape from the sight of rags and squalor: in Manchester they are within a bow-shot of everything upon which the town most prides itself. The circumstance referred to may be accounted for, perhaps, in part, by the extreme density of the population, which exceeds that of all other English manufacturing towns, and is surpassed only in Liverpool. Manchester, it may be added, has no 'court-end.' When the rich took flight they dispersed themselves in all directions. They might well depart. The reputation of Manchester in respect of 'smuts,' that like the rain in Shelley are 'falling for ever,' is only too well deserved; and despite of legal enactments, it is to be feared, is inalienable.

Architecturally, modern Manchester is distinguished by the two magnificent buildings erected, quite recently, in the Gothic style. Classical models were followed up till about 1860, as in the original Town Hall (1822–25)—now the City Free Library; the Royal Institution, the Concert Hall (1825–30), and the Corn Exchange—one of the happiest efforts of a man of real ability, the late Mr. Lane. Unfortunately, owing to the place in which it stands, this beautiful front gets little notice. The very gracefully designed Tudor buildings at Old Trafford, well known as the Asylums for the Blind and the Deaf and Dumb, were erected in 1838. After Mr. Lane, the town was fortunate in possessing Mr. Walters, since it was he who introduced artistic details into warehouse fronts, previously to his time bald and vacant as the face of a cotton-mill. Very interesting examples of the *primitive* Manchester warehouse style are extant in Peel Street and thereabouts. Manchester is now employed in rebuilding itself, to a considerable extent, under the inspiration received originally from Mr. Walters, and here and there very elegantly. Would that his impress could have been seen upon the whole of the newly-contrived. We should then have been spared the not uncommon spectacle of the grotesque, to say nothing of the grimaces of the last year or two. It is not to be overlooked that the whole of the improvement in Manchester street architecture has been effected since 1840. Four-fifths of all the meritorious public buildings, the modern banks also, and nearly all the ecclesiastical architecture that deserves the name, may be referred to the same period.

The two fine new Gothic structures are the Assize Courts and the new Town Hall, both designed by Mr. Waterhouse. The former were completed in 1866. The first stone of the superb pile in Albert Square was laid in October, 1868. The gilt ball at the apex of the tower, 286 feet high, was fixed January 4th, 1876. The dimensions of this splendid structure may be imagined from the number of separate apartments (314), mostly spacious, and approached, as far as possible, by corridors, which are as well proportioned as elaborate in finish. The cost up to September 15th, 1877, when much remained to be done, including nearly the whole of the internal decoration, was 751,532*l.* In designing the coloured

* St. Anne's was so named in compliment to the queen then on the throne. 'St. Ann's,' like 'Market-*Street* Lane,' came of carelessness or something worse.

windows Mr. Waterhouse is said to have had the assistance of a lady. Without pressing for the secret, it is undeniable that the tints are blended with a sense of delicate harmony purely feminine. Some people prefer the Assize Courts—a glorious building, peculiarly distinguished for its calmness. Structures of such character cannot possibly correspond. Perhaps it may be allowed to say that the Assize Courts seem to present in greater perfection, the unity of feeling indispensable to all great works of art, however varied and fanciful the details. Due regard being paid to the intrinsic fitness of things and their moral significance, which in Art, when aspiring to the perfect, should always be a prime consideration, it may be inquired, after all, whether Gothic is the legitimate style for municipal offices. We cannot here discuss the point. Liverpool would have to be heard upon the other side. Better, in any case, to have a Gothic Town Hall than to see churches and chapels copy the temples devoted a couple of thousand years ago to the deities of pagan Greece and Rome. It is not pleasant on a Sunday forenoon to be reminded of Venus, Apollo, and Diana. The new Owens College buildings are early fourteenth century Gothic, and when complete will present one of the finest groups of the kind in England. The architect (Mr. Waterhouse), it has been well said, has here as elsewhere, 'not fettered himself with ancient traditions, but endeavoured to make his learning a basis rather than a limit of thought.' The fine Corinthian portico of the new Exchange throws into curious and very unexpected contrast the remarkable tower at the corner nearest Victoria Street.

Manchester is much less of a manufacturing town at present, in proportion to its extent, and the entire breadth of its business life, than when the cotton trade was young. Now, as described in our preceding article, the towns and villages outside are all devoted to spinning and weaving. While Liverpool is one great wharf, the middle of Manchester is one great warehouse, a reservoir for the production of the whole district. The trade falls under two principal heads—the Home and the Export. In either case the produce of the looms, wherever situate, is bought just as it flows from them—rough, or, technically, 'in the grey.' It is then put into the hands of bleachers, dyers, or printers, according to requirement, and afterwards handed to auxiliaries called 'makers-up.' Very in-

DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER.

teresting is it to observe, in going through a great warehouse, not only how vast is the quantity waiting transfer, but how differently the various fabrics have to be folded and ornamented, so as to meet the taste of the nations and foreign countries they are intended for. Some prefer the absolutely plain; others like little pictures; some want bright colours, and embellishment with gold and silver. The uniformity of the general business of Manchester allowed of agreement, in November 1843, to shut all doors upon Saturdays at one o'clock. The warehouse half-holiday movement soon became universal, and now, by four or five p.m. on Saturdays large portions of the middle of the town are as quiet as upon Sundays.

The composition of the Manchester community is extremely miscellaneous. A steady influx of new-comers from all parts of Great Britain—Scotland very particularly—has been in progress for eighty or ninety years, and seems likely to continue. Not very long ago the suburb called Greenheys was regarded as a German colony. Many Levantine Greeks have also settled in Manchester, and of Jews the estimated number in September 1879 was ten thousand. Notwithstanding the influence which these new-comers have almost necessarily, though undesignedly, brought to bear upon the general spirit of the town, the original Lancashire character is still prominent, though greatly modified, both for the better and the worse. Primitive Lancashire is now confined perhaps to Rossendale, where, after all, it would be felt that Manchester is the better place to live in. The people were distinguished of old by industry and intense frugality, the women in particular being noted for their thrift. They were enterprising, vigilant, shrewd, and possessed of marvellous aptitude for business: they had judgment, and the capacity for minute and sleepless care which is quite as needful as courage to success in life, and which to many a man has been better capital to start with than a well-filled purse. Hence the countless instances in South Lancashire of men who, additionally fortunate in being born at the favourable moment, though at first earning wages of perhaps fifteen shillings a-week as porters or mill-hands, rose by degrees to opulence, and in many cases laid the foundations of families now in the front rank of local importance. Considering the general history, it is easy to understand why carriage-heraldry, except of the purchaseable kind, is scanty, and not difficult to account for the pervading local shyness as to pedigrees and genealogies. Curiously in contrast, one of the very rare instances of an untitled family having supporters to the heraldic shield is found in Ashton-under-Lyne, Mr. Coulthart, the banker, being entitled to them by virtue of descent from one of the ancient Scottish kings. To a Lancashire magnate of the old school it was sufficient that he was *himself*. The disposition is still locally vigorous, and truly many of the living prove that to be so is a man's recommendation. None of the excellent attributes possessed by, for instance, the original Peels and Ainsworths have disappeared, though it cannot be denied that in other cases there has been inheritance of the selfish habits, contracted ideas, and coarsely-moulded character, so often met with in men who have risen from the ranks. Given to saying and doing the things natural to them, no people were ever more devoid than the genuine Lancashire men, as they are still, of frigid affectations, or less given to assumption of qualities they did not possess. If sometimes startled by their impetuosities, we can generally trust to their candour and whole-heartedness, especially when disposed to be friendly, the more so since they are little inclined to pay compliments, and not at all to flatter.

The Lancashire man has plenty of faults and weaknesses. His energy is by no means of that admirable kind which is distinguished by never degenerating into restlessness; neither in disputes is he prone to courtly forbearance. Sincerity, whether in friend or foe, he admires, nevertheless; whence the exceptional toleration in Lancashire of all sorts of individual opinions. Possessed of good, old-fashioned common-sense, when educated and reflective he is seldom astray in his estimate of the essentially worthy and true; so that however novel occasionally his action, we may be pretty sure that underneath it there is some definite principle of equity. Manchester put forth the original programme of the 'free and open church' system; and from one of the suburbs came the first cry for the enfranchisement of women. Lancashire, if nothing else, is frank, cordial, sagacious, and given to the sterling humanities of life. These always revolve upon Freedom, whence, yet again in illustration of the Lancashire heart, the establishment of the Society (original in idea, if not unique) for the Preservation of Ancient Foot-paths.*

Manchester is now, like Liverpool, if not a school of refinement, one of the principal seats of English culture. It possesses not fewer than ten or twelve fine libraries, including the branches of the Free or City Library, established under Mr. Ewart's Act, which last are available on Sundays, and are freely used by the class of people the opening was designed to benefit. There is another first-class Free Library in Salford, with, in the same building, an admirably-planned and thoroughly useful Museum, under the skilful superintendence of Mr. Plant. The 'Athenæum' provides its members with 60,000 newspapers per annum, and, in addition, 9500 weekly, and 500 monthly and quarterly magazines. Societies devoted to science, literature, music, and the Fine Arts, exist, as in

* Founded in 1826. See the interesting particulars in Mr. Prentice's 'Historical Sketches and Personal Recollections,' pp. 289–295. 1851.

Liverpool, in plenty. The exhibitions of paintings at the Royal Institution have always been delightful, and never better than during the last two or three years, when on Sunday afternoons they have been thrown open to the public *gratis*. The 'School of Design,' founded in October, 1838, now called the 'School of Art,' and having for its head-master the distinguished flower-painter, Mr. Wm. Jabez Muckley, is just about to remove to its handsome new building in Grosvenor Square, the pupils numbering 377. There is also a Society expressly of 'Women Painters,' the works of many of whom have earned honourable places. In addition to its learned societies, Manchester stands alone, perhaps, among English cities, in having at least seven or eight set on foot purely with a view to rational enjoyment in the fields, the observation of Nature in its most pleasing and suggestive forms, and the obtaining accurate knowledge of its details—the birds, the trees, and the wild-flowers. The oldest of these is the 'Field-Naturalists and Archæologists,' founded in 1860. The members of the youngest go by the name of the 'Grasshoppers.' Flower-shows, again, are a great feature in Manchester; some held in the Town Hall, others in the Botanical Gardens. In 1880 there were no fewer than nine, and as many more were provided in the immediately surrounding district.

A good deal might be said, had we space, in regard to the ecclesiastical history of Manchester. This, with extended notice of the development of local power in the practice of the Fine Arts, must wait. A curious fact in connexion with the former is, that between 1798 and 1820, though the population had augmented by 80,000, nothing was done on their behalf by the Episcopate. The literary history of Manchester is also well worthy of extended treatment; and, above all, that of the underlying current of local thought, which has rendered the last sixty years a period of steady and exemplary advance. To some it may seem a mere coincidence, a part only of the general progress of the country; but advance, whether local or national, implies impetus received; and assuredly far more than simple coincidence is involved in the great reality that the growth of the town in all goodly respects, subsequently to the uprise of the cotton trade, has been exactly contemporaneous with the life and influence of the *Manchester Guardian*, the first number of which was published May 5, 1821.

LEO GRINDON.

ABRAHAM KNEELING BEFORE THE ANGELS.

BY LUKAS VAN LEYDEN. REPRODUCED BY AMAND DURAND.

'AND he lift up his eyes and looked, and lo, three men stood by him: and when he saw them, he ran to meet them from the tent-door, and bowed himself toward the ground.' This is the subject which is set before us in one of the finest works of that most interesting, simple-minded, devoutly earnest and industrious early Dutch master, Lukas van Leyden, and which has been reproduced with complete fidelity in the accompanying plate by M. Amand-Durand. It is a remarkable point concerning Lukas van Leyden, and one whereby he shows the drift already setting in by his time of Northern religion and the Northern mind, that stories from the Old Testament occupy in his work a much greater place, relatively to stories of the New, and to images of the Virgin and of Saints, than in the work of any master of older date. Lukas van Leyden engraved thirty-three of the former class of subjects to ninety-two of the latter; Albert Dürer (I speak of his engravings on metal, not on wood) only one of the former class at all; Martin Schongauer none; Wolgemut (if his was indeed, as I continue to believe with Professor Thausing, the workshop from which came the prints lettered W) only one. Among his Old Testament studies, then, Lukas van Leyden included three illustrating the history of Abraham: namely, two designs of *Abraham dismissing Agar*, of which one, the earlier and larger, known in collectors' language as *la grande Agar* (Bartsch, 17) is of fabulous rarity and price; and this of *Abraham kneeling before the Angels* (B. 15), which, although not particularly rare, is intrinsically of far greater interest and value.

Beauty or grace, of the classic, Italian, or even humanly high-bred or distinguished cast, it would be vain to seek in the angels of Lukas or of any Northern or Teutonic master of this age; this being not a quality that lay within their gift. But instead of it we get something almost as good in a different way; types invented with an obvious and often quite successful aim at the characters of goodness, earnestness, strenuous truth and energy of expression, such as we hardly find in the more accomplished and less anxiously striving periods of art. The three tall winged and heavily draped youths, who fill nearly the whole height of the picture in the example before us, are among the best ever invented by Lukas in this vein, especially he with the outspread wings and flowing locks—these crisp, wavy intricacies of hair affording to Lukas, as they had afforded to Schongauer before him, the true goldsmith's delight in tracing them—who stands farthest on the spectator's right. The half-closed and somewhat muddled eyes are a flaw in the otherwise fine character and presence of the midmost angel. Then what submission of soul and

body, what wistful integrity of gratitude and humble worship in Abraham, dropped suddenly there upon his knees before the unlooked-for visitants, his staff thrust a little forward to support him, his bonnet under his arm, his good old head thrown back and hands clasped beneath his beard. And all these figures are really finely draped; heavy cloaks clasped at the throat and falling in broad natural masses; nothing quaint or grotesque, except perhaps a little the action of the foremost angel, who, standing in profile on the left, hitches up with hand to thigh the long skirts of his sleeveless cloak, and in that way shows, below a short tunic, a leg bare from knee to foot. This, of course, like the equally bare foot and ankle of his neighbour, is a sign of angelhood, and in mere human beings would be quite incompatible with the richness of the upper garments in either case. The wings, the other sign of angelhood, are somewhat heavily and raggedly designed, and exhibit a kind of compromise between the dainty, pointed order of fancy wings preferred by the Van Eycks, and the strong, practicable, studiously constructed and plumaged natural wings attached by Dürer to the shoulders of his *Nemesis* or his *Melencolia*. Their fibres, like the shadows of the flesh and drapery, the hair, the bit of bank and rock on the right and the peep of trunk and foliage above on the left, are engraved with the firm and pure stroke, freedom and discipline exactly balanced, in which Lukas was second, if second, to Dürer alone.

Of the two manners of working upon copper practised by Lukas, one in lines comparatively bold, broad and open, the other in lines of a closeness, tenuity, and consequent silvery delicacy of effect, approached by no other engraver, except perhaps by Mons. Gaillard in our own time,—of these, the plate now before us illustrates the broad or open manner. Generally speaking, the delicate manner was more characteristic of the master's earlier time, the broad of his later; but from its style in other respects, our subject of *Abraham and the Angels* can hardly be of later date than 1512 or 1513. This would be when Lukas was from eighteen to twenty-one years old; for the words early and late, it must be remembered, do not bear the same meaning in the case of this as in the case of other artists. The main facts of Lukas van Leyden's life, so far as it is known, were set forth in a former paper by the present writer (PORTFOLIO, 1877). His precocity would be incredible if it were not so well attested; but it is certain that he was no more than fourteen in the year 1508, when the series of his dated works begins. From that time until his early death in 1533 he worked with an incessant and consuming industry, both at engraving and at painting. His paintings, at least those fully authenticated, have become rare. A *Last Judgment* at Leyden and a *Sibyl prophesying to Augustus* in the Academy at Vienna passed as the two standard examples, until two more which exist in England were lately made known through the exhibitions of old masters held by the Royal Academy in Burlington House. One of these is *Joseph interpreting the Dream of Pharaoh*, and belongs to Lord Methuen; it is thinly painted in pale colour upon linen, and was at an early date half ruined by damp in the house of a brewer of Delft, by whom the set to which it belonged was originally commissioned. The other is a large *Adoration of the Magi* upon panel, which long lay neglected among the lumber of the Royal collections, until it was taken out, cleaned, I believe at the instance of Mr. Doyne Bell, and exhibited as No. 196 in the exhibition at Burlington House just closed. The initial of Lukas in a corner of this picture is genuine and unmistakable, and his manner appears plainly enough in some costumes and physiognomies in the background; but the main composition neither resembles at all that of his own large engraving of the same subject, nor generally varies in any important way from the customary treatment by the great Flemish masters of this favourite and perpetually recurring theme.

One puzzling and interesting point concerning Lukas van Leyden is the apparent incompatibility of feature and aspect which exists between two portraits of him, each well authenticated. One of these is a picture in the Brunswick Gallery, which has always passed as the portrait of Lukas by himself, and which was engraved by Andreas Stock early in the seventeenth century, with a legend expressly stating that it was done when he, Lukas, was fifteen years old. The other is an etching bearing Lukas's initial, date 1525, and the legend, *Effigies lucæ Leidensis propria manu incidere* (sic). This last is an unquestionable work of his own hand; and what makes it doubly interesting is that it was engraved by him not direct from nature, but from a drawing made by Albert Dürer of him when they met in 1521. The fact of such a drawing having been made is recorded by Dürer in his 'Journal,' and the drawing itself is now in the collection of Lord Warwick.* Between Dürer's drawing and Lukas's etching after it on the one hand, and the Brunswick picture on the other, there seems more discrepancy than can be accounted for by the mere lapse of the twelve years between 1509, when Lukas would have been fifteen, and 1521, when he was twenty-seven. Not only does the Brunswick portrait—for the rest a most effective and characteristic piece—show a shorter, squarer, more aggressive type of face, but a nose thick, coarse,

* Dürer's monogram is perfectly visible at the corner of the drawing in question, although it has been partially scratched out by some dealer and replaced by a forged initial L.

and, though not short, decidedly and pronouncedly snub, in place of the delicate, longer, somewhat drooping nose of Dürer's drawing and Lukas's own engraving after it. So are the lips, the under-lip especially, fuller in the picture than in the drawing; in which last again, and not at all in the picture, the cheeks are sunk and thin. This last, however, might fairly be an effect of time and hard work; and notwithstanding the startling surface unlikeness of the two works, there prove on further study to be not wanting marks—as in the cloven chin, the peculiar drooping roll of the eyelid over the outer part of the eye—which may make it possible to reconcile them after all.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

THE EXHIBITION OF MEZZOTINTS.

ALMOST for the first time since exhibitions began, there has been just now afforded at the Burlington Fine Arts Club an opportunity of reviewing the history of Mezzotint, and of tracing its progress towards perfection. Had the exhibition been carried down to the latest work that has been executed—had it, that is to say, included any of the spurious plates placed before the public as mezzotints to-day—we should have been obliged to observe also the decay of the art; but this we are fortunately spared. The collection stops with a little group of mezzotints executed early in the present century—rare, much too rare, instances of the application of mezzotint to landscape—the first portion of the group being examples from the *Liber Studiorum* of Turner, in which mezzotint was so sagaciously allied with etching, and the second portion being very selected specimens of that *English Landscape* in which David Lucas, with hand unaided by any, but with eye carefully guided by the master whom he interpreted, wrought out upon the perishing copper the fleeting and fascinating effects of the landscape of Constable.

Thus there is nothing that is actually bad, and a great deal that is admirably good, in what is now exhibited. It has been said that the process of engraving in mezzotint, gaining by the already-attained completeness of earlier methods of art, was somewhat rapidly developed, attained perfection quickly. In a measure this seems true. The very first of mezzotints, those executed by Siegen, the inventor, and by Prince Rupert, the apt pupil, betray no such *naïveté* and no such immaturity as are visible in the earlier efforts in other forms of engraving, but yet it seems to me that the development of mezzotint was by no means immediate. Ludwig von Siegen and the flexible artists who were the first to profit by his discovery, drew portraits creditable to their observation and to their general artistic sense, or reproduced compositions with much of the best skill of copyists who understand the master they imitate, but I cannot see that they were sensible of the particular advantages soon to be at the disposal of craftsmen working in the new method. Did they seek, in some measure of darkness as to the art's true capacities, to accomplish what methods already amply known could have accomplished as well? Or did they take occasion to employ the newly-found art in the particular province for which it was best fitted—in the particular labour it was best able to fulfil? When we see, as surely we may see in much of this early work, little application of the capacities of mezzotint to the rendering of infinite gradations of shadow, and a good deal of painstaking devotion to the inappropriate task of indicating definite and intricate lines—as in designs of lacework and the like—we shall think that it is the first question rather than the second which has to be answered with a Yes. To the period of that manly and intelligent artist, John Smith, at all events—if not to that still greater period of J. R. Smith, his namesake, of McArdell, of the Watsons, of William Ward, and of Valentine Green—must we come, before we find that art of 'scraping' which Siegen discovered, at all generally applied with complete appropriateness to works which it was excellently and even exceptionally fitted to render.

As to the later of the two periods that have just been named—the period of the great bevy of important and fully-trained engravers in this manner—it was of course in part by a mere coincidence that these artists, 'working by spaces instead of by lines,' found themselves the contemporaries of painters whose labour, if justice were to be done to it at all, asked to be interpreted in their way, and in no other. But there was something also in the taste of the period, something in the artistic instincts of painters and engravers alike, that made it possible for the large loose touch of Reynolds and of Morland to be interpreted at once by the large loose touch of the engraver in mezzotint. I have tried to point out already (in *Studies in English Art*) how happy was the circumstance, and there is no need to further insist here on what should be sufficiently obvious. Reynolds himself said that McArdell and the rest would immortalise him. He knew how well their art could render his qualities, if not how conveniently it compelled them to conceal his defects. Gainsborough and Romney were only a little less indebted to mezzotint than were Reynolds and George Morland. In the case of Romney, indeed, there was perhaps not so much to hide if there was also not so much to display. Certain admirable and characteristic qualities of his—his appreciation of beautiful move-

ment, of lovely classic line, Greek line, in a figure's or a group's stillness, and more particularly in its motion—line-engraving would render quite as finely as mezzotint. The noble group of the *Gower Children*—that rare mezzotint which we miss from the exhibition—would have been rendered just as fittingly by Schiavonetti, or by Bartolozzi, say, not to speak of greater men, as by the artist in mezzotint who actually was employed upon it. Gainsborough was engraved comparatively little—very little indeed when it is Sir Joshua with whom he is compared—and it was, on the whole, fortunate for him that mezzotint was generally the process that was chosen. Here and there, in the hands of sensitive masters, mezzotint was able to reveal and retain, not only Gainsborough's subject, with fair correctness, but the very charm of much of Gainsborough's way. He was happiest, perhaps, as regards the most popular department of his art, his portraiture, when it was John Dean who was engaged in translating him. Dean's characteristic, as an artist in mezzotint, was delicacy: a dexterous lightness that may be apt to look like paleness or weakness until we know his work well, and especially, until we remember that it is no difficulty to the mezzotinter to obtain mere strength of shadow; that his art consists in introducing light, in refined gradations of gentle tone, in penetrating the plate, as it were, with air, in banishing murkiness. In all this is Dean's success: seen in the Burlington Club Exhibition in two plates,—one of them after Romney, and not, as the catalogue says, after Reynolds, that simple, lovely *Lady Derby*, who was daughter of James Duke of Hamilton and of Elizabeth Gunning; and the other after Gainsborough, *Mrs. Eliot*, an exquisite transcript of the matter and the manner too.

We may miss from the Exhibition examples from Morland, of which there are many in theme quite good enough to account for the homely painter's long popularity, and in manner admirably expressive of Morland's paintings. John Young, by no means an inconsiderable artist, worked after Morland, and after him are some of the very finest plates by J. R. Smith and William Ward. Indeed, a whole series was published, Morland being not only a favourite of the public, but a particular friend of these two great engravers. J. R. Smith was a 'pal' of his; William Ward was his brother-in-law. The presence of a few of the Morland prints—some of them domestic scenes, some of them romantic, some of them only the dull and faithful record of farmyard and stable—would have introduced greater variety into the subjects exhibited than is now to be found; and would have shown mezzotint taking count—and not as a mere background only, as in works after Reynolds—of those effects of landscape which it is so finely fitted to suggest, and which it did, in days not very long after, suggest so potently in the *Liber* of Turner and in Lucas's prints from Constable. The mezzotints from Morland will always remain among the finest examples of an art appropriately employed.

Of William Ward—Morland's brother-in-law, as has just been said—the Club is not without some pleasant representation. Reynolds' significant design, the *Snake in the Grass*, was engraved by him, and it is here—an evidence, if that were wanted, of the luxurious taste with which, whether to please himself or to please his public, or whether wholly by reason of a style formed on the later masters of Italy, the President treated the nude. Nothing can be better, however, than William Ward's engraving of the *Snake in the Grass:* nothing of his can more truly justify the particular praise of Redgrave, that 'his flesh-tints are tender without weakness.' One takes the work, and is thankful for it. Sir Joshua meant it to be arch, and such archness may still be welcome to a public which recoils from Fragonard's sincere but passing passion.

The youth of William Ward was the period of maturity of that group of men who existed to spread abroad the record of the comely features and stately bearing with which Sir Joshua was engaged in portraiture. Only a most minute study could discover many substantial differences in the work of the best of these men, and no differences divide them so completely as their common aim unites them: theirs, altogether, was the study to imitate in their art the effects most cared for in the painting of their day—theirs the attainment not of correctness of line, but of softness of modelling, of richness of shadow, of the wealthy suggestion of noble textures, flowing draperies which were neither classic nor contemporary, but Sir Joshua's adaptation of classic dignity to contemporary need. The task of exhaustively chronicling their labours would be wearisome as well as endless. McArdell, J. R. Smith, Valentine Green, Dickenson, the two Watsons—I should like to add John Dean, who has been spoken of before, and whose work is more obviously individual—stand in the first rank, in the great period. Near them stand Spilsbury, John Jones, and C. H. Hodges: the last is one of the few mezzotinters of that day whom we cannot claim as English altogether. In Holland, they reckon him as belonging to their school. Of the earlier period, John Smith is the most lasting ornament; his qualities are permanently great, and his mastery was speedily assured. It was quite early in the eighteenth century that he was doing his most powerful work, of which the Club exhibits a couple of specimens, and both of them unsurpassable. One is the *William Wycherley*, a vigorous, decisive record (after Lely) of that eminent master of gross jesting: the other, a gentle portrait of *Sir Godfrey Kneller*, after Kneller himself, in which the treatment of the folded cloak seems a triumph of well-applied skill,

until its adroitness and its artistic feeling are forgotten in the appreciation of the yet more sensitive artistry which is shown in the work of the delicate abundant hair.

One very brilliant, very sterling engraver of the greater and later period seems to have been too much overlooked. Richard Earlom, whatever were his occasional deficiencies, is not quite duly praised by Redgrave in his 'Dictionary,' nor can he be said to be represented with sufficient fulness in the Gallery of the Burlington Club. It is true that what are popularly reckoned to be his masterpieces are there—the Flower and Fruit pieces, after Van Huysum, in which his marvellous rendering of fragile form and dainty texture takes a refinement almost lacking to the Dutch master whom he is supposed to copy. But Earlom, during his long life, which began in 1743, in the parish of St. Sepulchre, and ended only in 1822, in Exmouth Street, Clerkenwell, was engaged on very many, and very various, works; and it is only in one department of labour—an uncommon one, it is true, in mezzotint—that his excellence is manifested by the Fruit piece, which is so adroit, and by the Flower piece, which is so desirable. Earlom encountered the manifold difficulties of dealing with the textures of all kinds of objects, with effects of light in interiors, and with the expression and the modelling of the face, in one bold series, his version, in mezzotint, of the *Marriage à la mode*. There are some who prefer his translation of the great series of Hogarth to that more definite and precise translation which Hogarth himself committed to the skill of a little company of line-engravers—Baron, Scotin, and Ravenet. I am not myself of their number; but a comparison between the earlier interpretation and the only important and really considerable interpretation that followed it, shows some advantages retained by the spirited masters of the burin, and, however the balance may lie, some possessed by the artist in mezzotint. And, indeed, these prints no more exhaust Earlom's capacities than do the pieces from Van Huysum. He is the engraver of Van der Werffe's curious fancy of *Bathsheba bringing Abishag to David;* of the admirable mezzotint of *A Lady Reading*, from Ferdinand Bol; and of the ingenious *genre* picture by Zoffany, the *Porter and the Hare*, a print which, in a fine impression, is altogether remarkable for the texture of the animal and of the stone-work in the background. When we remember, too, that Earlom was the artist charged with the execution of Claude's *Liber Veritatis* for Boydell, and of much else, that it is now needless to name, it becomes plain that his labour was neither slight nor wanting in variety. His Flower and Fruit pieces we place, very confidently, by the flower compositions of Jules Jacquemart, but neither etcher nor mezzotinter is to be judged by these alone.

Coming to a later time than the time of most of Earlom's practice, we are in a period when the art of mezzotint was first seriously devoted to landscape; for even the Morlands, which have been spoken of already, were hardly ever *pure* landscape; generally it was human interest of a simple kind,—the interest of rural life, or of almost naïve romance,—that dictated the choice of the composition, and controlled the order of landscape which played its proper part in it. But in *Liber Studiorum* we have landscape very much for its own sake; in the publication of Constable, landscape wholly for its own sake. In the *Liber Studiorum*, before the mezzotint was touched, the painter's own etching had strongly or delicately traced the organic lines of the composition, as was most fitting when soft and yielding mezzotint was asked to deal with Turner's work—work often curiously observant of stately form, nearly always placing much stress on, at all events, definiteness of form.

In Constable's 'English Landscape'—the series of vivid little pictures engraved by David Lucas—there was, of course, no pre-occupation at all with form, not even with common definiteness, not to speak of a selected stateliness. The mobility of Nature is what impressed Constable the most, and it is the formless record of her changes that Lucas was invited to render. The bracing guidance of the etched line would have been no support or assistance here; it would have been clearly in the way. Constable was busied, as David Cox was afterwards, with the records of fleeting impression—with nature *sur le vif*. Lucas, the mezzotinter—the impetuosity of whose work is sufficiently hinted at by the big proof of *Hadleigh Castle*—was the man to interpret him. Several of the great mezzotint engravers, who had worked on the *Liber Studiorum*, were alive at the time, but unequalled for many purposes, as Constable must surely have known their work to be, it was not one of them whom he was minded to engage. It was David Lucas, who, though he served the painter, after all, not quite to his satisfaction, had been chosen by a right instinct, and did in the main do much in the work for the fame of them both. The tradition is, that Constable thought Lucas's work too black; that he was continually reproaching him with the tendency to be sooty. Yet the print of *Dedham Vale*, and the print of *Spring*, both of them in the exquisite impressions possessed by Mr. Henry Vaughan, show Lucas able, at need, to free himself from his failing, and no one, looking through the whole series, can doubt, that on the whole, Lucas caught, with unparalleled intelligence, the sparkle of Constable's landscape,—its glooms, that may be lifted in a moment; its transitory radiance; its otherwise incommunicable charm, that came from the painter's own simplicity of devotion to Nature

only, and to Nature's humblest things. It is the effects of painted pictures that are aimed to be conveyed by these mezzotints of Lucas: the manner of the master is seen in the manner of the interpreter. But Constable had another manner than that which is most evident in his work in oil and in sepia,—a manner more reticent, more obviously delicate, sometimes of more refined suggestiveness, if of less complete accomplishment. He reserved it for his water-colour. Rarely was it sought that it too should be rendered in engraving, but once it found an interpreter. Henry Dawe, an artist who in his youth had been employed, certainly with no brilliant success, upon a few of the most uninteresting subjects of *Liber Studiorum*, wrought at least one plate from Constable—a thing of exquisite quality; *Leathes Water* it is called—the placid slope of mountains in our Westmoreland hill country down to the quiet valley where a space of water shines bright under a wide and happy sky. With these prints—the Turner *Libers*, the Constables by Lucas, the one Constable by Henry Dawe—end, pretty much, the still too scanty achievements of mezzotint in landscape.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

A SKETCH-BOOK BY BONINGTON AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

AMONGST the interesting things in the Print Room of the British Museum is a volume full of sketches and memoranda by Bonington,—memoranda of the kind that an artist does for his own use, without reference to the condition of public taste or the state of public intelligence. The sketches are of very various kinds. There are some studies of mediæval costume in pencil outline with colour. In these there is no pretension to beautiful *relative* colour such as we find in Bonington's pictures; these memoranda are simply notes of crude colours for information, just as an antiquary may note the gules and azure of a shield of arms. Besides being crude, these colours in the mediæval costumes are flat, so that they are quite outside the sympathetic colouring of artists and are evidently notes taken rapidly for convenience. There are some sepia studies of which one may be specially mentioned, a tiny composition, of a man presenting himself to two ladies, a graceful little fancy which would afford a good subject for delicate engraving, and which rather reminds us of Stothard. Then we find some hasty notes of mediæval costume in figures without heads.

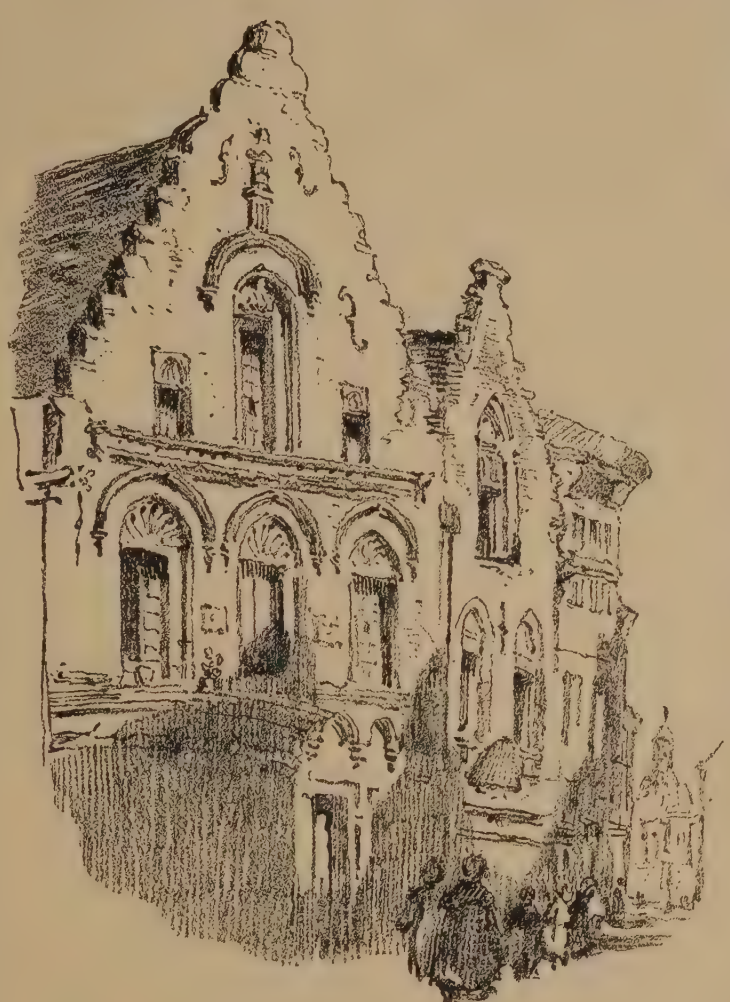
The pen-sketches are amongst the finest in the book. Some of them remind us of Rembrandt's sketches in the same manner. Bonington used different thicknesses of line—in some cases the line is very broad indeed—and he very frequently added a slight wash, which makes these drawings difficult to reproduce perfectly. One of the best of them is a man at a table, a real *croquis*, excellent in its kind. Lead-pencil drawings are frequent in the volume, and we reproduce some of them herewith. They may be divided into two classes according to the roughness and smoothness of the paper. All are marked by a strong mannerism. Amongst them may be mentioned some notes of draperies on rough paper. The elements of these sketches are first outline, or rather organic line, then a grey shade, and, lastly, a vigorous black touch—put in wherever there is a reason for it; the general result being a lively but, of course, very incomplete representation of the thing. The pencil studies of shipping are amongst the finest things in the volume. There is one especially grand front view of a ship's prow on rough paper. We have the stern of the vessel with a shield of arms, two hanging chains, and the ports seen in perspective along the side. The volume contains several smaller studies of barges, of which we reproduce a good example. The reader will observe what thoroughly good and learned sketching this is, and how much of the picturesque nature of the barges is expressed with little work. The houses in some old French street show Bonington working in the same direction as Prout, and with at least equal success. The suit of armour and the lady with the high collar are more his own special material as a romantic figure-painter, both being dealt with most skilfully. Amongst the more delicate pencil studies in the British Museum may be mentioned a drawing in hard-pencil point, on comparatively smooth paper, of a man's costume seen in profile with a sort of knickerbocker breeches and tight stocking. This is very carefully drawn even to the buttons and ribbon, and much more minute than the other sketches in the volume.

This notice of Bonington as a sketcher led the writer to ask Mr. Wyld, of Paris, if he had known him personally, and if he remembered anything about him likely to be of permanent interest. Mr. Wyld's answer was as follows:—

'I never saw Bonington, though I knew his father in my early youth, at the time when I was the Secretary of the English Consulate at Calais. His father came, I believe, from Nottingham, and at Calais carried on a struggling trade as a lace-weaver; the firm was Bonington and Webster. They were amongst the first pioneers who established that industry in the Basse-Ville (St. Pierre les Calais), which has since become so very prosperous. I am speaking of 1823, and although Bonington the painter died in 1828 (at the age, we think, of twenty-seven), I had not at that time heard of him, and I recollect that I learned his death in 1829 from the elder Isabey, the miniature-painter. I know that Bonington got some early notions of art, at least as to

SKETCHES BY BONINGTON.

the practical part of it, from Louis Francia, one of the fathers of water-colour, who had then settled in Calais, where he died some years later. Bonington came to Paris and entered the atelier of Gros, where he was but a lax student of the classical kind of art that was then in fashion; in fact, Gros was anything but pleased with him, and often told him so, until one day an incident happened. Baron Gros remarked in a shop-window a very clever water-colour drawing, and went in to inquire about its author, when, to his utter astonishment, he learned that it was by Bonington. He hastened to the atelier, hugged Bonington in his arms before all the pupils, and told him to leave his atelier and *marcher seul*, for he was doubtless destined for a most brilliant career. His brilliant career, as you know, was very short, but I believe he was fully appreciated both in France and in England, whither he went, and where he died, I think, of consumption. All those of his friends whom I knew in later life have disappeared from the scene, but from what I have heard, I do not think there was anything chequered or adventurous in his existence. Always a very hard worker, and entirely devoted to his art, he had but little social intercourse beyond the circle of his contemporary fellow-craftsmen. He knew and liked Eugène Delacroix, who often talked of him with me, and he lived on terms of intimacy with two or three rich gentlemen-amateurs, such as M. Charles Rivet (afterwards Prefect and Councillor of State), Count de Promelin, and other friends of mine, who have all since disappeared. I recollect, in the spring of 1827, seeing the first oil-painting by Bonington that ever met my eye; it was in the Somerset House Exhibition, and it struck me as *a revelation of beautiful truth* by the side of the Calcotts, the Turners, and other splendid conventionalities, for which, at that time, I had but little sympathy, partly, and mostly perhaps, owing to my ignorance at that period of what *Art* was, as contrasted with the mere simple transcript of nature. The picture had been painted for an English nobleman, and was lithographed by J. D. Harding, who lithographed with much success all the other Boningtons within his reach. Bonington's lithographs were very numerous and most beautiful.'



FROM A PENCIL SKETCH BY BONINGTON.

An interesting article in 'L'Art,' for Feb. 23rd, 1879, by M. Edmond Saint-Raymond, follows Bonington on his artistic excursions to the Norman coast about Saint-Jouin, near Etretat; and an etching from Bonington's picture of the mill there was given along with a reproduction of a study of the same mill by M. Gaucherel. The comparison is interesting and curious. M. Gaucherel is himself a very able artist, and his mill is more picturesque than Bonington's, whilst it stands against the finer sky; but there is an absence of picturesque pretension, and a quiet pathos, in Bonington's mill, which, along with the serene afternoon light and the slanting shadows, give it more sobriety and seriousness. In the absence of the originals, we cannot go into any comparison of colour, but we readily believe M. Saint-Raymond when he says that the picture by Bonington was executed with delicacy, and that the touch had an 'exquise distinction.' He speaks, too, of the air and space which are generally found in Bonington's landscapes. 'Il sait envelopper les objets dans l'air; il a ce sentiment d'une atmosphère toujours présente et visible qui se jouant dans une franche et transparente lumière voile toutes les formes, adoucit tous les contours et subordonne tous les plans.' That is one of the most precious of those qualities which pervade the whole of a picture, and give a lasting charm to the very simplest of subjects.

P. G. HAMERTON.

ART CHRONICLE.

THE Spring Exhibition of Water-colours at the Dudley Gallery contains, as usual, a large amount of unpretentious, but faithful, landscape work, and some figure studies deserving note. Mr. Alfred Parsons, though his greens are sometimes too sappy, and his manner broad even to lack of articulation, still keeps close to quiet phases of nature in *June*, 1879—*A Summer of Green Sorrows*, and a *Chalk-pit on the South Downs*. Mr. Addison follows close on the same track. Mr. Herbert Marshall repeats, with more or less care, those effects of lurid gleams athwart London smoke-mists over river and street of which he has made almost a speciality. In the *Green Court, Canterbury*, and the *River Witham, Lincoln*, Mr. Donaldson may be congratulated on greater precision of line, while not losing a certain poetic treatment, and the rich tone of incessantly broken colour. Mr. Henry Moore has sent a broadly-painted coast-scene of seething water and tumultuous sky—*As the Tide Ebbs*—the form and motion of cloud masses closely studied. Mr. Joseph Knight, in *Veiled Sunlight*, chooses an atmospheric effect over marshy ground brilliant in brown and fresh greens, which he is fond of painting, perhaps because he paints it so well. Mr. Grace, Mr. Waterlow, and Mr. Dearle, have sent pictures of quiet effort, which deserve looking at. A centre point on a screen is a drawing by Mr. Ruskin, a minute study in opaque of rock, foliage, and water, done in the *Pass of Killicrankie;* the colour is not like that of any drawing which Mr. Ruskin has yet permitted the general public to see. A melancholy interest attaches to the tender and faithful sketches of Roman scenery by the late Mr. J. C. Moore, whose delightful portraiture of children used to be a distinctive feature of the exhibitions in this place. The Italian artist, Vincenzo Cabianca, sends a study of steep streetway at *Rocca di Papa*, powerful in rendering of masses of overshadowed gloom, in the midst of which a hag-like woman crouches, while the eye is carried upward to far-off sky caught through clefts in the closely-packed buildings. Amongst the few figure-subjects may be noted the unattractive, but clever, *Vendeuse de Girometti*, an ugly old Roman woman by H. R. Rousoff, and the martyr *St. Eulalia*, covered by a kindly fall of snow as she lies dead in the forum, painfully foreshadowed with head towards the spectator—probably a preparatory study for a picture, by Mr. Waterhouse. Also must be named the clever, rather blottesque, *Three Studies of Mère Morot*, by Bertha Newcombe, different attitudes of a picturesque old French peasant woman at her spinning-wheel or crouching over the fire. The painting of flowers at the Dudley Gallery passes under decorative and natural treatment. Mrs. Cecil Lawson's artistic contributions belong to the first, inasmuch as to arrangement of colour, grouping, and accessories, imitative textures and hue are somewhat sacrificed. So much charming work is done in the closer following of floral truth that it is difficult to select names. The *Study* by Lawrence Hilliard is wonderfully close to the unapproachable blue of the larger-belled gentian. Mr. Dillon has painted with delicate care a branch of *Siberian Crab Blossom*, with *objets d'art* in combination. The *Chrysanthemums* of Jane Ogden are beautiful in texture and curl of petal; the same with the like flowers of Emily Jackson; and the curved spray of white *Orchids* by Helen Thorneycroft, in a gold-brown vase set against a deep blue grey ground, combines decorative effect of a genuine kind with faithful flower painting.

THE exhibition of pictures by Mr. Millais, R.A., held in the new gallery of the Fine Art Society, seems well timed to remind the public of phases in this powerful painter's career which his present manner might lead one to forget. Four pictures distinctly from the days when Mr. Millais held by the creed of the so-called Pre-Raphaelites are *Isabella; The Carpenter's Shop*, sometimes called *Christ in the House of His Parents; Ferdinand lured by Ariel;* and *The Woodman's Daughter* (1849–1850). Most careful drawing, close, even dry, painting, a scheme of colour reticent in harmony, circumstantial detail laborious and accurate, such are the chief technical qualities notable in these early works, while the style affects a *naïveté* of composition and attitude; as, for example, the arrangement of the supper party in perspective profile ranges either side the table in *Isabella*, and the formal gestures of the Child uplifting his wounded hand in *The Carpenter's Shop*. But these pictures have a weight of purpose and expression in them, perceptible even to onlookers who may be repulsed by the exaggerated mannerism and unattractive types.

The next phase in Mr. Millais' progress is represented here by *The Order of Release*, *Autumn Leaves*, and *The Vale of Rest* (1851-1859); when the painter's leaning to splendid colour and thickly-laid pigment began to show itself, while he still clung to a rigid faithfulness of circumstance, a certain fervour of sentiment, and also to a deliberate selection of ordinary human types. Mr. Millais was then on the debateable ground where his earlier comrades and favouring critics held him as a renegade, and the public hailed him as an uncertain convert to more popular modes. But the direct pathos of the domestic story in *The Order of Release* had really brought the painter a recognition which thenceforward never failed him; and through the narrative pictures which followed during the next decade—and of which *The North-west Passage*, *The Boyhood of Raleigh*, and other examples are here—public applause hailed Mr. Millais' efforts, whether wholly successful artistically or otherwise. The many pictures of children—two are here, dating some ten years apart, *The Minuet*, and *Cherry Ripe* painted last year—endear him to the home-loving English people. It is a pity that the grave character of recent work, lying on the lines of portraiture, finds no exemplification in this exhibition. The painter has given himself up so much of later years to the fascination of experiments in the secrets of his craft, that—except in portraits, and those of men rather than of women, the last being too often swamped in millinery—motive has been of little weight in his pictures. Early training and assiduity assisting the strongest artistic impulse, have given to Mr. Millais that sureness of perception and of hand which enables him to play with difficulties that paralyse many painstaking artists. He now asserts his strong individuality by a certain carelessness of finish in modelling combined with swift, fearless brushwork, as means to the end of obtaining vivid relief and breadth, rather than by any characteristic mode of thought. The well-known *Yeoman of the Guard* displays the artist's powers of dealing with large masses of splendid colour; his capacity within limits that cannot be criticised in this place is witnessed by *Chill October:* and a pathetic page of history is touched by the boy *Princes in the Tower*. In the same vein as the last is a newly-executed picture, *The Princess Elizabeth in Prison at St. James's*, the property of the Fine Art Society, and engraved for them by Mr. T. L. Atkinson. The subject is rendered with the usual large actuality of style and also with considerable feeling in the face and attitude of the girl, who is represented as about to write to the Parliamentary Commissioners, begging them not to deprive her of her faithful servants.

The exhibition is annotated by Mr. A. Lang, who prefaces the descriptive catalogue by an interesting biographical sketch of Mr. Millais' artistic career.

BARUM POTTERY.—Mr. C. H. Brannam is now producing some fine vases in the peculiarly quaint and original style which he has made his own. The productions of this old Barnstaple potwork stand quite alone in material and in decoration, and, we may add, in the manner of their production. They are of common red ware, but are decorated with washes of white clay, with incised patterns, and with coloured glazes of flowing and pulsating hues. And Mr. Brannam designs, makes, decorates, and signs each piece with his own hand. The bold foliage-work and the grotesque animal forms which decorate this

'Barum' ware remind one at once of the rare Italian *sgraffiato* wares and of some of the quaintest and most English of the Staffordshire productions of the seventeenth century. Mr. Brannam's specimens are on view at Messrs. Howell and James' Art Galleries.

TAPESTRY-PAINTING is the name given to the process of painting on unprimed canvas with liquid pigments. In its essence this process is not new, for examples, chiefly patterns for tapestry dating from the fifteenth century, are still extant, but the colours now prepared for this process are different from those formerly used. In fact, we believe they are solutions of certain 'coal-tar' dyes, which penetrate and stain the linen fabric, bleached or unbleached, fine or coarse, to which they are applied. They are said by Messrs. Howell and James, the energetic revivers of the art in this country, to be permanent. And they assure us, moreover, that the finished paintings may not only be washed and scrubbed, but even boiled without injury. We are not aware how this thorough incorporation of the dyes with the canvas is accomplished in this particular tapestry-painting method, but the same end may be reached by preparing the canvas with albumen, and then coagulating this substance with steam after it has received the required colours. Another plan consists in sizing the canvas lightly, and then painting with colours containing a small quantity of tannin. In this latter method the tannin and the size unite to form an insoluble leathery material, which retains the colours permanently.

The exhibition of tapestry or textile paintings which Messrs. Howell and James held last month in their new Galleries, Regent Street, furnished an excellent notion of the range and effect of this class of work. There are many uses to which canvas decorated in this way can be appropriately put, as hangings, seats, screens, and *portières*. For the decoration of staircases and dados it is well adapted. The specimens collected in this, the first Exhibition of such products ever held, are necessarily of unequal merit. As the Exhibition will be closed when this notice comes before our readers, a detailed reference to the individual specimens would be of little interest. Yet in view of future Exhibitions it may not be useless to name a few of the works which show noteworthy qualities. Following the order of the Catalogue, we meet with a piece of boldly outlined characteristic work in the low-toned frieze decoration by E. P. Turner, No. 12. A clever copy by Miss E. A. Berridge reproduces the *Coronation of Queen Esther* in Kensington Palace. What fineness of work is attainable in this process may be seen in the face of the *Blue Girl* of Mme. Galli, of Rome. No. 49. The *Classical Group with Landscape*, No. 72,—also the work of a foreign contributor, B. Grenié,—teaches how near an approach to the effect of woven tapestry may be reached. No. 78, by Mrs. Sparkes, is an exquisite original design of the *Earl of Mar's Daughter—a Border Legend.* No. 95, by W. Fourniss; No. 104, by H. Ryland; and No. 149, by B. Grenié, are all excellent and characteristic specimens. And we must not omit a word of praise for the good draughtsmanship and bold treatment of the White Rhododendrons and Magnolias which decorate the triple screen (No. 176) contributed by Miss Lewis. The principles on which the Judges (Sir Coutts Lindsay and Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A.) made their awards seem quite just. They have considered the 'adaptability of the composition to the material, the style, the decorative execution of the workmanship, the quality of the colour, and the general textile impression, which ought to belong to hangings in tapestry or painted fabrics.'

Tapestry or textile painting is clearly, within certain limits, an allowable form of artistic expression; and it possesses, for some purposes, larger, easier, and more flexible executive means than any kind of embroidery or of textile manufacture. It is less laborious and of less dubious result than pottery painting, while it will furnish a congenial and remunerative occupation to many women who wish to secure a livelihood by means of the brush.

THE third exhibition of the Leeds Fine Art Society was opened on the 1st of March. It consists of a large collection of ancient and modern art-furniture and decorative objects, artistic work in silver, and a fine collection of etchings.

THE Society of Painter-Etchers opens its first exhibition on the 4th of the current month. Fellows of the Society will be selected from among the most noteworthy exhibitors. Copyist-etchers will be eligible on the merits of original work.

A FAC-SIMILE has been published by Messrs. Waterston & Sons, Edinburgh, of the 'New Artistic Alphabet' of Theodore de Bry, who flourished *circa* 1590 as goldsmith, engraver, and bookseller; and wrote, with his sons, the famous 'Travels in the East and West Indies.' This reproduction is from the folio edition, 1595, in Sir W. Stirling Maxwell's library at Keir.

MR. ALMA TADEMA is elected London corresponding member on painting to the Académie des Beaux Arts.

THE collection of M. J. W. Wilson in Paris has been sold. Among the Dutch pictures were De Hooghe's *Nurse*, fine portraits by Hals, Bol's *Moorish Chieftain*, and good examples of Rembrandt and Jan Steen. The *Richard Gardiner* by Holbein was an important item in the sale, also Reynolds' portrait picture of *Mrs. Seaforth and her Daughter.* Among the pictures of the French school were characteristic examples of Troyon and Gerôme, and the well-known *Angelus* of Millet.

THE last elections to Associateship in the Royal Academy brought this long-deserved and deferred honour to Mr. William Burges, who obtained an almost unprecedented majority of votes. Mr. Burges has maintained over many years a consistent and distinguished position as the champion and architect of mediæval Gothic. Mr. Andrew Gow, the second Associate, has won respect by serious oil-work in historic lines, notably by the *Last Days of Edward VI.* in the Academy exhibition of the past season, and by much characteristic figure-painting as member of the Water Colour Institute. He is engaged upon a large picture which is likely to confirm the justice of his election. Mr. Brett, also made A.R.A., has been long before the public as a laborious and at the same time brilliant transcriber of coast and sea pieces. The eulogistic criticisms of Mr. Ruskin on Mr. Brett's *Stonebreaker* in 1858, and the following season on a view of the *Val d'Aosta*, which the artist painted in response to the critic's advice, first drew general attention to this painter's individual style. His picture of sun-lit sea, called *Britannia's Realm*, exhibited last year, was purchased by the Royal Academy under the Chantrey Bequest.

THE 'Institute of Art,' a society which commends itself to the public by promotion and sale of what might be called the 'at-home' branches of art—viz., artistic needlework, hand-painted panels, screens, ware, glass, lace, &c.—has opened its summer exhibition at 9 Conduit Street. Some really good designs and much exquisite handiwork are to be found among the articles sent; but as a rule the artistic worth of the design is too apt to be in inverse ratio to the fineness of the execution, whether the remark applies to stitching or painting. This fact seems to require explanation under the present activity of Schools of Art. If the Society does not receive better contributions in the way of pictures it seems a pity the wall space should be occupied at all.

THE Lawrence-Cesnola Collection of Cyprus Antiquities, excavated by Major A. de Cesnolais, has been lent for exhibition in the South Kensington Museum.

THE *Vierge aux Rochers* by Lionardo da Vinci, purchased last winter from the Earl of Suffolk, is now hung in the National Gallery. This picture, which is the original of the replicas at the Louvre and Naples Museums, was originally in the Chapel of the Conception in the Church of S. Francesco at Milan.

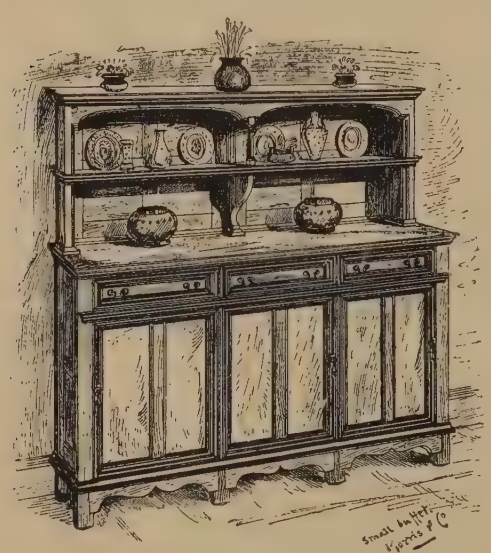
THE 'Cercle des Beaux Arts' at Geneva has opened a London Exhibition of Paintings by Swiss Artists at 168 New Bond Street.

Mr. MADOX BROWN has completed the first three subjects of the series in spirit fresco undertaken in the Town Hall at Manchester, viz., the *Building of the Fort at Mancenium*, the *Baptism of Edwin of Northumberland*, the *Expulsion of the Danes from Manchester.*

THE Burlington Fine Arts Club has opened to members and their friends an Exhibition of Engravings in Mezzotint, illustrative of the art from its invention, by L. von Siegen A.D. 1642, down to the work of Lucas after Constable and the plates of Turner's 'Liber Studiorum.'

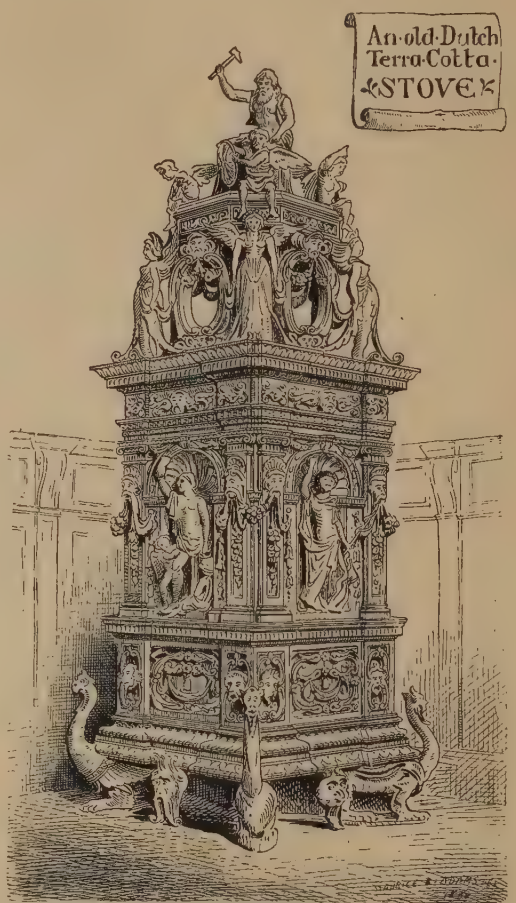
THE proprietors of the 'Graphic' now exhibit a series of *Types of Female Beauty* painted for them by the French artists, MM. Jacquet, P. Baudry, J. Goupil, Henri Lévy, P. A. Cot, and Carolus-Duran, together with the similar set by English artists commissioned and exhibited last season. A small collection of drawings, chiefly in 'black and white,' is also arranged in the 'Graphic Gallery,' 190 Strand.

WE have received the 'Cantor Lecture, 1880,' of Mr. W. Robert Edis, published by Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co., under the title 'Decoration and Furniture of Town Houses,' with numerous illustrations in woodcut and lithography. The great merit of this book is that it is thoroughly practical; the reader is told not only what to avoid but also what to do, what to buy, where to buy, and how much to give. Mr. Edis, who speaks with the authority of twenty years' experience in the constructing and decorating of houses, has a preference for the style of the Jacobean period as regards furniture and internal decorations generally; but it must be admitted that he is by no means narrow, and is content to recognise excellence in the decorative art of many countries and many times. The subject-matter is divided under six heads:—first a chapter on 'Decoration and Furniture' in the general; then 'Floor, Wall, and Ceiling Decoration;' 'Furniture;' followed by two chapters on the treatment of separate rooms; finally, 'General Articles of Domestic Use,' including pottery, glass, plate, &c. Mr. Edis finds the



BUFFET DESIGNED BY MR. WEBB.

designs of the Louis XVI. period and the corresponding reaction against extravagance in England, to be based upon careful construction and suitability of form and arrangement, combined with grace and beauty of line and ornament, and therefore admirable. He points out the necessary influence of the wants and habits of the age upon the dwelling-house and its furnishing, while at the same time he deprecates the malign effects of the over-wrought luxury which tends to introduce caprice and exaggeration; and he dwells with insistence upon the axiom that we should study noble examples of the art-industries of other nationalities and periods, not for the purpose of soulless imitation, but in order to learn the principles out of which their excellence sprung. Mr. Edis has apparently little sympathy with Gothic revivals in the household or with Classic either, but his theories at any rate are wide enough to admit of any adaptations which can harmonise or with propriety be worked into a general scheme. As our author treats of town houses, his practical advice leans to economy of space, and the avoidance of all construction or ornament which may serve to gather or hold dirt. He would have walls and ceilings as



much as possible painted and papers sometimes varnished, woodwork varnished, dog-grates with tile linings substituted for the black-lead and steel abominations still in vogue; 'all over' carpets abolished, and rugs on polished, stained, or inlaid floors, or matting, used instead; cupboards, bookcases, cabinets, either low enough to be reached by hand or let into the walls; and in sleeping-rooms, bed-canopies and as much as possible curtains dispensed with. It will be seen that the foulness of London has taught Mr. Edis to wage fierce war against it; and indeed, his pages bristle with warnings against 'dust-traps.' The external decoration of the average town house is always a difficulty; but Mr. Edis suggests that, without irruption into the 'vulgar and ignorant arrangement of colour where flaming contrasts are put forth without any harmony or design,' we might yet take a hint from Egypt or Pompeii, and adapt simple plain colours to the flat wall surfaces and cornices of cement-fronted houses with good stencil patterns or even figure decorations in panels, all which 'can be done at moderate cost.' Or 'plaques of bright coloured marble,' or glazed terra-cotta, could be worked into even common-place street frontages to relieve the dull monotony. Mr. Edis has written an unpretentious book of artistic advice, calculated to meet the necessities of modern life and the incomes of average people; and if not very original he is at any rate practical and sound.

THE REVOLUTIONIST.

ETCHED BY L. J. STEELE, FROM A PAINTING BY W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

THIS is a new-made great man of the French revolutionary period, who, full of a sense of his own importance, is walking through some humble village—perhaps the village where he was born. He wears the tri-coloured scarf, and has therefore, we suppose, been invested with the dignity of mayor. Not much is to be hoped for from him unless his pride is first flattered and conciliated.

In those days self-importance could be much better helped by costume than it can to-day. The portentous cravat, the cocked hat, and the top-boots, not to speak of the huge cane and the watch-seals dangling at the fob, gave a man an air of distinct separation from the humbler classes which no rural magnate has to-day when the largest landowners in France go about their villages in wide-awakes and old grey clothes, some respectable proprietors even preferring in winter, when the roads are wet, the peasants' *sabot* to the more aristocratic leather. Mr. Orchardson's great man would scarcely know how to distinguish himself in the present generation, except by sticking an assumed *de* before his name and pretending to be excessively reactionary in politics.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF LANCASHIRE.

V.—*Miscellaneous Industrial Occupations.*

LANCASHIRE is not only the principal seat of the English cotton manufacture. Over and above the processes which are auxiliary to it, and complete it, many are carried on of a nature altogether independent, and upon a scale so vast as again to give this busy county the pre-eminence. The mind is arrested not more by the variety than by the magnitude of Lancashire work. Contemplating the inexpressible activity, all directed to a common end, one cannot but recall the famous description of the building of Carthage, with the simile which makes it vivid for all ages. Like all other manifold work, it presents also its amusing phases. In Manchester there are professional 'knockers-up'—men whose business it is to tap at up-stair windows with a long wand, when the time comes to arouse the sleeper from his pillow.

The industrial occupations specially identified with the cotton trade are Bleaching, Dyeing, and Calico-printing. Bleaching, the plainest and simplest, was effected, originally, by exposure of the cloth to the open air and solar light. Spread over the meadows and pastures, as long as summer lasted, the country, wherever a 'whiter' or 'whitster' pursued his calling, was more wintry-looking in July than often at Christmas. The process itself was tedious, requiring incessant attention, as well as being liable to serious hindrance, and involving much loss to the merchant through the usually long delay. Above all, it conduced to the moral damage of the community, since the bleaching crofts were of necessity accessible, and furnished to the ill-disposed an incentive to the crime which figures so lamentably in their history. That changes, and events, both good and evil, are prone to come in clusters, is a very ancient matter of observation. At the precise moment when the ingenious machinery produced by Hargreaves, Arkwright, and Crompton, was developing its powers, a complete revolution took place in regard to bleaching. Scheele discovered that vegetable colours gave way to chlorine. Berthollet and Dr. Henry (the latter residing in Manchester) extended and perfected the application. By 1774 the bleaching process had been shortened one-half; the meadows and pastures were released; the summer sunshine fell once more upon verdure,

'Diffugere nives, redeunt jam gramina campis;'

and by about 1790 the art became what we have it to-day, one purely for indoors. The new method was first practised successfully in the neighbourhood of Bolton, which place has preserved its original reputation, though long since rivalled in every part of the cotton-manufacturing district, and often in more distant spots, a copious supply of clean water being indispensable, and outweighing, in its value, the advantages of proximity to town. Many successive steps have to be taken before perfect whiteness can be secured, these demanding the utmost care and the strictest order of procedure. Finally, unless destined for the dye-house or the print-works, the cloth is stiffened with starch made from wheaten flour, the consumption of which article is very large also in the factories, where it is employed to give tenacity to the yarn, re-acting, beneficially, upon the agricultural interest;—then, in order to give it the beautiful smoothness and gloss which remind one of the petals of the snowdrop, it is pressed between huge rollers, which play against one another, under the influence of powerful engines. On emerging from them, it is said to have been 'cylindered,' or, corruptly, 'calendered.' Bleaching, it will appear from this, is a process which

but slightly taxes human strength. Very interesting is it to note how, in the presence of chemistry and steam, the old word 'manufacture' has in modern times changed its meaning. To-day the office of human fingers is less to 'make' than to guide the forces of nature, all the harder work being delegated to inanimate wood and iron. The time ordinarily allowed for bleaching is one or two days, though, if needful, the entire process can be accelerated. The cost is about a halfpenny per yard.

Dyeing is carried on in Lancashire quite as extensively as bleaching. Here, again, the exactest chemical knowledge is wanted; the managers are usually men well versed in science. A visit to an important dye-works always awakens the liveliest sentiments of admiration, and were it not for the relentless fouling of the streams which receive the refuse, few scenes of industry would live longer in pleasant memory.

The highest place in the trio of beautiful arts now before us is held, undeniably, by Calico-printing, since it not only 'paints' the woven fabric 'with delight,' but in its power to multiply and vary the cheerful pictures, is practically inexhaustible; thus representing, and in the most charming manner, the outcome of the sweet facility of the Seasons. Next to the diversities of living flowers, assuredly come the devices of the pattern-designer who discreetly goes to nature for his inspiration. Much of his work must of necessity be conventionalized, and some of it cannot be other than arbitrary and artificial; but there is no reason why, in its steadiest practice, strictly natural forms and colours should not always be regarded as truest and best. The tendency is daily more and more in this direction, so that calico-printing may justly anticipate a future even more distinguished than its present and its past. The 'past,' if we press for the birthday, is an ancient one indeed. Not to mention the chintzes of India, in the days of Calidasa, Pliny shows us very plainly that printing by means of mordants was practised in Egypt in the first century of the Christian era. When introduced into western Europe, is not known;—for our present sketch it is enough that in England it began about A.D. 1700, coming, like many other glorious things, of the short-sighted efforts of Selfishness, which, fortunately for mankind, always, under the Divine government, invites the retaliations of Generosity. In the year mentioned, 1700, with a view to favouring the manufacturers of woollen and silk, the importation of prints from India was forbidden. Experiments were at once made with a view to production of similar work at home. This was comparatively simple: the difficulty was in the opposition. At last the privilege to print in England was conceded—the Metropolis and the immediate vicinity alone to have the right. Lancashire was not likely to remain a passive spectator. Contemporaneously with the new bleaching-process above described, contemporaneously also with the employment of the new cotton-machinery, calico-printing obtained the local footing which from that time forwards has never ceased to strengthen, and which now renders Lancashire the most important district in the world in regard alike to the immensity of production, and the inexpressible beauty of the workmanship. The earliest enterprise was at Bamber Bridge, near Preston, in 1760. Blackburn followed, and under the influence of the supreme abilities of the Peels, remained for many years the uncontested centre. Print-works are now met with in every little recess where there is supply of water. The natural current no doubt sufficed at first; but it soon became customary to construct home or private reservoirs, and upon these the dependence is now essentially placed. No county in England needs so much water as Lancashire, and certainly there is not one that presents so many bits of artificial water-surface. It is pleasant to observe that the reservoirs belonging to 'works,' when belonging to a man of taste, have often been rendered extremely pretty by the introduction of water-lilies, flowers not only of unrivalled queenliness among aquatics, but distinguished among our native vegetation by the elegant languor always associated with the idea of the Oriental—the water-lilies' birthright—for they are much more Asiatic than European, as a race; and which fascinates in equal measure poet, artist, and naturalist.

The multiplicity of the printing processes, and their complexity, call for many distinct buildings. Hence, when large, and isolated away in the country, as very generally happens, a print-works has quite the look of a rising village. There is a laboratory, with library, for the managing chemist; a suite of apartments for the designers; and a house and fruitful garden for the resident partner; with, in addition, not uncommonly, a school-room for the children. When the designers have completed their sketches, the engraver's work begins—a business in itself, and carried on almost exclusively in town, and especially in Manchester. Originally, the pattern was cut upon a block of wood, usually sycamore, the success of the transfer to the cloth depending chiefly upon the dexterity of the workman. In 1785 this very primitive mode was superseded by 'cylinder-printing,' the pattern being engraved upon copper rollers, as many as there are colours; and though 'block-printing' shares the unquenchable vitality of hand-loom weaving, the roller may now be considered universal. The employment of copper supplies another very interesting illustration of the resort made to this metal in almost every kind of high decorative art, and prepares us to understand the fitness of the ancient

mythological use, and why associated with the goddess of love and beauty.

These great undertakings—the bleaching, the dyeing, and the printing of the calico—demand immense supplies of the chemicals and other agents by means of which the various objects are attained. Hence, in Lancashire, the unrivalled number and extent of the manufacturing chemical works; and, especially in Manchester, the business, never heard of in many English counties, but there locally distinguished as the 'Drysalter's.' The drysalter sees to the importation from foreign countries of the indigo, the madder, and other dye-stuffs in daily request; he deals also in the manifold kinds of gum constantly asked for, supplying himself partly from abroad, *viâ* Liverpool, partly from the local works which prepare it artificially. A well-known sight in Manchester is that of a cartload of logs of some curious tropical dye-wood, rudely hewn by the axe, and still retaining, in the cavities of the bark, little relics of the mosses and lichens of their native forest.

The chemical works are located principally in the extreme south-west, especially near Widnes, a place which at once betrays itself to the passing traveller in the almost suffocating atmosphere, and the total extinction of the beauty of trees and hedges, spectres and gaunt skeletons alone remaining where once was verdure. Here we find, in its utmost vigour, the manufacture of 'soda-ash' (an impure carbonate), and of chloride of lime, both for the use of bleachers; also, prepared from the first-named, 'caustic soda,' for the soap-boilers of Liverpool and Warrington; and chlorate of potash, peculiarly for the dyers. Nitric acid, also, is made in immense quantity, the basis being Chilian saltpetre, though for their materials for the soda-products the manufacturers have no need to go further than Cheshire, the supply of salt being drawn entirely from the Northwich mines. The discharge of stifling vapours was much worse before the passing of the Alkali Act than at present; and, curiously enough, though by no means without a parallel, involved positive loss to the manufacturer, who now manages to detain a considerable amount of good residuum previously wasted. The Act permits a limited quantity of noxious matter to go up the chimney; the stream is tested every day to see that

MAKING COKE.

the right is not abused: how terrible is the action even of that little the surrounding fields are themselves not slow to testify; everything, even in summer, looks bare and dismal. Sulphuric acid is likewise manufactured on a great scale, especially at Newton-le-Willows, the basis (except when required to be very pure, when sulphur is employed) being iron pyrites imported from Spain. Hundreds of thousands of tons are prepared every year. There is probably not a single manufacturing process carried on in England in which chemical agency is involved which does not call for it. Hence, in the consumption of sulphuric acid, we have always a capital index to the state of trade, so far as regards appeal to the activity of the producing classes.

In the extent of its manufacture of all the substances above mentioned, Lancashire is far ahead of every competitor in the world; Germany comes next, and then probably France.

Carbolic acid is of peculiarly Lancashire origin, having been originally introduced, commercially, by the late Dr. Crace Calvert. Supplies are in daily request for the production of colour: the employment for antiseptic purposes is larger yet; the export is also very considerable. Other immensely important chemicals prepared in South Lancashire, and on a scale almost incredible—Manchester helping the Widnes corner—are sulphate of soda and sulphate of copper, the last-named being now in unlimited demand, not only by the dyers and calico-printers, but for the batteries used in electric telegraphy. In the presence of all this marvellous work, how quaintly reads the history of the Lancashire chemistry of 500 years ago. It had then not emerged from alchemy, which, after being forbidden by Henry IV., and again legalised by Henry VI., was warmly encouraged by the credulous Edward III., and had no devouter adherents than the Asshetons and the Traffords, who in their loyalty undertook to supply the King with silver and gold to the extent of his needs—so soon as the 'philosopher's stone' should be discovered! Before we laugh at their misdirected zeal, it may be well to inquire whether the world has suffered more from scornful and premature rejection, or from honest and simple enthusiasm, such as in playing with alchemy brought to life the germs of the profoundest and most variously useful of the sciences.

Though Lancashire tries no longer to transmute the baser metals into the precious ones by means of alchemy, it succeeds by the honester and less circuitous route of industry. Lead is obtained, though not in any large quantity, at Anglezark, near Rivington Pike; and iron, in the excellent form of hæmatite, plentifully in the Ulverston and Furness district. The principal iron-works lie at Barrow, an out-of-the-way village on the margin of the Irish Sea, which twenty years ago had little more than a name, but is now possessed of great ship-building works, as well as those devoted to the iron-smelting. The manufacture will, no doubt, continue to prosper, though hæmatite, of late years, has somewhat lost its ancient supremacy, methods having been discovered by which ores hitherto deemed inferior are practically changed to good and useful ones.

In any case the triumphs of Lancashire will continue to be shown, as heretofore, in her foundries and engine-works, the latter innumerable. Whitworth, Fairbairn, Nasmyth, are names too well known to need more than citation. Nasmyth's steam-hammer in itself is unique. Irresistible when it smites with a will, a giant in power and emphasis, it can assume, when it pleases, the lightsome manners of a fairy. Let a lady place her hand upon the anvil, the mighty creature just gives it a kiss, gently, courteously, and retires. It is rather a misfortune for the stupendous products of the foundry and engine-works, that, except in the case of the locomotive, as soon as completed, they are hidden away for evermore, embedded where completely lost to view, and thought of as little as the human heart. Happily in the streets of Manchester there is frequent reminder, in the shape of some leviathan, drawn slowly by a team of eight, ten, twelve, or even fourteen magnificent horses. Bradford, one of the suburbs of Manchester, supplies the world with the visible factor of its nervous system—those mysterious-looking threads which now everywhere show against the sky, and literally allow of intercourse between 'Indus and the Pole.' In addition to their manufacture of telegraph-wire, the Messrs. Johnson prepare the whole of what is wanted for the wire-rope bridges now common in America. Large quantities of wire are produced also at Warrington; here, however, of kinds adapted more particularly for domestic use. In connexion with metal it is worthy also of note that Lancashire is the principal seat of the manufacture of the famous safes which, defying thieves and fire, challenge even the earthquake. They are made in Liverpool by Milner & Co., and near Bolton by the Chatwoods.

Lancashire was long distinguished for its manufacture of Silk, though it never acquired the importance held by Macclesfield. The history, just glanced at, is full of curious incident. In Europe it began in Italy, as one of the results of the later Crusades—enterprises which, though productive of untold suffering, awoke the mind of all the civilised parts of the Continent from its slumber of ages, enlarging the sphere of popular thought, reviving the taste for elegant arts forgotten since the fall of the Western Empire, and extending commerce and knowledge in general. Spain and France soon followed, the latter acquiring distinction, and at the close of the sixteenth century, the English Channel was crossed. Tyranny, as in the case of calico-printing, was the

prime cause, the original Spitalfields weavers having been part of the crowd of Protestants who at that period were constrained, like the unhappy and forlorn in more modern times, to seek the refuge always afforded in our island.* James the First was so strongly impressed with the importance of the manufacture, that, hoping to promote it at home, he procured many thousands of young mulberry-trees, some of which, or their immediate descendants, are still to be found, venerable but not exhausted, in the grounds and gardens of old country-houses. The Civil Wars gave a heavy check to further progress. Little more was done till 1718, when a silk-mill, worked by a water-wheel, was built at Derby. This, in time, had to close its doors awhile, through the refusal of the King of Sardinia to permit the exportation of the raw material, always so difficult to procure in quantity. At last there was recovery; the manufacture crept into Cheshire, and at the commencement of the present century into Lancashire, taking root especially in the ancient villages of Middleton and Eccles, and gradually spreading to the adjacent hamlets.

The arrival was opportune, and helped to break the fall of the hand-loom cotton weavers, many of whom could not endure the loss of freedom imposed by the rules of the factory, and whose latent love of beauty, as disclosed in their taste for floriculture, was called forth in a new and agreeable manner. Silk-weaving was further congenial to these men in being more cleanly and less laborious than the former work, requiring more care and vigilance, and rather more skill, thus exactly suiting a race of worshippers of the auricula, the polyanthus, and the carnation. The auricula, locally called the 'basier,' a corruption of 'bear's ear,' is the subject of a charming little poem, by one of the old Swinton weavers, preserved intact, and reprinted in Wilkinson's 'Lancashire Ballads.' The silk-weavers about Middleton were renowned also for their zest in entomology, and truly wonderful were their cabinets of Lepidoptera. Unfortunately, when all was prosperous, there came a change. Ever since 1860, the year of the new, and still current, silk-treaties with France, whereby its original command of the trade was restored, the manufacture of silk in Lancashire, and everywhere else in England, has been steadily and hopelessly declining; and at the present day, compared with half a century ago, the production is less than a tenth of what it was. Power-looms naturally have the preference with employers, since they represent invested capital; whereas the hand-loom weaver, if there is no work for him, has merely to be told so. The latter, as a consequence, is now seldom met with. The trade, such as remains, gathers chiefly about Leigh. Middleton, once so famous for its 'broad silks'—those adapted for ladies' dresses,—now spends its time chiefly in the preparation of 'trimmings;' and wherever carried on, the manufacture is almost wholly of the kind called 'mixed,' or cotton and silk combined, this being more in demand, because lower in price, though not wearing so well.

From silk, that befits empresses, to hemp, the material of sack-cloth, the way is long. But it must not be overlooked, in regard to the textile manufactures of Lancashire, that each extreme is familiar. Warrington, in the bygones, prepared more than half the entire quantity of sail-cloth required for the navy. It was a ship laden with hemp from the Baltic for use in Lancashire, which, touching at the Isle of Skye, brought the first news of Prince Charles Edward's landing there.

Lancashire produces one-sixth of all the paper made in England. In other words, there are in this county about fifty of the nearly 300 English paper-mills, including the very largest of them—Messrs. Wrigley & Sons', near Bury. The first to be established was Crompton's, at Farnworth, near Bolton, which dates from 1676, or exactly 88 years after the building of the famous Kentish one referred to by Shakspeare,* which itself followed, by just a century, the primæval one at Stevenage. Every description of paper, except that required for Bank-notes, is made in Lancashire. The mills themselves, like the Dyeworks, haunt the river-sides, though they no longer draw their supplies of water from the stream. Paper-works cannot possibly prosper if there be iron in the water they use, or decomposed vegetable matter. Hence, in Lancashire it is now customary to sink wells of considerable depth, and in any case to provide for elaborate filtration.

At Darwen, long celebrated for its paper, we find the largest and most important production in England, of the ornamental wall-papers or paper-hangings, which now take the place of the distemper painting of ancient Egypt, so beautifully preserved also at Herculaneum and Pompeii. The manufacture was originally very similar to block calico-printing. In or about 1839 Messrs. C. & J. G. Potter introduced 'rollers,' with the additional novelty of the pattern being cut in relief; and this is now almost universal, the Messrs. Potter having progeny, as it were, all over the country, though they themselves still produce at least one-half of the quantity consumed. They have customers in every part of the civilised world, and adapt their work to the diverse and often fantastic tastes of all in turn, directed not uncommonly, as in the case of the Hindoos and the Japanese, by native designs, which they are required to follow implicitly.

* The late greatly respected Mr. E. R. Le Mare, who came to Manchester in 1829, and was long distinguished among the local silk-merchants, belonged, by descent, to one of these identical old Huguenot families. Died at Clevedon Feb. 4th, 1881, aged 84.

* Sir John Spielman's, at Dartford.— *Vide* 2nd Henry VI., Act 4, Scene 7.

To go further into the story of modern Lancashire manufacturing is not possible, since there is scarcely a British industry which in this county is without example, and to treat of the whole, even briefly, would require thrice the room we can afford. Among the establishments which deserve special mention are the famous plate-glass works at St. Helen's; and the Manchester india-rubber works, the original, now fifty-seven years old, still carried on under the familiar name of Charles Macintosh and Co. The first were established in Glasgow; London, and then Manchester, were the next following centres, beginning with simple waterproof, but now producing articles of every conceivable variety. Thread, carpenters' tools, nails, screws, terra-cotta, bottles, aniline, brass and pewter work, are also Lancashire staples; while at Prescot and thereabouts, the people employ themselves, as they have done now for nearly three centuries, in manufacturing the delicate 'works' and 'movements' required for watches. Not without significance either, in regard to the general capabilities of the county, is the preparation, at Newton, by Messrs. McCorquodale, of the whole of the requirements of the Government, both for home use and in India, in the way of stationery and account-books. For the Government alone they manufacture forty millions of envelopes every year. They also execute the enormous amount of printing demanded by the L. & N. W. Railway Company.

The Lancashire railway system, it may be remarked, extends to within a trifle of six hundred miles. The county is possessed also of the most celebrated canals in England, including that one of which all others were imitations. Near the towns, and especially in the south-west and south-east, these useful highways are dreary and uninteresting; but in rural districts, such as they must needs traverse, often for lengths of many miles, the borders sometimes acquired an unlooked-for picturesqueness, as exemplified, very pleasingly, in the vicinity of the Whittle springs. In any case they never fail in possession of the rude charms of the gliding boat, the slow-paced horse, and the artless guide. A survey of the Lancashire industries, carried towards completeness, would further involve an account of the collieries, in value unexcelled, and interesting in their presentation of the deepest pits ever sunk in this country. Some idea may be formed of the magnitude of the coal-pit industry from the simple fact that the six-weeks' 'strike' at the beginning of the present year, 1881, was, literally translated, a refusal to receive not less than 250,000*l.* in the shape of wages. The Lancashire quarries are also remarkable, though little resorted to by the architect. Commercial prosperity is always most conspicuous where the buildings are principally not of stone, but of brick.

ON THE BRIDGEWATER CANAL.

LEO GRINDON.

ANDREA MANTEGNA.

THE artist who, in 1877, took the public by surprise with his fine statue of *An Athlete strangling a Python*, is now the President of the Royal Academy; and it was Mr. Ruskin's successor as Slade Professor of Fine Art at Oxford who, two years later, exhibited in the Grosvenor Gallery '*An Athlete*—life-size—statue in bronze.' These indications of the existence among our leading painters of a yearning after the severity, the limitations, and the grand compensating supremacy of sculpture were in themselves sufficiently significant; but in 1879 the walls of the Grosvenor Gallery included another phenomenon which should not be overlooked in this connexion. I refer to the series of paintings by Mr. Burne-Jones, well known as the Pygmalion series. It was at least a coincidence in a region where coincidence is very apt to be suggestive, that while Sir Frederick Leighton and Mr. Richmond were actually turning their hands to sculpture, Mr. Burne-Jones should have chosen for pictorial treatment a subject necessarily involving an illustration of the affinities and the antagonism of painting and sculpture. In the Pygmalion series we had, first, a deliberate acceptance of the limitations of sculpture as regards one of the figures, without, of course, its countervailing advantages. Then we had the almost inexpressible transition from marble to flesh,—the blood beginning to course in the veins and the bloom to flush upon the skin. Lastly, we had the consummation, the perfect work, when the burning imagination of the sculptor and the sympathetic intervention of the goddess had burst the barriers of art, and created, as it were, before our eyes, a living woman, with only that memory of the marble and suggestion of the statuesque which we may well chance to have seen among our acquaintance. Perhaps it is not too much to say that the picture of the simple statue was the least successful of these difficult attempts.

The barrier between art and art is almost as hard to overleap as that between art and nature. Not, indeed, that the same man cannot be both sculptor and painter, for Michelangelo was both, but that one work of art cannot be both a sculpture and a painting. To this Andrea Mantegna gives us the nearest approach, and the half-conscious attempt was nearly the ruin of a great master.

But in studying the work of Mantegna it is absolutely necessary to remember the greatness of the gulf between Greek and Roman art. The story of Pygmalion is essentially Greek, and would have been impossible at Rome. In Greece sculpture was the expression of an intense and loving absorption in individual human beauty. The statues of Greece just waited the touch of the godhead to tremble, breathe, and step from their pedestals into glorious human life. In Rome it was a man's services to the State, and not his personal beauty, that inspired the sculptor to perpetuate his image. The majestic march of history and the austere, impersonal grandeur of officials made the life of Rome a solemn and imposing frieze.

> 'Excudent alii spirantia mollius aera,
> Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,'

was an utterance of the very spirit of Rome, and a proud homage to the more passionate art of Greece. Roman sculpture was life hardening back into marble rather than marble yearning forward into life. And Mantegna, by birth a Paduan of the fifteenth century, was, in all his antiquarianism, which was half the man, a Roman.

But there is another reason why English criticism should dwell upon this artist. The specimens of his work in the public galleries of this country are very important. His engravings, not the least characteristic of his works, may be studied in the Print-room of the British Museum; the National Gallery contains his monochrome of *An Incident in the Life of Scipio*, and a Madonna, between St. John the Baptist and St. Mary Magdalen, both of which have been rather severely dealt with by critics; while, last but not least, the nine compartments of the great *Triumph of Julius Cæsar*, the congenial work at which he laboured so long and lovingly, hang in the Portrait Gallery at Hampton Court, where, in a bad light and obscured by ruthless repainting, they are passing, as was truly said some twenty years ago, 'into a confused mass of nothing.'

The birth of Andrea Mantegna can be assigned, with tolerable certainty, to the year 1431, and the old claim of Mantua, his adopted home, to be considered his birth-place has long been decisively rejected in favour of Padua. Of his parentage little or nothing is known, but tradition and probability are in favour of the theory that he was of humble origin; and though Mantegna or his friends came, in the days of his prosperity, to speak of his father as 'Ser Biagio,' the statement of Vasari, that the artist was called, like Giotto, from tending cattle, seems to indicate that Biagio was at best a small farmer, if not a mere farm-labourer.

At any rate, Mantegna was not above being adopted by Squarcione, and in November, 1441, he was registered in the Paduan Guild as the foster-child of that famous teacher and inferior painter. From him he undoubtedly received his first lessons in art, though the improbable theory that his grand and characteristic style, with all its strongly-marked faults

and surprising merits, was drawn from so meagre a source is no longer contentedly accepted. There is a *primâ facie* presumption, as well as internal evidence, that the nominal pupil of Squarcione was educated by the perhaps secret study of the great works of Donatello, Lippi, Ucelli, and Jacopo Bellini. The last has even been called 'the real forerunner in Art of Mantegna.'

To these influences must be added that of Pizzolo, but to none of these, great as we must admit their power, and especially that of Donatello, to have been, is due any more than to Squarcione, the foundation

BATTLE OF SEA-GODS. REDUCED FROM THE ENGRAVING BY MANTEGNA.

of the Paduan School. The one mark which, above all, distinguished the productions of this School from those of contemporary Florence, was the simultaneous effort after an ideal beauty and realistic naturalism. The influences of nature and of the antique were combined in a rare and memorable proportion, and resulted in a style which has no fitter name than that of Mantegnesque.

Mantegna's first great picture, *A Madonna*, painted in 1448, that is to say, at the early age of seventeen, has unfortunately perished, but an altar-piece executed by him in 1454, for Santa Giustina, of Padua, is now in the Brera, at Milan; and his *S. Euphemia*, now in the Naples Museum, belongs to the same period. The latter is described by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle as 'almost an imitation of a marble statue.' It is this irrepressible tendency to make one art do the work of another, this inability to realise the true aims and methods of painting which is so characteristic of Mantegna's earlier productions, and has marked so indelibly, through struggle, defeat, and victory, all the work to which, from first to last, he set his hand. The sneer of Squarcione that Mantegna should have painted his figures white, like marble, that the colour might correspond with the drawing, was not undeserved, and was not without effect. Various reasons have been assigned for the animosity against his former favourite, which inspired the scathing criticism of which this sarcasm was the climax. It is sufficient for our purpose to remember that Ucelli and Donatello visited Padua between 1440 and 1450, and Jacopo Bellini was employed there about the same time; that a rivalry sprang up between Squarcione and the great Florentines; that Mantegna frequented the studios of the latter; and that he eventually married Niccolosia, the daughter of Bellini.

Meanwhile, the frescoes of the Eremitani were being executed, and the hand of Mantegna begins to be seen, first in conjunction with that of Pizzolo, and then, after the violent death of the latter, unassisted and unfettered. Vasari conjectures that his work here began after 1448. In these frescoes the austerity and ruggedness of Mantegna's genius are seen under

the sway of three congenial influences. His early years of indefatigable study of the antique are present in that *rigidezza statuaria*, which was afterwards charged against the pupils of Michelangelo—the modern classicalism of Donatello fills him with ideals of bronze rather than of tempera—and the scientific perspective of Ucelli, who has lately had recourse to Euclid in decorating Paduan walls, is bewitching him with its very hardness. All this is especially conspicuous in the *Procession of St. James to Execution.* The lines of his figures vanish to a central point; and he chooses their attitudes to illustrate principles of perspective, while at the same time he does homage to the antique by inserting drawings from statues, complete and undisguised. 'The flexibility of flesh is sacrificed unconditionally, and the scene is an exhibition of skill without being a representation of the truth.'*

Such was the work of Mantegna at this period. Meanwhile we know little of his history. His intercourse with the Bellini was certainly becoming more intimate; and though we cannot with certainty fix the date of his marriage, it probably took place about this time. It is not alone the hostile criticism of Squarcione, but in a still greater degree the friendly influences of the Bellini, that we trace in the marked improvement in the last of the Eremitani frescoes *The Martyrdom of St. James.* In the two frescoes in the Oratory of San Cristoforo, which opens into the right transept of the Eremitani, the progress is still more conspicuous. The skill and science are there indeed, but they are no longer obtrusively paraded. Here Mantegna asserts his true position among artists, and we feel that ground was won by him which was afterwards occupied by great successors, who might never have attained their greatness, or left us their immortal works, 'had not some one sacrificed the end to the means, and dwelt with severe patience and solemn pleasure on the dryest of problems.'

In 1456 Ludovico Gonzaga began to solicit Mantegna to come and take up his abode at Mantua. Mantegna felt the temptation, hesitated, delayed, and in January, 1457, wrote relenting. Yet, two years afterwards we find him leaving Padua, not for Mantua, but for Verona, where he painted several frescoes, as well as smaller pictures, and left the unmistakable mark of his influence upon the Veronese school. Among the many artists whose works bear witness to this influence may be mentioned Francesco Bonsignori, who afterwards settled at Mantua, and became a pupil of Mantegna, Girolamo dai Libri, and Paolo Morando (Cavazzola), both of whom were born after the date of his visit to Verona, and Francesco Morone, who learnt in the studio of his father, Domenico, the lessons which that father had been taught by the painting of Mantegna.

All these artists are represented in the National Gallery, where we may also trace the influence of Mantegna over the schools of Ferrara (in which, however, it is blended with that of Pietro della Francesca), Cremona, and Milan.

In 1466 we find Mantegna, after many delays, settled at Mantua. With this removal of Mantegna and the death of Jacopo Bellini, and departure of his sons for Venice, ends the short-lived importance of the Paduan school. During the first few years of his Mantuan time, Mantegna worked for his patron, Ludovico, without producing, so far as we know, any painting of great importance. His life, meanwhile, is graphically revealed to us by his letters, and appears to have been enlivened or embittered by constant quarrels with his neighbours.

In 1468 he complains to his patron of the constant use of abusive language towards him by a gardener and his wife whom he had somehow offended; and in 1475 it is one Francesco Aliprandi who has stolen 500 quinces from the garden of his summer house at Buscoldo, and who, in denying the charge, accuses Mantegna of quarrelling with all his neighbours, and using bad language towards himself in particular.

About 1472 the Marquis shows his esteem for Mantegna by exempting his property from land-tax. Much of the work done in these years doubtless perished in the sack of Mantua by the Imperialists in 1630, but there still remain in the old Castello some fairly-preserved frescoes of family groups of the Gonzaga and their dependants and scenes from the myths of Hercules, Orpheus, and Apollo, executed on gold grounds. The Gonzaga and their dwarfs are not beautiful subjects, but, in spite of this and the hardness which still clings to him, Mantegna is evidently doing good work, and capable of better.

In the Brera at Milan there is a wonderful dead Christ bewailed by the Marys, which speaks eloquently of the employment of the leisure time at his country house after 1474. About this time a gift of land from the Marquis enabled Mantegna to lay the foundations of a villa, in which he showed a taste for display which led him into great expense. Yet he was in debt at the time, and we afterwards find him reminding the Marquis of an old promise to settle with the owners of the Buscoldo property, and further help him with his house-building. Ludovico renewed his promise with every appearance of sincerity, but within a month from the date of this letter he died, leaving the Marquisate and Mantegna's claims to his son Frederico. By this Marquis the debt on the Buscoldo property was eventually paid, and until he too died in 1484 all was well with Mantegna. His

* Crowe and Cavalcaselle.

successor Francesco was very young, and could not be expected to be so enlightened a patron of art, and Mantegna was soon more needy than ever. He wrote to Lorenzo de Medici, who had admired his works when passing through Mantua in 1483, and with the help of orders from distant patrons and increasing kindness on the part of the young Marquis, his difficulties were once more surmounted.

introduced by him among the Virtues in a fresco, and in reply to the Pope's inquiry, pointedly named 'Discretion.'

At the same time his letters show that his heart is with the *Triumphs of Julius Cæsar*, which he had left half finished at Mantua, and about the safety of which, from open windows and rain, he anxiously inquires. In 1490 he was dismissed by the Pope with

A TRIUMPH: ELEPHANTS CARRYING TORCHES. REDUCED FROM THE ENGRAVING BY MANTEGNA.

In 1488 Francesco was requested by Innocent VIII. to allow Andrea to come to Rome to paint a chapel for him in the Belvedere. The permission was given, and the honour of knighthood conferred upon the painter before his departure. It is evident from his letters to Francesco that Mantegna was not well satisfied with his treatment at Rome; and the difficulty he found in obtaining money from the Pope is illustrated by the well-known story of the strange figure

kind words and messages, and returned to complete the *Triumphs*.

The frescoes executed in the fifteenth century for Innocent VIII. were destroyed in the seventeenth by Pius VI., but the *Triumphs*, painted in tempera on linen, and secured for this country by the liberality and sound judgment of Charles I., have been left to die a natural death, disfigured, but not killed, by a ruthless restorer. Space will not suffer

me to dwell upon them as they deserve, but I cannot deny myself the pleasure of quoting a few sentences of Mr. J. A. Symonds' criticism.

'By no process,' he writes, 'can the classic purity of this bas-relief be better understood than by comparing the original with a transcript made by Reubens* from a portion of the *Triumph*. The Flemish painter strives to add richness to the scene by Bacchanalian riot and the sensuality of Imperial Rome. His elephants twist their trunks and trumpet to the din of cymbals; negroes feed the flaming candelabra with scattered frankincense; the white oxen of Clitumnus are loaded with gaudy flowers, and the dancing maidens are dishevelled Mænads. But the rhythmic procession of Mantegna, modulated to the sound of flutes and soft recorders, carries our imagination back to the best days and strength of Rome. His priests and generals, captives and choric women, are as little Greek as they are modern. In them awakes to a new life the spirit-quelling energy of the republic. The painter's severe taste keeps out of sight the insolence and orgies of the empire; he conceives Rome as Shakespeare did in Coriolanus.'

It was in later and feebler days that Mantegna painted the *Incident in the Life of Scipio*, for Francesco Cornelio, and indeed it does not seem to have been finished before 1505. Meanwhile, prosperity once more, and finally, deserted him. In 1499 he produced a marvellously classical design for a statue of *Virgil*, which it was proposed to erect in a square, in Mantua, and the last years of the fifteenth century were altogether a prosperous time with him. He had sold his Paduan property, furnished his house at San Sebastian, come to terms with his Buscoldo neighbours, married his daughter Taddea, with a large dowry, and obtained a good place for his son Ludovico; but then the tide turned. Niccolosia died, and Mantegna became the father of an illegitimate child. The house at San Sebastian was sold, and he lived in lodgings. His son Francesco fell under the displeasure of the Marquis, and was banished; yet, when in 1504 he makes his will, he is in no sense a broken man. There is money for Ludovico, who is charged with the bringing up of the little Gian Andrea. For Francesco, too, there is competent provision, and then there is a bequest for the decoration and endowment of a chapel in the Church of San Andrea. On this chapel, and a family monument and adjoining garden, Mantegna spent a good deal of money; not content with which he contracted to pay 340 ducats, in three instalments, for a new house. When the instalments fell due, times were bad, and health was failing. Still he struggled on, and tried to finish a commission for the Marchioness Isabella; but in 1506 he was obliged to apply to her for help, and to offer for sale his precious bust of *Faustina*. The Marchioness did not answer with her old kindness, and his pride was wounded by this, and still more by her bargaining with him for his treasure. When Jacopo Calandra brought the bust to Isabella he told her the painter's heart was broken. The summer passed, and Mantegna still lingered, but in September the end came.

Francesco Gonzaga was too much engaged in securing for himself from Julius II. the dignity of Generalissimo of the Holy Church, to attend to his court painter's request for a last interview; but it is said that Albert Dürer, journeying to Venice, was on the point of turning aside to offer his homage to the famous Paduan.

'La vera pittura per l'eternita essere il musaico,' says Girlandajo; but Mantegna, the artist of all others who strikes us as working most for immortality, lived in a day when art was casting off its swathing bands, and just entering, with the help of the Flemish invention of oil painting, upon the day of its freedom and self-mastery. In the last years of the fifteenth century—Mantegna's own day—this deliverance was being achieved; this liberty asserted; in the first half of the sixteenth century—the day of Michelangelo, Raphael, Corregio, Titian—it was bearing its perfect fruit.

It was Mantegna's fate to spend his best labour upon *tempera* destined to perish, and fresco doomed to be destroyed; but side by side with the oil-painting of the Bellini another art was being developed by the *niello* workers, an art after Mantegna's own heart, laborious, severe, imperishable. This was the art of engraving. Those who are curious about its origin will find much to satisfy them in the pages of Adam Bartsch's well-known work, 'Le Peintre Graveur.' The collection of Mantegna's engravings* in the British Museum is arranged in the order of Bartsch's Commentary, and should be studied under his guidance. He warns us that copies by De Bresse, Zoan Andrea, and others, have been taken for originals, and so the twenty-three genuine engravings have been run up to forty or fifty. To Mantegna's title to be considered the inventor of the art he will have nothing to say: 'C'est à tort que quelques auteurs nomment Mantegna l'inventeur de la gravure;' but he adopts Vasari's view that, having become acquainted when at Rome with the works of Boldini, he was the first to practise the art in that city.

The outline of Mantegna's engravings is characteristically good, but he never attempts hatching, and his only device for expressing muscle and giving roundness to form is a shading in parallel lines. As examples of his work as an engraver I cannot resist calling attention to the grand figure of the penitent thief in the *Descent into Hell;* to a graceful little girl and splendid young man in a *Triumph*, said to be from a design intended for the Julius Cæsar series;

* Now in the National Gallery.

* The whole series of Mantegna's engravings has been admirably reproduced by M. Amand Durand.

and to the wonderful *Battle of Sea-Gods*, noticed with approval both by Bartsch and Vasari.

'The matter of his works the artist will take from the present, but their form he will derive from a nobler time—nay, from beyond all time, from the absolute, unchanging unity of his own nature. The Roman of the first century had long bent the knee before his Cæsars, when the statues of Rome were still standing erect; the temples continued holy to the eye, when their gods had long been a laughing-stock; and the abominations of a Nero and a Commodus were silently rebuked by the style of the edifice which lent them its concealment. Man has lost his dignity, but Art has saved it and preserved it for him in expressive marbles. Truth still lives in fiction, and from the copy the original will be restored.'

Does not Mantegna say something like this to us as plainly as Schiller?

'Effort' and 'immortality' were his watchwords. There is no attempt in his work to disguise the former. The etching-needle plays freely over the plate, and leaves the acid to perpetuate its trace, but the graver's burin painfully perfects each line and leaves it a κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί. So was it with Mantegna's life-work. First, the toil, the hardship, the self-control; then the triumph of Cæsar, the apotheosis, the immortality.

'Oui, l'œuvre sort plus belle
D'une forme au travail
Rebelle,
Vers, marbre, onyx, émail.

* * * *

Tout passe—l'art robuste
Seul à l'éternité
Le buste
Survit à la cité.
Sculpte, line, cisele,
Que ton rêve flottant
Se scelle
Dans le bloc resistant.'

W. C. LEFROY.

WEST HIGHLANDERS. SHOWERY WEATHER.

ETCHED BY C. O. MURRAY, FROM A PAINTING BY J. MACWHIRTER, A.R.A.

THE scene here represented is frequently met with in the Highlands of Scotland—the wild road over the dreary, rainy moorland, and the long string of Highland cattle advancing like a regiment. Unluckily, the etching can only suggest the colouring of such a scene, which is often most remarkably rich and varied. The colouring of the moors themselves is always most beautiful in rain, and the Highland breed of cattle is remarkable for its grand varieties of tawny, red, and black. The apparent intensity of these colours is much increased by the cold greys of the rainy sky. Such scenes are at once delightful (in a certain way) and dreary in the extreme; the delightfulness of them, perhaps, scarcely appreciable by any one who does not combine robust health with lively artistic susceptibilities. Without the health the desolate spaces of moorland would seem terrible and oppressive; without the artistic susceptibilities the charm of richly-coloured cattle and foreground plants, contrasted with grey rocks and grey sky, would scarcely be perceptible. The drovers themselves find another charm in the rude, hard life they are accustomed to, and in the familiar sternness of their native land.

SOME CRETAN EMBROIDERIES.

AMONGST the large importations of Eastern embroideries, which, during the last few years, have inundated the capitals of Western Europe, there may now and then be observed specimens which seem to recall, in considerable measure, Venetian lace-patterns of the sixteenth century. The pieces in question are worked in silk upon a cotton ground of coarse texture. The pattern is a continuous one, from six to sixteen inches in depth, and generally consisting of two unequal portions—the lower one, of two or three inches, representing a kind of 'insertion,' and the upper the lace itself. The cotton strips, on which the embroidery has been worked, vary in width from twenty-four to twenty-seven inches; occasionally five of these strips are found united, end to end, so as to form a complete circuit, evidently the bottom of a petticoat. The provenance of these peculiar garments has been determined with an exactness not as common as one could wish in the case of many other kinds of antique needlework. For several travellers in Crete have observed these rich garments in actual wear in that island; and one happy collector succeeded in purchasing on the spot some scores of excellent specimens, which had been preserved as family treasures. A few of the pieces are fortunately dated; the earliest specimen so authenticated going back no further than 1690, while two others are as late as 1733 and 1762 respectively.

Amongst our illustrations are representatives of these three dates, or rather of pieces which may be assigned with good reason to the same dates as the specimens in question. The uppermost illustration,

CRETAN EMBROIDERIES: 17TH AND 18TH CENTURIES.

of the three in red, belongs to the earliest period—about the close of the seventeenth century; so also does the larger of the two illustrations in black. The middle red figure represents a specimen almost identical with a piece dated 1733 in the South Kensington Museum; while the lowest figure on the plate and the smaller illustration in black belong, in all probability, to the middle of the eighteenth century—about 1760. It will be noticed that there is a certain quaint, almost grotesque, air common to all these pieces; it is especially pronounced in the human, quadruped, and bird figures, which are introduced into the midst of the conventional branchage and leafage. This grotesqueness is more conspicuous in the older examples than in those of more recent date, in which, indeed, the attempts to reproduce the human figure are less frequent and obvious, if almost as childish as in the specimens which we attribute to the close of the seventeenth century. In the latter, whole human forms placed on stems of plants and grasping in their hands branches of foliage frequently occur; in the former examples, we may observe a more crowded disposition of the ornamental elements, amongst which portions of winged figures often rising out of baskets are not unusual, while the pink becomes a still more prominent feature of the design.

It would be rash to affirm that one can trace any progressive modification of the Italian lace-patterns from which these Cretan embroideries sprung. Indeed, some of those which are latest in date approach as closely to the Venetian originals, if not more so, than do those examples which, from their resemblance to the earliest dated examples and from certain peculiarities in their colours and manner of work, we are constrained to admit as the earliest in date. Until further materials for an accurate judgment are available, it would not be wise to hazard any conjecture on the historical development of these Cretan patterns. It will be sufficient to note the Italian structure of their system of ornament, and the strange way in which that system, with its cultured knowledge of form and balance, has been interpreted, or rather misinterpreted, by the Cretan workers with the needle. However, such misinterpretation or modification cannot be wholly condemned; especially when it is almost limited, as in the pattern represented in the middle figure in the plate, to the translation into silk embroidery on an opaque ground of a design

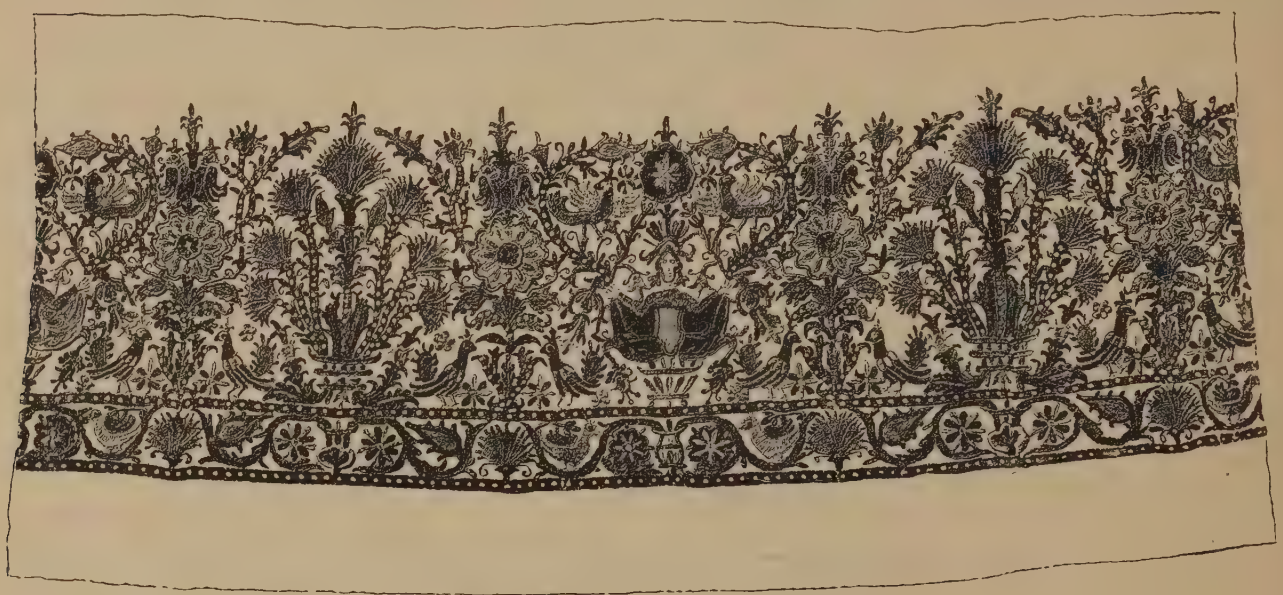
CRETAN EMBROIDERY. SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

intended to be produced in guipure lace of linen thread.

Of the colours employed in this class of Cretan embroideries it is not very easy to speak. There is, in the earliest pieces, a certain degree of sobriety, due partly to the effect of light and use in quieting the colours. A series of hues of red—ranging between maroon, turkey-red, and crimson—may be said to be most frequently employed. In some pieces the design is executed in red only (as in the uppermost and the lowest figure in the plate); sometimes in red with edgings of bluish green; and sometimes in a deep indigo blue. The middle figure in the plate, and both of those printed in black, represent examples having a large variety of different colours, tones, and hues; not always, it must be owned, selected and composed with sufficient regard to harmonious unity of general effect. The middle figure in the plate, an example wrought chiefly in a sort of Persian stitch, but having broader bands of double chain-stitch, comprises five colours—garnet-red, apricot, golden-yellow, leaf-green, and indigo. The red is mainly reserved for the flowers, but the other colours are used somewhat capriciously. This very caprice, however, lends a picturesque charm to the work; and while the same colour is not always reserved for the same portion of the design in the case of repetitions, yet there is, on the whole, a certain uniform *distribution* of colour, or perhaps we should say *scattering* of colour.

In our smaller illustration in black we have a piece containing no less than twelve colours — crimson, garnet-red, buff, apricot, citrine, straw, verdigris-green, blue, brown, dove, warm grey, and ivory. The general effect is sumptuous in the extreme; but, as may be expected, the great variety of colours and tones (none of which is used for 'shading,' each ornamental detail being represented as flat) produces a degree of confusion, in which the design, which is much crowded, almost disappears. Perhaps our reproduction of this design in black and white has in consequence a measure of superiority over the original specimen.

Many other examples of Cretan embroidery exist in private collections; and there is a fine series in the South Kensington Museum. There is no difficulty in assigning its provenance to any specimen belonging to the group of which we are now writing, yet an immense number of embroideries without decisive local character have been brought from Crete. We have, in fact, seen many specimens from Constantinople, Mitylene, Smyrna, and Crete, which are nearly identical in design, method of work, colouring, and material. But there are some silk laces, fringes and insertions to which a Cretan origin may be as surely assigned as to the specimens of embroidery which we have been describing in the present paper.



CRETAN EMBROIDERY. EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Of these smaller, but often very beautiful examples, a varied and extensive collection belongs to the South Kensington Museum. The materials for the identification of embroideries from some of the other islands of the Mediterranean and the Grecian Archipelago are even more uncertain than those relating to Cretan work. But there are gradually being gathered together, from a few Greek and Turkish localities, authenticated examples of remarkably distinctive character, and in some instances of peculiar beauty. It is much to be regretted that the buyers employed by the wholesale importers, English and French, of Eastern carpets and embroideries, have learnt so little concerning the origin and dates of the rarer and more interesting pieces which they so assiduously gather. Even the place of purchase, if exactly recorded, would alone be of some service in the classification of specimens.

A. H. CHURCH.

ART CHRONICLE.

In the Annual Report of the National Gallery the Director states that the experiment of opening the Gallery to the public after noon on students' days, at the entrance fee of sixpence, has proved successful. Nearly 2000 persons entered under the new rule during the first five weeks.

The new Natural History Museum, built by Mr. Waterhouse, at South Kensington, was opened to the public on Easter Monday, the 18th of April.

In the 'Gazette des Beaux Arts' of March and April, M. Ravaisson-Mollieu gives a brilliant and interesting account of his labours as editor and translator of the twelve books by Lionardo da Vinci, in the Institut. The magnificent work, to be brought out under the patronage of the Government and the authorisation of the Administrative Commission of the Institut, involves innumerable difficulties. Da Vinci not only wrote from right to left, but his orthography is capricious, and he divided syllables and otherwise created puzzles for the transcriber. M. Ravaisson has, of course, availed himself of the expedient of reading in reverse by the aid of a mirror; but he has, furthermore, painfully constructed a Da Vinci alphabet, the use of which dispenses with the mirror. The plan of the work includes a fac-simile reproduction by photography of the original manuscript, a transcription of the same, and *en face* the French translation.

In the same field the researches of Dr. Richter result in a fresh translation into German and English of the famous '*Trattato*.'

We have received from Herr Haessel, of Leipzig, a pamphlet entitled, *Albrecht Dürer's Selbstportrait von* 1493, *wiedergefunden*. The contents set forth how the portrait in question was in 1805 in the collection of Hofrath Bereis, in Helmstädt, where Goethe saw and described it minutely, and with warm praise; how Meissel, in *Archiv für Kunst und Künstler*, had two years previously also described it; and other writers on Art have mentioned its existence and sought to identify it with some other picture they have met with. It is then stated that the picture in question was by testament left to a certain family related to Hofrath Bereis, and by them, ignorant of its real value, known merely as a 'portrait of Dürer,' and kept in an old frame in comparative neglect. The picture was seen by Herr Haessel, and through his good offices brought to Leipzig and shown to Dr. Lücke, director of the town gallery, who at once pronounced it to be a portrait of Dürer by himself; and positively the missing portrait of 1493. Furthermore, it has long been endeavoured to identify the picture in the collection of Herr Bereis, and, if the evidence holds, therefore this very picture, with the portrait which Dürer sent to Raphael in 1514, when the two artists exchanged presents. The authority for this surmise seems to be the fact that Hofrath Bereis bought the picture in Rome. The portrait is said to be painted on very slight panel, which at the back bears traces of another portrait in the 'style of the sixteenth century.' The painting is thin, and has suffered at one corner of the picture, the upper portion of which has been over-painted, while the hands and mouth are said to be intact. Finally, the picture is by its owners placed in the hands of Herr Haessel, bookseller of Leipzig, for sale.

Mr. George du Maurier and Mr. Wilmot Pilsbury have been elected into the Water-colour Society. Professor Adolf Menzel, of Berlin, was on the same occasion made an Honorary Member.

Mr. John Prescott Knight, R.A., late Secretary to the Royal Academy, died March 26th, at the age of seventy-eight. He was son of the comedian, and was intended by his father for a business career. The firm with whom he was placed as clerk failed, and in the interim of finding other employment he cultivated his taste for drawing. His progress justified him in taking to Art as a profession, and he became a pupil of Henry Sass and George Clint: first exhibited portraits at the Royal Academy in 1827, and was elected Associate in 1836. In 1839 he was appointed Professor of Perspective, and held the office until his resignation in 1860. In 1844 he was made full Academician, and was offered the post of Secretary in 1847, an office in which he won general esteem. He resigned in the year 1873, and was voted by the Council a pension equivalent to his salary, 'in consideration of his long and valuable services.' Mr. Knight held his own on the Academy walls as a vigorous portrait-painter, and his work was much prized in the class of portraiture commissioned for presentation to public buildings and corporate bodies.

A Bust, executed by Mr. Adams Acton, of the late George Cruikshank, has been placed by the widow over the spot in the crypt of St. Paul's where the artist lies buried. The tablet bears the following inscription: 'In memory of his genius and his art, his matchless energy, and worthy work for all his fellowmen, this monument is humbly placed within this sacred fane by her who loved him best—his widowed wife.'

This month opens at Milan a National Exhibition of Art and Industry, including Horticulture, Agriculture, and a Cattle-show. The exhibition is to remain open until the close of September, and it is purposed to keep the city more or less in festive activity to do honour to the occasion. Concerts will take place in connexion with the musical department of the exhibition, and La Scala will be kept open. Italian painters and sculptors have availed themselves in large numbers of this opportunity to show what position United Italy holds in the progress of contemporary art.

A loan collection of Spanish and Portuguese Ornamental Art is opened at the South Kensington Museum.

At the Albert Hall is organized an exhibition of pictures and sculpture. Those artists whose works have been crowded out at Burlington House, after being provisionally accepted, were invited to contribute. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is accredited with the amiable thought of thus offering disappointed applicants at the Royal Academy a fresh chance elsewhere.

An Exhibition of Ancient Artistic Needlework was opened in April at the Royal School in Exhibition Road. The collection was most rich in English specimens, amongst which examples of *opus Anglicanum* and *opus plumarium*, of *appliqué* and rich embroidery of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, were lent from Oscott College, Stonyhurst, by the Dean and Chapter of Worcester, the Vintners' Company, Mrs. Bayman, Lady C. Berkeley, and others. Important specimens were on loan from the Kensington Museum. The Exhibition was chronologically arranged within a period ranging from the twelfth to the close of the eighteenth century, and contained much interesting work of foreign as well as native production.

At the Distribution of Prizes to the 'Female School of Art,' which took place at the Mansion House under the Presidency of the Lord Mayor, on the 28th ult., it was announced that Baroness Burdett-Coutts had founded a fresh 40*l*. Scholarship. During the past year 223 students have received art-instruction in this School, the students at which have been especially successful in the general prize competitions of Schools of Art.

The restoration and enlargement of the chapel built by Wren in 1663–65 for Pembroke College, Cambridge, has been completed by Mr. G. Gilbert Scott, and the chapel was reopened on the 25th of March last. This chapel is stated to be the earliest known work of Christopher Wren, and was entrusted to his design by Matthew Wren, Bishop of Ely, his uncle, who erected it as an *ex-voto* offering of thankfulness for a 'most strange and sudden' deliverance from eighteen years' imprisonment in the Tower.

The first of the Exhibitions of Decorative Art, under the Directorship of Mr. Thomas Gullick and a Committee of Gentlemen, opens at the New Bond Street Galleries this month. Two similar enterprises have been started under the artistic supervision respectively of Mr. Walter Crane and Dr. Dresser.

A COLLECTION of Hand-painted Ceramics is again shown by Messrs. Howell and James.

MR. MILLAIS, R.A., has been elected President of the Birmingham Royal Society of Artists.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & CO. have issued an English translation, by Mr. S. R. Koehler, of the 'Treatise on Etching' by M. Maxime Lalanne. Notes and an Introductory Chapter by the translator are added. The edition has already appeared in America.

THE Summer Exhibition at the French Gallery abounds, as usual, in those small cabinet pictures by artists of various nationalities, but chiefly dating from Paris, in which the subject is of slight moment, while the art treatment is everything. The consummately executed morsels of elegant trifling by Bedini are typical of this class of work. The names of De Neuville, Chevillard, Duverger, belong to small studies of camp-life, satires on the clergy, incidents of childish frolic or distress, that find numerous imitators. The scenes among fisher-folk at Schevening or pastorals in Hungary, by G. von Bochmann, are always remarkable for largeness of manner exercised within small scale, and for acute completeness of expression. Herr von Bochmann is, in his own line, a most notable painter. The post of honour has been assigned to a reduced replica of the picture by M. Maignan in the previous Salon, depicting *The Last Moments of Chlodobert*, when his parents, Chilperic and Fredegonde, have laid the lad, mortally stricken by small-pox, before the tomb of St. Médard at Soissons as a last appeal for heavenly aid. M. Maignan has thrown much passion into the attitude of the wretched Fredegonde as she grasps the cold stone of the shrine in her frantic supplication; and the wasted, exhausted frame of the youth, is carefully studied, though unpleasant in foreshortened line. The picture bears marks of hasty execution, and is inferior to the original work in many points. Among marked pictures is, by Professor Müller of Vienna, *In the Courtyard of the Doge's Palace*, a group of gorgeously clad figures contrasted with a lawyer in black robes, all standing under the burning sunlight against a shadowed architectural background. The picture has been retouched since it was shown in Paris in 1878, and is a favourable example of the artist's assailant, elaborated style. Of Corot there are several examples; the larger picture, *A Lady at her Toilette*, is well known. M. Billet sends two charming rustic subjects,—*Waiting for the Boats*, a sketch, and *Day Dreams*, both full of simple truth and the poetry of lowly labour. Two pictures by Munckàczy make points in the Gallery,—a study for *The Two Families*, shown at last year's Academy Exhibition, and a sketch of sluggish water, green banks and willows, *On the Marne*, which the artist's great repute is said to have sold for a high figure. The German landscapists are well represented, notably Herr Munthe by winter scenes, and Herr Heffner, a more recent comer, by his favourite subjects, lowlands and stretches of smooth water, beneath softly clouded skies, flushed by evening glow or pierced by shafts of windy sunlight. A rustic scene, *Batteurs d'Œillettes en Picardie*, by M. Salmson, occupies large space on the walls. The really important feature of the Exhibition, however, is a collection of portraits by Herr Lenbach of Munich,—portraits of remarkable men painted in a remarkable manner. Here are General von Moltke, Prince Bismarck, Dr. Döllinger, two likenesses of Mr. Gladstone, one being a chalk sketch, Hans Makart the Austrian artist, and Baron Liphardt. There are also some large unfinished colour-studies of women. Herr Lenbach's manner throughout these portraits has a certain sameness, and at the same time considerable diversity. The figures are invariably posed with simplicity, and thrown out from a quiet, toned background of olive tint, inclining towards blue or brown, as the case may be; invariably chief power is concentrated on the head, which relieves strongly, and in the round; the figures are draped with as little ostentation as possible—the dark blue uniform with scarlet collar of Von Moltke being the utmost approach to costume. In execution, however, the portrait of Dr. Döllinger is pre-eminent for a method of painting that recalls the manner of Dürer, some of the work of Francia, and the way of Fra Bartolommeo—the pigments being laid in delicate layers with transparent glazings and final touches. The fine treatment of the full, penetrating eyes, and the subtle drawing of the mouth, are points which, in perhaps less distinguished degree, mark the other portraits also. The half-length of Baron Liphardt most assimilates to the Döllinger portrait in manner, while the other pictures show an increasing tendency towards dexterous, dashing execution; the use of a bloomy grey in the modelling of flesh is exaggerated, and a broad scumble and restless twirl of the brush are almost ostentatiously apparent. The studies of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone may be said to represent his countenance under two aspects, the oil bust portrait giving the severe and concentrated expression most familiar, while the chalk cartoon represents rather the student and sorrowful thinker. Herr Lenbach's reading of his subjects is undoubtedly intellectual rather than picturesque: the characterisation is vigorous and emphatic. At the same time there may be two opinions as to the aspects rendered by the artist. It is, for example, said in Germany that Herr Lenbach's portrayal of Von Moltke does not give the scholarly quietude and precision which mark the presence of the great military tactician.

THE Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours is of very unequal character, some of the work shown being decidedly under the accustomed mark. Balance is, however, maintained by many very beautiful drawings. It is pleasant to welcome two pictures by the veteran Samuel Palmer, of which *The Eastern Gate* seems close upon, if not identical with, the known etching. Mr. Alfred Hunt sends three drawings—a poetic view of his favourite *Whitby* under warm evening glow, and an impressive study of the *Heart o' Corry, Glen Sligachan*, wherein the jagged mountain line is dark against a pale lift of sky, and the white path-tracks faintly glimmer through the gloom that fills the valley. Poetic also is Mr. Newton's treatment of *Lochberg Castle, Mull;* he has perhaps exaggerated an effect given by the moonlight to the weird old tower into an actual want of substance. Mr. A. Goodwin shows himself unequal and various. He does not seem so happy in studies of quaint, water-girt, northern Dordrecht, as on Alpine pastures or by Italian lakes. Mr. Francis Powell and Mr. Henry Moore are at home on the sea. Singularly beautiful is Mr. Powell's *Opposite the Setting Sun*, where ships float dreamily like white birds 'twixt sky and water, and the great clouds are piled about the horizon in soft, lustrous masses. Mr. Moore's accurate and loving observation of wave form and motion shows itself in many studies, notably in the Channel tossing under *Light Breezes*. Mr. George Fripp and Mr. Thomas Danby are well represented. Mr. Alfred Fripp sends one delicate drawing, *Mending Nets* above Lulworth Cove, soaked in pure white sunshine. Right welcome are the studies in *Auvergne, Puy de Dôme*, and English *Dovedale* by Mr. Boyce, curiously and minutely true in literal detail, which a painter of less delicate perception would fail to bring into an artistic and agreeable whole. In quite another and broader manner Mr. Matthew Hale has painted a study of russet trees and hillside covered with dead bracken by *Autumn Twilight*. The figure-subjects are not remarkable. Mr. Tom Lloyd has a large and beautiful drawing of gleaners going home under *The Harvest Moon*, but his figures break the quiet and idyllic repose of the landscape; they are 'out of tune' with the sentiment. Mrs. Allingham wisely keeps to those simple subjects in which the perfect harmony between the figures—rustic girls, little children, or other—and the nature that surrounds them, gives to her pictures the completeness of a Wordsworthian lyric. *The Old Horse* is such a poem. Sir John Gilbert 'presides' with a brave *Standard Bearer* and a wild *Gipsy Encampment*, picturesquely narrative and broad as ever. Mr. Carl Haag has also two clever drawings, notably the *Sheikh Ali*. Mr. Du Maurier, the new Associate, shows as a colourist, a sense of sombre harmony, influenced by the taste of the day. In still-life studies we find ourselves looking for Mrs. Angell's pictures as we used to do for old William Hunt's birds' nests, and fungi, and fruit. *Foreign Birds* and *Bird's Nest and May* seem as near perfection of such work as need be.

A STRAGGLER OF THE CHEVALIER'S ARMY.

ETCHED BY W. B. HOLE, A.R.S.A.

ALTHOUGH this is an etching from a picture, it does not belong to the ordinary category of etchings from pictures. In the first place, the picture was by the etcher himself, who consequently deserves the credit of the invention and arrangement of the composition just as much as if he had composed it on copper, and in the next place, as the etcher was himself the author of the work, he has felt himself authorised to interpret its light and shade without slavish imitation of tones. The result is, to all intents and purposes, an original etching.

The subject carries us back to the '45. A Highland soldier has somehow got separated from his brothers-in-arms, and whilst traversing the streets of some village finds himself exposed to the menaces of its inhabitants, who are not devoted to the cause of the Stuarts. He is not in a pleasant position, but if his pursuers come to close quarters, there are signs that he will defend himself resolutely. We think that Mr. Hole has told his story very effectively. His conception of the rude and warlike Highlander is interesting, and probably true; this is not by any means the Highlander of fancy dress balls, but the man who could sleep out on the heather in the rain, and walk fifty miles on a little oatmeal and cold water. The villagers, though in overwhelmingly greater force, are manifestly afraid of him; and if a child asked how the incident had ended, we should be inclined to tell him that the Highlander got away in safety.

Mr. Hole, like many painters, has only taken to etching lately, so that he cannot be considered to have fully expressed himself in this art; yet a plate of his, *Leith Docks*, appeared in the third edition of 'Etching and Etchers,' where it was inserted as an example of sound work done by a member of the rising Edinburgh school, which has our best wishes for its progress and success.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF LANCASHIRE.

VI.—*Peculiarities of Character, Dialect, and Pastimes.*

THE primitive Lancashire character — industrious, frugal, sanguine, persevering, inflexible in determination—has already been sketched in brief. Some additional features, observable more particularly among the operatives and away in the country, deserve notice, the more so since it is in a people's average temperament that the key is usually found to their pursuits in play-time—after the songs, the most interesting chapter in a local history. The sum total of the private morals of working Lancashire probably does not differ, *pro ratâ*, from that which would be disclosed by a census of any other county. So with the manners and customs, for although in Lancashire the suavity of the South is soon missed, and though there is little touching of the hat or saying of 'Sir,' the absence of a courteous spirit is more apparent than real, and in any case is amply compensated by a thoroughness of kindly sentiment which more polished communities do not always share. The 'factory-folk,' the colliers, and others, are usually considered turbulent and given to outrages. They are not so by nature. Though often rough, self-willed, and obstinate, the working population as a whole is too thoroughly Saxon for the riotousness one looks for while in the presence of the Celt. Social conflicts, when they arise, are set on foot by mischief-makers and noisy idlers whose personal interest it is to promote antagonisms. Save for these veritable 'disturbers of the peace' the probability is that there would be few or none of the 'strikes' and 'turn-outs' which bring so much misery to the unfortunate women and children who have no say in the matter. The people who 'strike' are in the mass more to be pitied than held chargeable with love of disorder, for, as a rule, they have been cruelly misled into the notion that it is the master's interest to pay as little as possible for their labour, the truth being that for his own sake he pays them the utmost the business will justify, so that they shall be strong enough, healthy enough, cheerful and good-tempered enough, to work with a will, thus augmenting his personal profits. Every master of common-sense understands the principle, and *does* so pay. It may be useful to remind the reader that the profits made by a Lancashire 'cotton-lord' differ totally in their composition from the payment received for his work by an artist, a physician, or a barrister. The cotton-manufacturer's profits consist of an infinite number of particles, an atom per head on the work of 500, and often 1000 assistants. To the outside and afar-off public, who hear of contentions over pennies, the sum seems nothing, and the man who refuses the penny a sordid fellow. But to the employer it very soon means hundreds of pounds, and represents perhaps half a year's income.

In Lancashire, whatever may be the case elsewhere, the people who 'strike' are deceived in no

slight measure, through their own honesty and sincerity of purpose. One of the original characteristics of the county is to be fair and unsuspecting; no people in the world have a stronger dislike of deceit. One of the reasons why a genuine Lancashire man can usually be trusted is, that he is so little inclined to overstate or misrepresent—the very circumstance that wins our esteem thus renders him vulnerable. Disposed to be honest themselves, the operatives fall so much more readily a prey to unscrupulous agitators. It is amusing, at the same time, to note how soon, when he detects an impostor, a Lancashire man will put him out of countenance; and how quick he is, in excellent balance, to perceive the meritorious, either in person or subject, and, perceiving, to appreciate.

During the continuance of these ill-advised 'strikes,' and when the depression of trade—quite as distasteful to the master as to the man—involves 'short time'—four or five days' work in the week, or even less, instead of six, another capital feature of the Lancashire character comes to the front. No people in the world are capable of profounder fortitude. Patience under suffering never fails. Though pinched by hunger, such is the manly and womanly pride of the Lancashire operatives, that they care less about privations than to be constrained to surrender any portion, however trifling, of their independence. That the large-hearted and the intelligent among mankind are always the last to complain in the hour of trial, no one needs telling. People of this character are probably more numerous everywhere than may be thought, for the simple reason that they are the least likely to be heard of; but it is worth putting on paper that no better illustrations are to be found than exist in plenty in working Lancashire. It is delightful also to note the singular kindness of the Lancashire operatives one to another in time of distress. Not upon 'Trades' Union' principles, but upon the broad and unselfish basis of strong, natural, human sympathy, familiar to the friendly visitor; and which, when elevated, as it often is, by religion, and warmed and expanded by personal affection, becomes so beautiful that in its presence all short-comings are forgotten. These good qualities are unfolded very specially on the occurrence of a terrible accident, such as a coal-pit explosion. In the yearning to be foremost in help to rescue; in the gentleness, the deference to authority, the obedience to discipline, the resignation then exhibited — this last coming not of indifference, but of calmness—a capacity is plainly shown for the highest conceivable moral development.

IN THE WIRE WORKS.

The Lancashire dialect, as said above, is of twofold interest. It forms not only a striking characteristic of the people, but presents material of the highest value to the scientific student of the English language. To the ears of strangers who know nothing about it, the sound is often uncouth and barbarous. That it is far from being so is proved by the use long made of this dialect for lyric poetry and for tales both racy and pathetic. We are indebted to Mr. George Milner for a masterly exposition of its singular fitness for song and ballad.* The titles of the stories hold a conspicuous place in Mr. Axon's list of no fewer than 279 publications illustrative of the general subject of the Lancashire dialect;† the literature of which, he justly remarks in the Introduction, is richer than that of the popular speech of any other English county. This is so much the more noteworthy since with the famous manufacturing epoch of 1785, everything belonging to primitive Lancashire began to experience change and decay. In a certain sense it may be said that the dialect has not only survived unhurt, but has risen, during the last thirty or forty years, to a position worthy of the native talent; and that the latter, in days to come, will have no better commemoration than the metrical literature will abundantly afford. Two particulars at once arrest attention. No English dialect more abounds in curious and interesting archaisms; and certainly not one is so little tainted with expressions of the nature of slang.‡

Rochdale occupies the centre of the most celebrated Lancashire-dialect region. As ordinarily employed, the phrase denotes indeed the rural speech of the manufacturing districts. Beyond the Ribble, and more particularly beyond the Lune, there is unmistakable variation, and in Furness there is an echo of Cumberland. In the former we have first the old-accustomed permutations of the vowels. Then come elisions of consonants, transpositions, and condensations of entire syllables, whereby words are

* 'On the Lancashire Dialect considered as a vehicle for Poetry.' Manchester Literary Club Papers, vol. i., p. 20. 1875.

† *Ibid.* Appendix to the vol. for 1876.

‡ The modern slang of great towns is of course quite a different thing from the ancient dialect of a rural population. Affected mis-spellings, as of 'kuntry' for country, are also to be distinguished *in toto* from the phonetic representation of sounds purely dialectical.

often most singularly transformed. Ancient idioms attract us next; and lastly, there are the fascinating old words, unknown to current dictionaries, which five centuries ago were an integral part of the English vernacular. The vowel permutations are illustrated in the universal 'wayter,' 'feyther,' 'reet,' 'oi,' 'aw,' 'neaw,' used instead of water, father, right, I, now. 'Owt' stands for aught, 'nowt' for naught. Elisions and contractions appear in a thousand such forms as 'dunnoyo' for 'do you not,' 'welly' for 'well-nigh.' 'You' constantly varies to thee and thou, whence the common 'artu' for 'art thou,' 'wiltohameh' for 'wilt thou have me.' A final *g* is seldom heard; there is also a characteristic rejection of the guttural in such words as scratched, pronounced 'scrat.' The transpositions are as usual, though it is only perhaps in Lancashire that gaily painted butterflies are 'brids,' and that the little field-flowers elsewhere called birds' eye are 'brid een.'

The old grammatical forms and the archaic words refer the careful listener, if not to the Anglo-Saxon of King Alfred, at all events to the 'Canterbury Tales';—they take us pleasantly to Chaucer, and Chaucer in turn, introduces us, agreeably, to Lancashire, where 'she' is always 'hoo,' through abiding in the primitive 'he, heo, hit;' and where the verbs still end in *n*,—'we, ye, they loven,' as in the Prologue,

'For he had geten him yet no benefice.'

A country girl, in quest of something, 'speers' for it (A. S. *spirian*, to enquire). If alarmed, she 'dithers;' if comely and well conducted, she behaves herself 'farrantly;' if delicately sensitive, she is 'nesh:'

'It seemeth for love his herte is tendre and neshe.'

The pastimes and recreations of the Lancashire people fall, as elsewhere, under two distinct heads; those which arise upon the Poetic sentiment, the love of purity, order, and beauty, and those which come of simple desire to be entertained. Where Poesy has a stronghold, we have never long to wait for the 'touches of sweet harmony;'—a characteristic of working Lancashire, immemorial as to date, is the devotedness of the inhabitants to Music. In all Europe it would be difficult to find a province where the 'first and finest of the fine arts' is better understood, or more reverently practised. High-class sacred music—German music in particular—fills many a retired cottage, in leisure hours, with solace and joy; and very generally, in villages, as well as in the large towns, there are clubs and societies instituted purely for its promotion. 'On the wild hills, where whin and heather grow, it is not uncommon to meet working-men, with their musical instruments, on their way to take part in some village oratorio many miles distant . . . . Up in the forest of Rossendale, between Derply Moor and the wild hill called Swinshaw, there is a little lone valley, a green cup in the mountains, called Dean. The inhabitants of this valley are so notable for their love of music that they are known all through the neighbouring country as "Th' Deign layrocks."'*

* *i.e.* The larks, or singing-birds, of Dean. Edwin Waugh 'Sketches,' p. 199.

The same primitive inclination towards the poetic would seem to underlie the boundless Lancashire love of flowers and gardens. Not that the passion is universal. The chief seat, as of the intrinsically best of the dialect, is the south-eastern part of the county: the portion abutting on Yorkshire is unfavourably cold, and though in the north there are fine examples of individual enthusiasm, there is little illustration of confederated work. Societies strong and skilful enough to hold beautiful exhibitions are dotted all over the congenial parts of the cotton district. They attend as diligently to the economic as to the decorative; one never knows whether most to admire the onions, the beans, and the celery, or the splendid asters, dahlias, and phloxes:—in many parts there is ancient renown also for gooseberries. After the manner of the wise in other matters, the operative Lancashire gardeners, as they cannot grow the things they might prefer, give their whole hearts to liking those they have at command. Their rivalry and ambition in regard to gooseberries is unique. While the fruit is ripening upon the bushes, it is sacrilege for a stranger to approach within a distance of many yards. On cold and hurtful nights, the owner sits up to watch it, like a nurse with an invalid, supplying or removing defence according to the conditions, and on the show day the excitement compares in its innocent measure with that of Epsom. The exhibitors gather round a table: the chairman sits with scales and weights before him, calling in turn for the heaviest red, the heaviest yellow, and so on, every eye watching the balance, the end of all being a bright new kettle for the wife at home.

Many of the operative gardeners are assiduous cultivators of 'alpines,' the vegetable *bijouterie* of the Highland mountains; others are enamoured of ferns, and these last are usually possessed of good botanical knowledge. The beginning would seem to date from the time of Elizabeth, thus from the time of Shakspeare, when other immigrations of the Flemish weavers took place. 'As things of home,' Mr. Horner told us in his charming lecture at South Kensington last April, 'too dear to leave behind them, these refugees brought with them their favourite flowers, the tulip and the auricula.' These early growers would doubtless for a time be shyly looked upon as aliens. Nothing is known definitely of the work of the ensuing century, but there is certain proof that by 1725 Lancashire had already become distinguished for its 'florists' flowers,' the cultivation lying almost entirely in the hands of the artisans, who have never for an instant slackened, though to-day the activity is often expressed in new directions.

It is owing, without doubt, to the example of the operative Lancashire gardeners of the last century and a half, that floriculture at the present moment holds equal place with classical music among the enjoyments of the wealthy; especially those whose early family ties were favourable to observation of the early methods. More collections of valuable orchids have been made in Lancashire than in any other district away from the metropolis. Among the very first to grow these matchless plants were the late Mr. Thos. Moss, of Otterspool, commemorated in the name of one of the noblest species yet discovered—the *Cattleya Mossiæ*, and the late Rev. John Clowes, of Broughton Hall, whose collection went subsequently to Kew.

These very practical proofs of the life and soundness of the poetic sentiment in working Lancashire prepare us for a county feature in its way quite as interesting and remarkable—the wide-spread and very deep-seated local taste for myth, legend, and superstition, which, in truth, is the same sentiment uncultured and gone astray. Faith in 'folk-lore' is by no means to be confounded with inane credulity. The folk-lore of a civilised nation is the *débris* of the grand old spirit-worship—vague, but exquisitely picturesque, and figuratively significant, which, in the popular religion of the pre-Christian world, filled every sweet and romantic scene with invisible beings—Dryads, who loved the woodland; Naïads, that sported in the stream and waterfall; Oreads, who sat and sang where now we gather their own fragrant *Oreopteris*,* and which assigned maidens even to the sea, the Nereids never yet lost. 'Nothing,' it has been well said, 'that has at any time had a meaning for mankind ever absolutely dies.' How much of the primæval faith shall survive with any particular race or people—to what extent it shall be transformed—depends upon their own culture, spiritual insight, and ideas of the omnipresence of the Almighty, of which the fancies as to the nymphs, &c. declared a dim recognition: it is affected, also, very materially by the physical character and complexion of their country. This has been illustrated in the most beautiful manner, as regards the eastern borders of Lancashire, by the accomplished author of 'Scarsdale,'† already named; and the local fairy tales having now been pretty well collected and classified,‡ it remains only to recognise their immense ethnographical value, since there is probably not a single legend or superstition afloat in Lancashire that, like an ancient coin, does not refer the curious student to distant lands and long-past ages. Lancashire, we must remember, has been successively inhabited, or occupied, more or less, by a Celtic people—the Romans, Danes, and Anglo-Saxons

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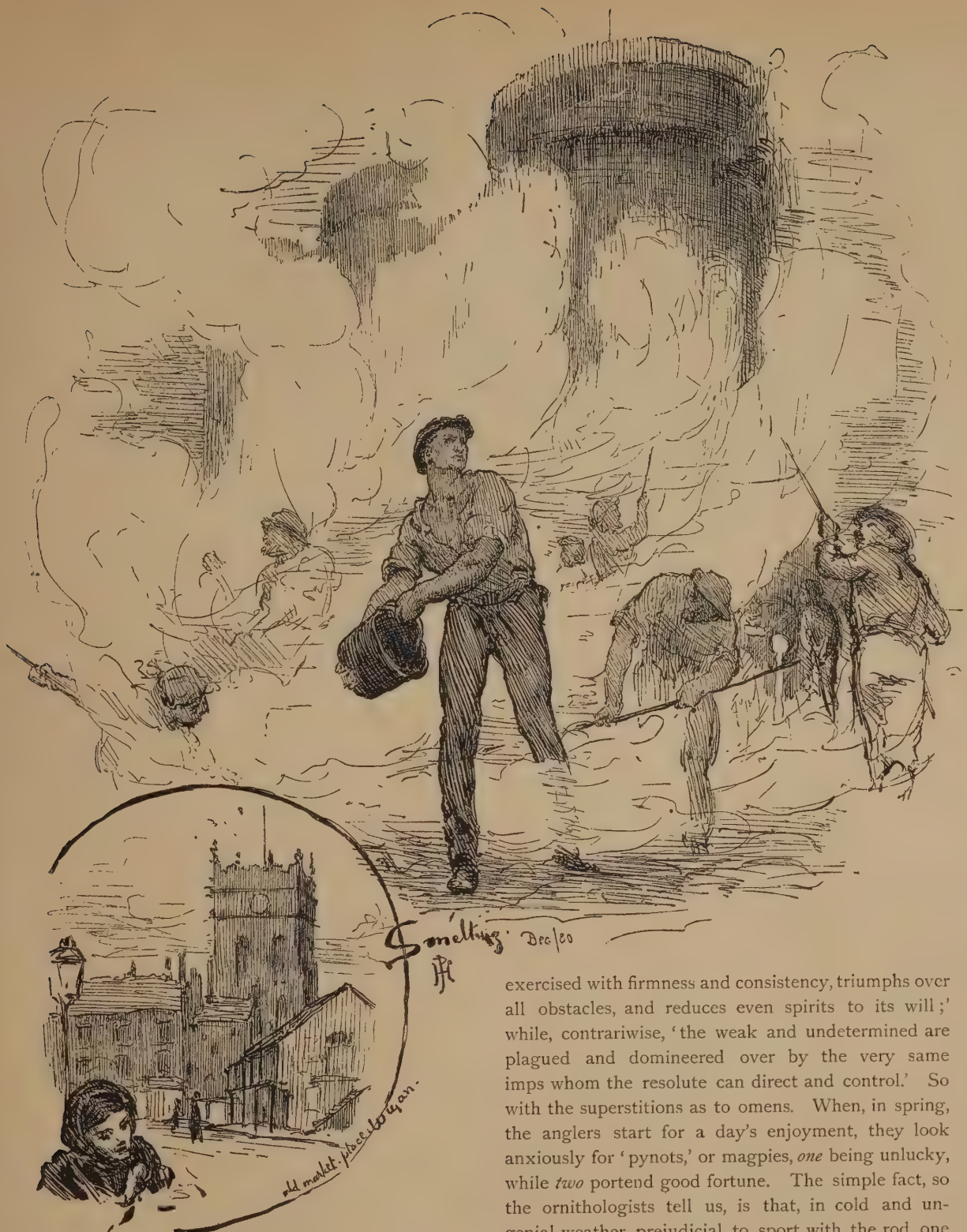
* *Lastrea Oreopteris*, the 'sweet mountain-fern,' abundant in south-east Lancashire.

† The late Sir James Phillips Kay-Shuttleworth, Bart.

‡ 'Lancashire Folk-lore.' By John Harland and T. T. Wilkinson. 1867.



—all of whom have left their foot-prints. No one can reside a year in Lancashire without hearing of its 'boggarts'—familiar, in another form, in the Devonshire 'pixies,' and in the 'merry wanderer of the night,' Titania's 'sweet Puck.' Absurd to the logician, the tales and the terrors connected with the boggarts carry with them, like all other fables, a profound interior truth—the truth for which, as Carlyle says, 'reason will always inquire, while half-reason stands indifferent and mocking.' The nucleus of the boggart idea is, that 'the power of the human mind, exercised with firmness and consistency, triumphs over all obstacles, and reduces even spirits to its will;' while, contrariwise, 'the weak and undetermined are plagued and domineered over by the very same imps whom the resolute can direct and control.' So with the superstitions as to omens. When, in spring, the anglers start for a day's enjoyment, they look anxiously for 'pynots,' or magpies, *one* being unlucky, while *two* portend good fortune. The simple fact, so the ornithologists tell us, is that, in cold and ungenial weather, prejudicial to sport with the rod, one of every pair of birds always stays in the nest, whereas in fine weather, good for angling, they both come out. Illustrations of this nature might be multiplied a hundred-fold, and to unabating advantage. Time is never ill spent upon interpretation of the mythic. The effort, at all events, is a kindly one that seeks

> 'To unbind the charms that round slight fables lie,
> And show that truth is truest Poësy.'

The dialect itself is full of metaphor, images of great beauty and antiquity not infrequently turning

up. Light and sound are reciprocally representative. From the earliest ages the idea of music has always accompanied that of sunrise. Though to-day the heavens declare the glory of God silently, in the beginning 'the morning stars sang together.' In Lancashire old Homer's 'rosy-fingered morn' is the 'skryke' or cry 'of day.'

Though much that is deplorably brutal occurs among the lowest Lancashire classes, the character of the popular pastimes is in general free from stain: the amusements themselves are often eminently interesting, since there is always an archæology in rustic sports. This, in truth, now constitutes the chief attraction of the older ones. The social influences of the railway system have told no less upon the village-green than on the streets of cities; any picture that may now be drawn must needs owe its best colours to the retrospective. Contemplating what remains of them, it is pleasant, however, to note the intense vitality of customs and ceremonials having their root in feelings of reverence; such, for example, as the famous annual Rush-bearing, still current in many parts, and not unknown even in the streets of modern Manchester. That in the olden time, prior to the introduction of carpets, the practice was to strew floors and indoor pavements with green rushes every one knows. Among the charges brought against Cardinal Wolsey was his extravagance in too frequent spreading of clean ones. Employed also in churches and cathedrals, on the anniversary of the feast of the saint to whom the building was dedicated, they were renewed with special solemnity. In an age when processions full of pomp and splendour were greatly delighted in, no wonder that the renewal became an excuse for a stately pageant; and thus, although to-day we have only the rush-cart, the morris-dancers, the drums and trumpets, and the flags —the past, in association, lives over again. Small events and great ones are seldom far asunder. In the magnificent 'Rush-bearing' got up for the delectation of James I. when at Hoghton Tower, Sunday, August 17, 1617, lay one of the secret causes of the Stuart downfall. Sports on the Sabbath-day had been forbidden by his predecessor. James, admitting as argument that the cause of the reformed religion had suffered by the prohibition, gave his 'good people of Lancashire' leave to resume them. The Puritans took offence; the wound was deepened by Charles; and when the time of trial came it was remembered.

'Pace-egging' (a corruption of Pasche or Pasque-egging) is another immemorial Lancashire custom, observed, as the term indicates, at Easter, the egg taking its place as an emblem of the Resurrection. Perverted and degraded, though in the beginning decorous, if not pious, the original house-to-house visitation has long had engrafted upon it a kind of rude drama, supposed to represent the combat of St. George and the Dragon,—the victory of good over evil, of life over death. So with 'Simnel-Sunday,' a term derived from the Anglo-Saxon *symblian*, to banquet, or *symbel*, a feast, a 'simnel' being literally 'banquet-bread.'* This corresponds with the Midlent-Sunday of other counties, but, particularly in Bury, is a time of particular festivity. The annual village 'wakes,' observed everywhere in Lancashire, and equivalent to the local Rush-bearings, partake, it is to be feared, of the general destiny of such things. Happily the railway system has brought with it an inestimable choice of pleasure for the rational. The emphatically staple enjoyment of the working Lancashire population to-day consists in the Whitsun-week trip to some distant place of loveliness or wonder. In Lancashire it is not nearly or so much, Whitsun-Monday or Whitsun-Tuesday, as the whole of the four following days. In the south-eastern part, Manchester particularly, business almost disappears; and very delightful is it then to observe how many little parties of the toiling thrifty are away to North Wales, Scotland, Ireland, and even France. So, to a certain extent, with the 'hands.' The Factory system always implies *masses*. The people work in masses, and suffer in masses, and rejoice in masses. In Whitsun-week, fifty miles, a hundred miles, away, we find in a score of places, five hundred, perhaps a thousand. Manchester does wisely in holding its principal Flower-show during this great annual holiday, drawing, upon an average, some 50,000 visitors. The example is a good one, since with the growing disposition of the English people to enjoy their holidays, it behoves all those who have the management of places of healthy pleasure to supply the most humanising that may be possible, and thus mitigate the influence of the hurtful ones. The staple games of muscular Lancashire are bowls and cricket. A history of Manchester would be incomplete without plenty of lively chat about the former; and in regard to the latter it is no vaunt to add that while the chief cricketing in England lies in the hands of only nine out of its forty counties, the premiership last year was claimed as fairly by Lancashire as by its great rival on the banks of the Trent. Nottinghamshire, moreover, retained its position without facing half the difficulties that befell Lancashire.

LEO GRINDON.

* In the Anglo-Saxon version of the Old Testament, there are many examples of derivative words. In Exod. xxiii. 15, 16 feasting-time is *symbel-tid;* xxii. 5, a feast-day is *symbel-dæg*. In Ps. lxxxi. 3, we have *symelnys*, a feast-day.

UNREALISED ST. PETER'S.

THE very important publication completed last year by Baron Henry de Geymüller, and entitled 'Les Projets Primitifs pour la Basilique de St. Pierre de Rome,'* enables us to gain more substantial knowledge about the original plans of the architects in two or three hours of quiet study at home than most of us could have got for ourselves by a year's labour in Italian libraries. The history of the work is, briefly, as follows:—It has been suspected for some time by certain persons interested in the intellectual conceptions of great architects, and not absolutely overawed by great masses of stone and mortar, that the early projects for St. Peter's might be as interesting as the one realised, and probably in some respects superior to it. M. de Geymüller shared this idea, at least so far as an intelligent curiosity went, and examined one by one the eight or nine thousand architectural drawings in the Uffizi. At last he hit upon a drawing in sanguine, in a very bad condition, which he recognised as one of Bramante's preliminary projects. Starting from this, Sig. Pini found two other studies by Bramante in the collection of Count B. di Campello at Rome. Sig. Carlo Pini, keeper of drawings and prints at Uffizi, did all he could in various ways to aid M. de Geymüller, and especially permitted him to class together, provisionally, all documents in the royal collection at Florence relating to St. Peter's. The result, in its published form, is an important collection of reproductions and other illustrations in folio (measuring about 25 in. by 18 in.), and a volume of explanatory text in quarto in the German and French languages.

Most of the drawings are reproduced in photogravure, by Dujardin, from negatives taken at Rome by Braun. Some sketches have been traced or copied by M. de Geymüller, and simply autographed from his copies. The restorations, which however liable to criticism, are executed with remarkable care and knowledge, have been etched with most accomplished skill by the author, not at all in the usual style of picturesque etching, but severely, like an architect's drawing. These restorations are often highly interesting, and are necessary to all except professional architects for a proper understanding of the projects.

M. de Geymüller believes that the original idea of St. Peter's, as to the general form of the church, had been suggested to Bramante by the church of San Lorenzo at Milan, with its cupola standing on four apses and its towers at the four angles.

Secondly, he believes that the two principal elements for the solution of the given problem in the direction of Bramante's ideal were supplied by the Pantheon and the Temple of Peace.

Thirdly, that for the construction of the projected edifice Bramante got ideas partly from the church of St. Andrew at Mantua, and partly from antique buildings such as the chapel of Santa Costanza, near Rome.

M. de Geymüller considers Bramante the greatest architect who ever existed, although the ultimate mutilation and disfigurement of his project make it unreasonable to expect everybody to be of the same opinion.

We have not space to go into details, and it would not be possible to argue about them without copious illustration, such as is supplied by M. de Geymüller's own work; but our own impression is, that the plan finally adopted for St. Peter's was the result, not of an advance in taste, but of a decadence. The elements of grace and beauty seem to have been gradually eliminated and to have given place to ideas of weight and mass. Most of the earlier plans had in them the delicacy of mediæval Italian architecture, and this delicacy, in the church which was built at last, is lost in heaviness as the grace of adolescence is lost in portly maturity. We do not precisely know to what degree M. de Geymüller may have authority for all his restorations, but such as he gives them in his drawings, they are almost invariably superior to the existing church in all that constitutes the elegance and charm of architecture. The whole temper of the art seems to have been changed between the time of the first project and the final achievement. Bramante's dream of the greatest ecclesiastical edifice in the world included the desire for refinement; the building was not to be simply big and ornate, it was to be exquisite at the same time. After that the pride of power seems to have gradually eliminated the love of the beautiful. One by one the charming and delicate features disappear, and, as it were by a natural growth, they are replaced by what is only robust. Finally, the building is erected in such a manner as to express the strength and pride of the Papacy, but quite without any amiable condescension to the desire for architectural loveliness. People may be struck by the size and mass of St. Peter's, but it is difficult to imagine how anybody could love such a building with the affection that many of us feel for such exquisite creations as Westminster Abbey or the Sainte Chapelle.

One feature is common to all the schemes and projects. It seems to have been decided from the first that the new cathedral was to have a great dome; and in order to show the dome well from all sides, it was at first intended to have the plan of the building

* Published by Baudry, 15 Rue des Saints Pères, Paris.

in the shape of a Greek cross. The final adoption of the Latin cross, with the long nave, did well for the interior, but injured the dome as seen from the outside. It is interesting to follow, with the help of illustration, the many changes of ground-plan, ending at last in a scheme more nearly resembling that of a Gothic cathedral than any classical building. M. de Geymüller has given a restoration in section, based on Bramante's earlier plan, with the Greek cross and apsidal terminations. In this restoration each bay is divided into three parts—first, a massive arch; then, above that, a light gallery, with balustrade and pillars (answering to the triforium in Gothic churches); and above that an arched wall under the vault, with a circular light in it. To our feeling, this scheme is much more elegant and gives the sense of height better than the later scheme of Bramante, in which (according to M. de Geymüller's restoration) the upper divisions of the bay are done away with, and we have only one arched opening, flanked by great fluted pilasters. The present church is a further development of this latter scheme, the arches and pilasters being huge and heavy, yet at the same time inexpressive of the real dimensions of the building, which smaller parts would have explained more clearly. So with regard to the front. The scheme actually realised is much more substantial than the one which M. de Geymüller gives as founded on the plan of Sangallo, and in some respects it is more imposing; but it is less elegant, and does more harm to the dome behind it, than such a façade as this on Sangallo's plan would have done.

One very important feature is superior in the realised building to all the projects, and that is the dome. The superiority of the present dome may not be felt so strongly inside the building, but outside, and especially from a distance; it has a majesty which the earlier designs could never have attained. They are not without nobleness in their own sober way, and they have certainly much dignity and sobriety, but they want elevation; and to our eyes, accustomed as we are to the grace and beauty of St. Paul's, they look stunted. Perhaps M. de Geymüller will pardon us, as Englishmen, for thinking that the dome of St. Paul's is a better design even than the realised St. Peter's. We do think so, but at the same time we quite acknowledge that St. Peter's is a success, and that as one great object of the Popes was to have a very majestic dome which should be seen for many miles and give a visible grandeur to the seat of the Papacy, they got what they wanted. The earlier conception of the dome, although less aspiring, had a certain simplicity and quaintness, which made it go better with the earlier façades. On the whole, it seems that the realised edifice expresses the ideas of pride and strength better than any of its predecessors, but that amongst those predecessors there were more beautiful and more interesting projects.

The unrealised plans of great architects may have a more practical interest than is generally imagined, and they ought never to be lost sight of and forgotten. There is nothing to prevent their being carried into execution in other places. When so much money is spent in the erection of large new churches, many of which are doomed to be failures from the beginning, it seems a pity that the old schemes of really great men should not be adopted. For example, a huge Renaissance church was erected twenty or thirty years ago at Boulogne, at great cost, and with a result which, from the artistic point of view, is deplorable. There was a fine opportunity for adopting one of the early plans for St. Peter's. A similar opportunity is likely to present itself in England. Liverpool is to have its cathedral, and it has been suggested, we think wisely, that the Liverpool people might employ no less an architect than Sir Christopher Wren, by simply taking his plans for St. Paul's as they were before he was compelled to modify them.

PORTRAIT OF THE BURGOMASTER SIX.

BY REMBRANDT. REPRODUCED BY AMAND DURAND.

THIS very famous plate at once suggests the reflection that the authority of Rembrandt may be quoted for very different kinds of work. He was at the same time one of the most free sketchers and one of the most careful finishers who ever worked on copper. The plate before us is an example of his careful finish in dry-point, with a view to produce a certain effect of dim lighting by reflection in the interior of a room; an effect already given in other plates by the same master, but never with such complete and careful elaboration. The plate is usually spoken of as a pure dry-point; but I am disposed to think that it was first lightly sketched with a fine-point in the etching-ground and bitten, after which it was carried to a conclusion without any further use of acid. We may, however, easily fall into error about Rembrandt's use of dry-point, because he was so dexterous with it that, in his practice, it had almost the freedom of etching.

The original copper itself is still in existence, and M. Charles Blanc has held it in reverent hands as a sacred relic of a great artist; but it is only a relic, it cannot yield acceptable impressions. The copy produced by M. Amand Durand, which we

print to-day, yields prints which come much nearer to fine originals than third or fourth-rate originals themselves.

In this plate Rembrandt was fully successful in producing the kind of effect he aimed at. Without presuming too much on our own interpretation of a great man's purposes, we may, I think, suppose that the technical intention was here subservient to an intellectual one ; and that the penumbra of the room was intended to give an idea of grave and quiet thought, which we do not easily associate with more glaring light. The burgomaster is represented in the tranquillity of solitude, but his solitude is occupied with literature. Six was a scholar and author, of respectable merit in his time, but who, as M. Charles Blanc remarks, would have been forgotten now if Rembrandt had not immortalised him. We like him because he was kind to Rembrandt, and we see from this portrait that he must have had the appearance and style of a gentleman. Six lived to the age of eighty-two, and saw the first months of the eighteenth century.

STYLE.

THE reader may remember the definition given by Reynolds in the Second Discourse,—'Style in painting is the same as in writing, a power over materials, whether words or colours, by which conceptions or sentiments are conveyed.'

This definition is simply technical. Style, here, is technical facility and no more.

In the Third Discourse, Reynolds approaches the question of Greatness of Style, but this time shrinks from a definition on account of its difficulty. 'It is not easy to define in what this great style consists ; nor to describe, by words, the proper means of acquiring it, if the mind of the student should be at all capable of such an acquisition.'

Reynolds then proceeds to express himself as if he believed that greatness of style consisted 'in being able to get above all singular forms, local customs, peculiarities, and details of every kind.'

The first study of the painter who aims at greatness of style should be, according to Reynolds, the 'long, laborious comparison,' which by 'observing what any set of objects of the same kind have in common has acquired the power of discerning what each wants in particular.' The artist so prepared is 'enabled to distinguish the accidental deficiencies, excrescences, and deformities of things from their general figures,' and so 'makes out an abstract idea of their forms more perfect than any original.'

It is evident from these extracts that Reynolds had two distinct conceptions of style, one technical and the other intellectual. The technical conception was simply that of power over materials ; the intellectual was the notion of ideal forms, of which those actually seen were supposed to be imperfect varieties, the variety being itself taken as evidence of deviation and imperfection. As these two conceptions of style are different, so are the notions of the artistic deficiency which is the want of style. Technically it would be insufficient skill in the use of materials ; intellectually it would be a too great individualisation of objects by a too definite marking of their particular characteristics.

We may understand the opinions of Reynolds more clearly by observing how he criticised the style of some one painter. His criticism of Rubens opens much of his own mind to us. Rubens worked 'in a subordinate style ; a style florid, careless, loose, and inaccurate ;' yet 'those qualities which make the excellency of this subordinate style appear in him with their greatest lustre.' Reynolds contrasts this with the 'simple, careful, pure, and correct style' of Nicholas Poussin. In the 'Journey to Flanders and Holland' Reynolds says that the manner of Rubens 'is often too artificial and picturesque for the Grand Style.' Nevertheless, when using the word 'style' with reference to manual skill, in its first sense, he can praise Rubens with less reserve. In speaking of the *St. Justus* he says, 'Every part of this picture is touched in such a style that it may be considered as a pattern for imitation.'

Above the skilful but subordinate style of Rubens was the grand style exemplified in the works of Michelangelo, of which Reynolds fully admitted the exceedingly artificial character :—

> 'It must be remembered that this great style itself is artificial in the highest degree. It pre-supposes in the spectator a cultivated and prepared state of mind. It is an absurdity, therefore, to suppose that we are born with this taste, though we are with the seeds of it, which, by the heat and kindly influence of this genius, may be ripened in us.'

Reynolds was not an exact thinker, his intellect was not sufficiently trained to enable him to theorise quite safely on so difficult a subject as that of style, and his opinion that greatness of style consisted in the preference of the general to the particular, has been easily demolished by Mr. Ruskin ; yet, notwithstanding this logical weakness, the doctrine of Reynolds may be of great utility to us as a starting-point, and it is quite worth our while to try to understand what he really thought. Unless we thoroughly understand the opinions of Reynolds we cannot enter properly into the subject, because his opinions were a necessary stage of advancement in aesthetics, through

which artistic humanity, whether in or out of England, has had to pass before reading the doctrine about style which I shall endeavour to set forth afterwards.

We have seen that Reynolds had two distinct conceptions of style, one technical and the other intellectual. We ought not to confound the two. Let us consider each by itself. Technical style is 'power over materials.' That there may be no mistake about his meaning Reynolds is careful to explain that in the case of the painter he refers to colours, as in the case of an author he would refer to words.

Here, I think, he confounds style with simple skill, whereas the two are far from being identical. I should say that skill is an essential part of technical style, but that skill may exist without style.

It requires great skill to paint like a well-coloured photograph, yet such painting would be remarkable only for the complete absence of style, even technical.

There certainly is such a quality as technical style, as distinguished from intellectual, a quality which has nothing to do with the choice of objects represented, which has nothing to do with composition, or with light and shade, or colour, but which is the grace of the workman in the exercise of his craft. It is what Englishmen of the present day call 'good form' in rowing and other pursuits which are mere modes of motion, and represent nothing. And although painters do not paint in public, although the people do not see whether the artist holds his palette and mahl-stick gracefully or not, still the touches themselves reveal his manual inelegance or grace. A just criticism must always take account of the presence or absence of this manual grace. It presupposes a certain fineness of organization, and a certain virtue, the love of doing things properly. It is charming and admirable in itself, independently of science. A set of oil studies were sent to me lately by a French artist, which did not generally represent very interesting subjects, and were crude in colour, but the elegance of the touch was delightful, so that it became a pleasure to imagine the workman actually using his brush, and the work was so easy to follow that he seemed to be still painting before one with a beautiful facility. Here was real technical style. Of skill without style there are abundant instances, particularly in English and Dutch art. In such cases the painter is quite master of his materials, but does not use them elegantly; just as an equestrian may be master of his horse, and still not ride like a gentleman.

Before quitting the subject of technical style, we must observe that it is by no means limited to one manner. As graceful women are graceful in different ways, each having her own gift which she cultivates by a progress towards its own special perfection; so the grace of manner in painting must vary with the genius of the artist. It is national to begin with, and then individual; one nation differing from another, and after that, within the nation, each person differing from his fellow-countrymen. An enlightened criticism, instead of finding fault with these varieties, would take a pleasure in them, as one of the many means by which Providence relieves the *ennui* of human existence.

It is scarcely necessary to remark that the grace of manner which constitutes technical style must, from its nature, be beyond positive appraisement. Nobody can prove it, and anybody who chooses to deny its existence may do so. The denial is all the easier that the grace in question manifests itself so variously. Again, what seems grace to one critic will look like affectation or bravura to another. There is no fixed standard to appeal to, and we must be content with educating our taste as well as we can; after which there is a probability that although we may make mistakes sometimes, we shall on the whole be likely to appreciate what is good, especially if we have no narrow prejudices to prevent us from recognising different kinds of elegance in workmanship.

Popular artists usually possess technical style which, in some of its manifestations at least, is an exceedingly popular quality. Rubens had it to excess, so that all the work of his own hand is full of it. He enjoyed his own manual ability as a clever violinist enjoys the precision of his own fingering and bowing. In the case of Rubens the accomplishment went far beyond precision, and became what Constable in speaking of Girtin called the 'sword-play of the pencil.' So it did in Franz Hals. In Van Dyck the power is evident also, but not so conspicuous. It was one of the superiorities of Reynolds and Gainsborough. Landseer had it in a remarkable degree. Fortuny had it, in his own way, to such a degree that it made three-quarters of his reputation. Little of it was visible in the early work of Millais, for example, in the *Ophelia;* but his later work is rich in technical style, one of the best instances being the portrait of Madame Bischoffsheim.

Technical style in painting is, to a certain extent, independent of truth; as we all know that it is in literature and oratory. The writer may affirm what is not true in excellent language, the orator may enchant his hearers by beautifully constructed sentences and a seductive voice; whilst at the same time his facts may be erroneous or unfairly presented, and his inferences illogical. So, in painting, the most stylish brushwork is perfectly compatible with ignorance or misrepresentation of nature. Falsehood may be well painted as truth may be badly painted; and it happens unfortunately for the moral side of art that well-painted falsehood has always an incomparably better chance of being admired, and even of being accepted as true, than work of far

higher veracity which is inferior in technical ability. It may even be proved that a high degree of technical style, bold and masterly brushwork, the 'sword-play of the pencil,' does in itself necessarily involve an infinite number of small departures from the truth. Absolutely truthful painting would be without dash of any kind, and would require of the artist such a perpetual strain of attention in following and copying the minute truths of nature, that he would not have mental liberty enough to give him any liberty of hand. But it is not to these minute truths, sacrificed of necessity, that I refer when I say that 'stylish brushwork is perfectly compatible with ignorance or misrepresentation of nature.' I refer to truths of importance which may be, and often have been, neglected by artists who know perfectly well how to manage their brushes and colours.

Style in etching (technical) may come nearer to the original meaning of the word than style in any other modern art, for even in calligraphy the stylus has been replaced by the pen, whereas in etching it has been preserved, and the masterly use of it constitutes style in the most literal sense. This may be noted, in passing, as one of the curiosities of etymology.

Reynolds defined style in painting as identical with the power over words in literature. Buffon went farther, and said that ideas alone are the foundation of style, that verbal harmony is merely accessory and only depends upon the sensibility of our organs. Again, he said that style is only the order and movement which we put in our thoughts. It might, however, be proved that verbal harmony constitutes a sort of technical style in itself, with very little dependence on ideas.

It is needless to pursue this comparison between literature and painting, because there is an initial defect in it which Reynolds does not appear to have noticed. Painting includes a handicraft as well as a fine art, and the perfection of technical style implies perfect skill in the handicraft. In literature it so happens that the handicraft can be separated from the art. For example, the reader of these words benefits by two very highly-developed handicrafts, those of the type-founder and printer, which between them do for these words exactly what the manual skill of an artist does for the details of his picture—they present the words in a clear and agreeable form, which satisfies the eye and enables them to enter readily into the mind. If the reader is disposed to undervalue the artistic importance of printing, he may soon convince himself of his error by trying to read some favourite author in an edition which is inappropriate and in bad taste. The difference of pleasure between reading an author in a suitable and an unsuitable edition is so considerable that every true lover of literature pays close attention to the selection of his editions. It is curious that the work of the type-founder and printer actually makes the ideas of an author clearer than they are in his own manuscript. Not only does it enhance the intellectual beauty of his work, but it brings faults to light, and makes the whole more visible. There is no comparison between typography and the graphic arts in this respect, even those by which drawings are reproduced. All the reproductive processes incur technical loss—in many of them the loss is enormous—whereas manuscript gains by typography, and the author is fortunate in comparison with the draughtsman, because he gains in force as well as clearness through the help given by his mechanical allies.

The comparison of literature with painting would be more accurate if the writer produced his own book materially as well as intellectually, which would be the case if he engraved the text. This has actually been done in several instances: by William Blake, by the French etcher, Martial, and by the English etcher, Mr. Edwin Edwards. There is no intellectual advantage, however, in discarding type, for such writing in reverse has never the mental characteristics of autograph, and written autograph itself more frequently obscures thought than it elucidates it. A case might be imagined in which an author should write out his book in the sort of manuscript which in his opinion would assist its expression most effectually. This may possibly have been done by some patient author before the invention of printing, and if such a piece of labour was ever actually accomplished the scribe would have been doing what painters do every day, addressing himself to the public by a handicraft of his own, without the intervention of a mechanical process.

We may dismiss the subject of technical style in painting with the observation that it may be made the object of too anxious pursuit, to the detriment of higher qualities. The commercial value of it is so great that young artists are often painfully anxious to attain it—an anxiety which is only too natural in an age when the principal object of criticism seems to be to prove that artists do not know their business. There is, I think (and there are very eminent painters who agree with me), a disposition amongst modern critics to throw contempt upon artists for technical failure, when the expression of contempt is either altogether undeserved or else far too harsh for the occasion. Critics who have no practical experience themselves, who do not know in what the technical difficulties of the graphic arts really consist, have no hesitation in attacking men who have spent many years in the contest with these difficulties, precisely on these technical grounds. In most instances of this kind the critic would discover, if he came to know more of the matter, that the artist had been hampered by difficulties which nobody but an artist could fully appreciate, and that he had made some

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compromise or sacrifice, intentionally, so as to preserve as much of one quality as was compatible with the existence of another. Every artist who reads these lines will know at the first glance exactly what I mean. He will know that there is no such thing as *absolute* technical perfection; that sacrifices have always to be made somewhere, and that it is either gross ignorance or grievous injustice in a critic to pounce upon the sacrificed parts, and exhibit their purposeful slightness or dullness as an imperfection which a better workman could have avoided.

We have now to consider something far higher than manual style, but what is also called 'style,' especially on the Continent. It is most important that the reader, if he cares in any way to possess accurate notions of these matters, should clearly establish in his own mind the distinction between these two. It may be made very clearly in words. The style which comes from the dexterity of the hand may be called manual style; that which is due to the mind may be called intellectual style.

Intellectual style in painting consists, first, in noble choice amongst realities. It must be understood that all artists make a choice, and when their selection of material is dictated by a high and severe taste, it is so far a step in the direction of intellectual style.

But beyond this simple choice of material, beyond the preference for fine models in nature, the painter makes a choice of qualities in the models selected. If he has the gift of discernment which leads to intellectual style, he chooses the noblest and best qualities, and dwells upon them, giving attention unwillingly to inferior qualities, and using them only for the sake of contrast or when some moral purpose requires them to be brought into prominence. This, of course, is already a deviation from nature, because a fair and full representation of nature would be impartial, which intellectual art is not.

The deviation from nature by choice of qualities is, however, still slight in comparison with a far more essential alteration which I must now explain.

Intellectual style always includes the results of noble education. The painter who possesses it brings to his work a mind already enriched by the labours of others. He adds something to nature, and that something is the result of accumulated experience and invention. Without tradition there can be no intellectual style, because one human mind is not powerful enough, nor one human life long enough, to develope such a product. Intellectual style is *never* discoverable in the isolated attempts of early masters; it comes only when great schools are passing into their full maturity. It is not nature, but a product of thought and taste. The early masters who arise before style is developed are often much nearer to nature than the painters of style ever care to be. If Albert Dürer and Raphael had sat down to draw a man's leg, and the same leg,

FROM A DRAWING BY RAPHAEL, IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Dürer's drawing would assuredly have been the closer copy of the natural object, which he would have given with all its defects. Raphael, by adding to it the quality of intellectual style, would have failed to secure so accurate a likeness, but would have lifted his drawing into a higher department of art.

It is a mistake, I think, in the French schools of painting to speak of '*le style*' as if there were only one intellectual style, and as if it could be transmitted like a recipe. I have known French classical painters who seemed to think that '*le style*' was just one thing which Raphael, Michelangelo, and Nicolas Poussin, had got hold of in their day, and which Ingres had recovered in ours. They seemed to be-

lieve, too, that by studying these masters they might get possession of the recipe for themselves. If style had been one thing only, then either Raphael or Michelangelo must have been in error, for their two styles differ from each other materially; and there is a great difference also between Raphael and Lionardo da Vinci. We cannot reason safely about this or anything else in art without admitting variety. Intellectual style is sure to be present whenever the natural subject is ennobled by thought and imagination, and enhanced by learning, as we constantly see in poetry, where the poetic artist gives an in-

ST. SEBASTIAN. FROM THE ENGRAVING BY ALBERT DÜRER.

tellectual charm and value to common material objects, and contrives, *àpropos* of this thing or that, to enrich his narrative or description by reference to the elder lore of poetry. The possibilities of adding these qualities to painting or drawing are by no means confined to the arts which deal with the human figure. The gain is more obvious in those arts, but it is not less real in landscape, in which a thoughtful and poetic mind will subtly infuse the results of its own thought and learning, as we see, for example, in the landscapes of Samuel Palmer, from which the intellectual and poetic element is never absent, whilst every such composition is associated in the mind of the artist with noble work in literature and art bequeathed to us by his great predecessors.

The criticism of the eighteenth century had a noble ambition in view with its respect for the Grand Style, though its definitions are imperfect. The reaction against it went too far when some artists of the present century discarded style altogether, and accepted as fine art the most literal rendering of the most commonplace material. We have seen that technical style, or manual skill, in painting can hardly be compared with anything in the work of a writer, because what really corresponds to it in literature is done by printers; but when we come to intellectual style the comparison is fair, and it may help us to understand the value of such style in painting. Everybody knows the difference between poor and bald literature, in which facts are barely stated, and literature of a high order, in which facts are dealt with by the hand of a master, who exhibits them with startling clearness when he chooses, and induces us to give him our attention by enriching his pages with allusions which go far beyond the facts, and have often but a very remote and fanciful connexion with them.

Intellectual style, both in literature and art, is a result of culture. It can only be attained by gifted persons, but the most gifted persons cannot attain it in isolation. The Grand Style is only one of its departments, due to a predominance of the sense of grandeur. Whilst acknowledging the existence of the Grand Style as a noble manifestation of the human mind, we may still admit that painting would soon weary us if it were all in the Grand Style, which is narrowed by want of sympathy with human feeling, and by a want of interest in the various beauty of nature. The mind of Michelangelo is by far the best example of what a human mind may be, when entirely occupied by ideas of grandeur—a noble mind, yet not such as any generally intelligent person would wish to possess. Too exclusively preoccupied by visions of sublimity to enjoy either the humour of life or the beauty of the common world, Michelangelo lived above the zone in which life gives its pleasantest and most varied fruits. It is like living up in the higher Alps, without permission to descend below the level of eternal snow. The nimble genius of Shakespeare seems infinitely preferable, with all his glaring faults; the Grand Style was accessible to Shakespeare, but his spirit did not dwell in it exclusively. He could descend to any level, and interest himself in anything, even in the humblest wild flowers of his native land. And although few subjects, comparatively, are suitable for the Grand Style, every subject in the world that is fit for art at all, may be ennobled by thought and feeling and adorned with learning, so that even in his humblest work the artist is not simply a craftsman. It is Intellectual Style, in one or other of its innumerable manifestations, which raises handicraft into fine art. Without it, all the dexterity in the world is only man's cleverness; with it, the work of the painter and sculptor takes its place beside that of poets and philosophers.

P. G. HAMERTON.

ART CHRONICLE.

THE President of the Royal Academy announced at the opening banquet the revisions and extensions proposed in the Academic scheme of education. Under the sound consideration that 'it is the function of an Academy to foster art, not to multiply artists,' and not to 'permit the idle and the inept to encumber the floor of schools meant for the gifted and the industrious,' it has been resolved to hold an examination at the close of the three years' studentship, which shall determine whether the results justify the continuance of the student in his place. The seven years' term is reduced to six, as practically sufficient for schooling. A modelling class is to be established under a special curator; and instruction will be offered to young architects in the practical modelling of ornament applied to architecture. A prize will be given for engraving from the life, and a scholarship in landscape added to the Turner medal. Most important is the further prize to be given to the student 'who shall best solve the problem of adapting a design to a given space for decoration of a public building.' The prize to be supplemented by a 'modest subvention,' to enable the student to carry out his design on the spot for which it was intended.

THE Institute of Painters in Water-Colours has an exhibition of average excellence, not so strong in figure subjects as sometimes. Mr. Linton contributes two richly-coloured single figures under the titles of *Amy Robsart* and *Janet Foster*. Mr. Edwin Bale's pictures of children *Enid* and *Genevieve* are beautiful as to colour and broad, liquid brush-work. The *Gaywood Almshouses*, by Mr. G. Clausen, and an Israels-like interior, with woman and child, *Qui est-ce?* by Mr. Hugh Carter, deserves record; also, in landscape, the large piece, *Carting Gravel*, by Mr. Collier, and Mr. Aumonier's *Chelsea, from Battersea Park*.

THE series of three sacred pictures on heroic scale, *The Agony in Gethsemane*, *Christ on the Cross*, and *Christ's Appeal*, painted by Madame Avendrup (Edith Courtauld), and exhibited for some months at Messrs. Dowdeswell's gallery, in Bond Street, deserves a permanent record. The painter's thoughts are above her power of artistic expression; yet work of such intensity of devotional spirit is a notable phenomenon in the present day. The large, assured mode of conceiving her subjects, and the power evinced of dealing with grandiose scale, deserve respect. The artist shows an unfortunate tendency to exaggerate the size of hands and feet, in the drawing of which she is also often strangely clumsy, while her technique, though strong, leaves much to be desired. In colour she inclines to be by turns lurid and chilly. Madame Avendrup was, we are told, a pupil of Mr. Herbert, R.A.

MR. BRITON RIVIERE, the painter of subject pictures, in which animals play a chief *rôle* in the drama, and Mr. Frank Holl, who has made a name by scenes of domestic pathos, and by portraiture of exceptional strength, are elected full Academicians.

A PORTRAIT of the Poet Laureate was added in May to the collection of pictures by Mr. Millais, at the gallery of the Fine Art Society, for whom it will be engraved. The scale is life; the figure taken half-length, erect, full-face, wrapped in a blue cloth mantle, from which one hand issues holding a soft hat. The head is pronounced with immense vigour, in an aspect of keen observation; the highest light is on the forehead, the lofty build of which is emphasized, as is also the pendent droop of the brows. The whole impression conveyed is of strength, intellectual and physical. The picture is said to be painted into a ground of fresh white, and has the rapid handling of Mr. Millais' late work.

LAST month we noted that Associateship in the Royal Academy had been conferred on the eminent architect, Mr. William Burges; and now we have sorrowfully to record his death on the 26th of April last, after a brief illness. Mr. Burges was born December 2nd, 1827; he studied first under Mr. Blore, whose office he entered in 1844, and subsequently served a while in the staff of Mr. Digby Wyatt. On commencing his professional career he entered into partnership with Mr. Clutton, with whom he gained the first prize in the international competition for Lille Cathedral, and executed the decoration of the Chapter House at Salisbury. In 1857 he gained the first prize for the design of the Memorial Church at Constantinople, but the commission was transferred to Mr. Street. Other large works entrusted to Mr. Burges were the restoration of Waltham Abbey; the internal decoration of Worcester College, Oxford; and churches at Studley and at Skelton in Yorkshire. But his most important ecclesiastical work was Cork Cathedral, the commission for which he won in public competition, and in carrying out which he was allowed complete supervision down to the most detailed fittings, church furniture, &c. Furthermore, in 1872, Mr. Burges was chosen to prepare a design for the internal decoration of St. Paul's; and the ingenious model which he exhibited at the Royal Academy must be still fresh in remembrance. Other large competitive designs are those of the Law Courts and for Hertford College, United States. It was in 1865 that Lord Bute first employed Mr. Burges in the restoration of Cardiff Castle; where, even up to the time of his death, he continued to elaborate a system of gorgeous architectural and polychromatic detail. At Cardiff, and in the house he recently designed for himself in Kensington, Mr. Burges was able to carry out fully his theories in the application of early secular Gothic to modern uses; and to revel in all the splendid colour and precious material, the inventive devices and minute completeness which to him gave keenest delight. Mr. Burges has left literary and graphic work witnessing to his archæological research and artistic industry; the folio of 'Sketches in France and Italy' is especially prized.

This is not the place in which to speak of the social qualities—the fidelity in friendship, the generous kindliness, simple-hearted geniality, and quaint humour, which endeared William Burges to his intimates. But those who are competent to speak bear witness to his worth as an artist, to his profound knowledge, his wealth of inventive resource, his untiring activity, his entire single-heartedness in his work. He had not surmises but convictions, and was fired by a fine enthusiasm. To be true to his art was with him a first consideration, before any question of worldly advancement or substantial reward. Had he been less true he might have been, in a common sense, more successful. But, as it is, he has left monuments which will remain as witness to his genius while fickle generations come and go.

THE Royal Academy exhibition contains this season over eleven hundred pictures, of which some two hundred and seventy are water-colour drawings. Out of this number it is not possible to put upon record all that deserve remark; we can only begin this month to chronicle the most prominent by intrinsic excellence, or through the established repute of the artists.

To the pictures by the President, already noted here while in progress, we have to add a characteristic group of lovers, clinging together in hazy twilight, talking in *Whispers;* also, *Elisha raising the son of the Shunamite*, in which the artist has brought out, with dignity and much pathos, the contrast between the aged prophet and the little dead child over whom he bows down, heart to heart, and mouth to mouth. The compactness of the design is notable, and the beautiful modelling of the child's tender, wan face.

Mr. Alma-Tadema's one picture, *Sappho*, takes us to the semi-circular curve of an open marble theatre; above is the sky of Greece, and below the deep blue sea. Sappho, amid her companions, sits, leaning both arms on a stone table, upon which lies a laurel crown, and listens to a poet who chants to his lyre. The types are Roman, not Greek; the delightful sentiment of the scene is realised by aid of all the artist's faculty for imitative detail and actuality.

Mr. Long has achieved, among artists at least, a *succès d'estime* by his *Diana or Christ*, while popular interest has been

attracted strongly to the dramatic manner in which he has presented the incident of a Christian girl unmoved by entreaty of her lover, or fear of death, to offer one grain of incense at the shrine of Diana, and escape martyrdom thereby. The picture contains many skilfully-grouped figures in half-length, not much short of life-size.

Sir John Gilbert's *Fair St. George*, with the princess holding the conquered dragon by her girdle, is a large, upright picture, having the splendid colour and costume of a Venetian altar-piece. Pendent to it is the thoughtful *Symbol*, by Frank Dicksee—an Italian mediæval gallant and his lady-love arrested in their joyous passage by an old vendor of relics, who holds up the sorrowful image of the crucifix. Mr. Calderon has achieved a *tour de force* in his large decorative painting, *Flowers of the Earth;* so dazzling is the white sunshine on his terraces, so forcible in round relief and flashing colour are the maidens and the rose garlands, that all other pictures look by contrast 'dim and religious.'

Mr. Poynter has elaborated with exceeding care the face and draped bust of *Helen;* the details of the jewelled costume are painted with a close and learned realism. The colour of the picture, which inclines to an ashy tone, and the hardness of the manner, are placed at disadvantage by the immediate neighbourhood of Sir F. Leighton's golden and transparent *Idyll.* Mr. Watts is represented by several portraits, notably by that of *Matthew Arnold, Esq.*, who seems to look from the canvas gloomily as the prophet of whatever gospel may be the reverse of 'sweetness and light;' and by a half-length of *Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A.*, in his red University robes.

Mr. Millais exhibits seven portraits, of which must be recorded the unfinished half-length of the late *Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G.*, the masterly likeness of the *Rev. John Caird*, and the *Bishop of Manchester*. Mr. Millais has also a charming little *Cinderella*, one of his plaintive child-studies, and resembling her of the *Sweetest Eyes ever Seen*, in the Grosvenor Gallery. Mr. Orchardson's only contribution is a portrait, and a remarkable one, of *Mrs. Winchester Clowes*, a lady with a Siddons-like profile and golden hair, dressed in white, reclining on the corner of a sofa. The tone of the picture is of yellows, yellow-greens, and whitish-greys. Mr. Orchardson has never more fully shown himself the artist than here, although there are many points of eccentric manner in the execution. Mr. Boughton supplements his Puritan heroine, *Rose Standish*, in the Grosvenor Gallery, by *Hester Prynne*, wearing the 'scarlet letter,' and knocking for admittance at a house infected by pestilence. The artist has also an effective portrait called *Kitty;* and two scenes in Holland,—*Scheveningen*, and a *Dead City of the Zuider Zee*, delicately truthful. All his work this year is even and good, within the limits of refined tertiary tones and suggestive sentiment, which are his *cachet*. His admission to full title in the Academy cannot be long delayed.

Mr. Briton Riviere has a place on the line in the third room for *A Roman Holiday*. On the sandy arena a gladiator has died to please the people, and lies prone, face downwards; he has killed one tiger in his death-struggle, and another beast is skulking viciously round the ring. The animals are splendidly painted, the man decidedly is not. The picture, as usual, is effective in narrative power.

In the cause of high art Mr. Armitage has painted a colossal swarthy-skinned *Samson* holding a lion mid air, where he 'rent him as he would have rent a kid.' Also in the third room are, from his hand, a series of small subjects illustrating the seven labours of *Christian Charity*.

Mr. Herkomer returns to the style which won popular recognition in *Missing*, a scene at Portsmouth Dockyard, where old and young—fathers, mothers, sweethearts, and little ones—crowded at the gates for news of the 'Atalanta,' gone down with their brightest hopes on board. This is a picture of incident underlaid by strong and heart-thrilling pathos; the painter has gathered his old force, and on ground where he stands firmly.

THE summer exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery has brought forward many pictures of exceptional interest. The place of honour in the large room has been assigned to the large work of monumental gravity by Professor Richmond, which illustrates the parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins at the point when the cry goes forth, 'Behold, the Bridegroom cometh.' The design is novel: the slumbering or tardily-aroused virgins are grouped about the sunken centre of the palace entrance, while their wiser sisters pace onwards towards the light of the Master's coming along a raised passage that runs between columns and beneath a roof of woven vine-branches in fruit athwart the picture. To the right one figure kneels in rapt adoration, to the left, one, fearing to be late, bounds forward, her drapery floating about her. Behind, seen through the colonnade, the dawn breaks slowly upon the eastern mountains, the pale light glimmers upon the grey marble of the palace entrance and on the soft red, green, and saffron draperies. The composition of this picture is very careful in the balance maintained between the curving lines of the figures and the strong upright and horizontal masses of the architecture; the colour is studiously reticent, the figures treated with some severity. But thought underlies the whole design, which abounds in grave beauty. Mr. Richmond sends to the exhibition many portraits of distinctive character, harmonious, and rich colour. Most notable are, perhaps, *H. R. H. the Marchioness of Lorne*, a portrait of exceptional style and refinement, and the intellectual rendering of the half-length seated figure of the *Lord Bishop of Salisbury*. There is much good portraiture in the gallery; to be remembered are, *Mrs. Kate Perugini*, by Mr. Millais, R.A., a figure in transparent black drapery, back turned to the onlooker, the head seen in profile, with bright tawny hair and fresh flesh-tints; *T. H. Farrer, Esq.*, by Mr. Holl, strong and pronounced; a lovely *Mrs. Sartoris*, by Sir F. Leighton; and *The Lady Lawrence*, by Mr. Collier, a happy example of elegant likeness painting. In the block of pictures by Mr. Watts, R.A., most of which have been seen and recorded before, there is the noble and typical portrait of the late *Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe*. Creditable to the painters are the child, *Alice, Daughter of F. Pollock, Esq.*, by Mrs. John Collier, a vigorous piece of work anyway, and the study of *J. Comyns Carr*, by Mr. C. E. Hallé. The command of technical means which Mr. Holman Hunt uses with conscientious labour he has exercised upon a half-length portrait of *Professor Owen*, in scarlet robes. The result is a striking display of powerful and assailant literalism. Some critics have expressed great admiration for Mr. Gregory's portrait of *Edith Maude, daughter of C. J. Galloway, Esq.;* the ivory satin dress has certainly obtained the painter's skilful manipulation, and distracts attention from the robust physical characteristics of the lady wearer. The portraiture of Mr. Herkomer, A.R.A., in his likeness of *Professor Ruskin*, aims at the intellectuality which distinguishes the work of Mr. Watts and Mr. Richmond. How far as a satisfactory reading of so difficult a subject Mr. Herkomer succeeds has been noted when the etched plate appeared; the modelling of the features does not strike one as happy in the picture, the mouth especially showing indecision.

In imaginative work the ideal head entitled *The Wife of Pygmalion*, by Mr. Watts, R.A., has been seen on Academy walls, and to many the *Endymion visited by Diana*, and the design, *The Genius of Greek Poetry*, are familiar. Mr. Watts exhibits other pictures, among them a portrait of *Miss Venetia Bentinck*, being a study of colour, red upon red; also there is a sketch of *The Carrara Mountains*, taken from the Leaning Tower at Pisa, suggestive of the peculiar, brilliant colour under sunshine and the accentuated forms of marble mountain. Miss Pickering testifies to her steady advance within the school of early Tuscan traditions fostered by Mr. Burne Jones and Mr. Stanhope. *The Grey Sisters*, taken from Faust, is remarkable for power of expression in face and gesture, and for beautiful modelling of hands and feet. The *Angel of Death*, a female figure, with sweeping russet robes, great pinions, and a scythe in right hand, is represented stooping tenderly over a young girl seated on a rock, who looks up with a plaintive confidence, and places both hands in the clasp of the angel. The artist shows in either picture poetic grasp of no ordinary kind. Her technique is excellent, and she uses gold as ground or in touches with fine effect, and employs isolated tints of sombre richness with true

sense of harmony. A picture by Mr. Armstrong, *The Flight into Egypt—a Riposo*, should be recorded for the singularly delicate unity of sentiment, design, and bloomy colour which, with a slightly conventionalised manner of treatment, as in the foliage and in the textureless drapery, and under some peculiar medium used, combine to produce an impression that hardly seems justified on dissection of the artistic elements.

Mr. Albert Moore is so rare an exhibitor, that it is the greater pleasure to chronicle a fine example of his beautiful decorative style. *Blossoms* is a female figure, draped in pale red and pink, with a cap of black over golden hair, standing against a background of grey starred with white may-blossom, white drapery lying in broken folds upon a couch at low dado level, and a red curtain parted overhead.

Mr. Britten has essayed a *Flight of Helen*, presumably meant for decorative purposes; if so, we may indicate his manner as at the antipodes to the gentle severity of design and studiously delicate colour-harmony of Mr. Moore. Mr. Matthew Hale shows some power of dealing picturesquely with large scale, and broken fresh colour, in his rather affected rendering of the Franche-Comté ballad *Les trois Princesses*. Mr. Crane exhibits two ingenious and fanciful designs, *A Legend of Bambro' Castle*, and *Europa*. Sir Coutts Lindsay occupies one end of the large gallery with an ambitious picture of *The Boat of Charon*, wherein he deals with the difficulties of representing many life-size figures in strong action, mostly undraped. The colour recalls that of Géricault, and the work shows considerable technical knowledge.

The two Slade Professors, Mr. Poynter, R.A., and Mr. Legros, contribute; the latter artist one of his rapid and powerful sketches—*Study of the Head of an Old Man*, also *An Old Wood-burner*, in his naturalistic manner: Mr. Poynter has a small sketch-portrait of *Lady Wenlock*, a play upon bright blue modern dress; and a fine and unusual head of *Judith*, of cruel and voluptuous type, strongly put upon canvas.

In landscape, the delicate and true records of Roman scenery by Mr. R. Corbett deserve to be remembered; Signor Costa sends a good bit on the *Venetian Lagoon;* Miss Montalba, an artistic study of a *Dalmatian Boat*, which might aptly have been called a 'variation in silver and gold,' after Mr. Whistler's vocabulary; Mr. Parsons has on the line a piece of fresh and broadly-painted park scenery—water and *Water-lilies*, which last give a title to the picture; Mr. Cecil Lawson gives 'impressions,' more or less vivid within the limits of the sombre colour through which he transcribes Nature, of the *Valley of Desolation, Yorkshire; Wharfdale;* and *A Wet Moon, Old Battersea*. Mr. Henry Moore casts a glow of sunset over smooth waters in *Kilbrennan Sound;* Mr. Henry paints with striking effect the town and bay of *Oporto* under strong western light; finally, Mr. Herkomer occupies a large amount of wall space by a picture of the *Gloom of Idwal*—a vigorous piece of generalised detail, strong contrasts of solid purple cliff and pale sky, sweeps of bronze-gold moor, and dark valley gathering mystery as evening falls. Mr. Herkomer has been at greater pains than heretofore to treat this subject with some deference to the accepted standards of landscape composition, and he has aimed at definite poetical effect. It is to be regretted that he has not been wholly successful in some points for which he has evidently striven—the suggestion of space, and the atmospheric beauty of evening skies, and drift of vapour fired by sunset.

We have received from Messrs. Sotheran an elegant folio of designs by Mr. Walter Crane, fifty-two in number, illustrating a fairy masque entitled 'The First of May.' The original drawings were executed in pencil, and the reproductions are in reduced fac-simile by the photogravure of Messrs. Goupil. The text is only a thread on which to string the designs. It narrates in dramatic form a tale of two sylvan lovers, their quarrel and reconciliation through kindly intervention of Angelica, the Queen of the Fairies, and her attendants: the villains of the piece are a priestly Marplot and the spirits of evil, Mandrake and his crew. It will be inferred that Mr. Crane again caters for the children's library-table; but these artistic inventions, of course, aim at pleasing their elders. His material—fairies draped and undraped, bad spirits with the heads of reptiles or beasts and bodies human or 'transitional,' elves, village children, swains, maidens, blossoms, birds, insects, sun, moon, and stars: Mr. Crane combines and recombines them all with wondrous variety and fertility of invention. The plates are unequal, both in design and execution: the best, those which deal least with the nude human form (for the artist has not accurate power of drawing) and most with ingenious reciprocities between elves and the living creatures in woods and dells, or with pastoral scenes of festivity. One design, No. XXXIX., of nondescript beings rushing after their leader, Mandrake, is strong in expression of characteristic movement. Plate VII. abounds in quaint midsummer fancies. Indeed, Mr. Crane's head seems to swarm with harmless and pretty devices.

Among methods of engraving recently revived is the combination of etching and mezzotint employed by Turner in the *Liber Studiorum*. Mr. Seymour Haden's plates in this manner are no doubt known to many of our readers. A series of six landscape subjects has just been engraved by Mr. Thomas Huson, and published by Mr. Holden, of Liverpool, in which the capabilities of this method are shown with some success. Skies, which can only be rendered with much labour in etching, are exactly suited to the freedom of mezzotint, while the strong lines of etching give definition to objects in the foreground. The plates are printed in a warm brown—somewhat too warm, in our opinion.

The Autotype Company has issued a second part of Mr. R. Elmore's *Liber Naturæ*, containing reproductions of four studies from nature, printed in a sepia tint. The originals were evidently painted in oil monochrome, and the autotypes render them so closely that at a little distance the appearance of brush-work is almost deceptive.

Mr. Edward Whymper's recent famous ascents of Chimborazo and Cotopaxi have drawn attention once more to his extraordinary skill as a mountaineer. Unfortunately, mountaineering is scarcely the subject for the Portfolio, unless we undertook to illustrate it, so that our notice of Mr. Whymper's book must be shorter than it would have been if our hearty admiration for his manly qualities had full scope. Mr. Edward and Mr. J. W. Whymper are both wood-engravers, and it is to their skill in that art that the illustrations in this volume, so far as the engraving is concerned, are due. They were drawn on the wood by H. J. Boot, Gustave Doré, C. Johnson, J. Mahoney, J. W. North, P. Skelton, W. G. Smith, C. J. Staniland, and J. Wolf,—we presume from sketches or suggestions by Mr. Whymper, often aided by photography. That part of landscape design which deals with Alpine scenery has immensely advanced in the present century. When we compare such landscapes as *The Grandes Jorasses and the Dorre Torrent from the Italian Val Ferret* with the illustrations to De Saussure's volumes, we see as great an advance in natural truth as that from a crusader's rude map to an Ordnance survey. Even the smallest illustrations here, such as the little round one on page 255 of the *Western Side of the Col de Talèfre*, are exceedingly true so far as they go. This one is not quite two inches in diameter, yet it gives a good notion of a vast scene high in the Alps, with the dark rocky masses emerging from the snow, which is pale even in shadow. A large cut of *The Crags of the Matterhorn during the Storm, Midnight, Aug. 10, 1863*, is interesting as an example of the judicious and truthful use of flat black in modern wood-engraving. The sky is a space of impenetrable night, except where the flash of lightning illuminates the edges of the clouds. Mr. Whymper's taste, or rather passion, for mountain-climbing, has taken him into many of the very grandest scenes in nature, but they are not by any means the best adapted for the purposes of art. In his case we imagine that the mountaineer has overcome the artist, which does not surprise us when the natural gifts and acquired skill are such as to make the hardest climbing a healthy pleasure. Let us add that Mr. Whymper writes well. His style is not flowery, but clear and accurate, the sentences being well charged with the results of careful observation. That is quite the right style for books of this description.

FISHING-BOATS OFF THE COAST OF HOLLAND (SCHEVENINGEN).

PAINTED BY WILLIAM HENRY HILLIARD. ETCHED BY R. KENT THOMAS.

OFTEN as Dutch fishing-boats have been painted, it is likely that they will be painted by many artists yet, as their clumsy forms are better adapted to pictorial treatment than the most elegant masterpieces of the yacht-builder. It does, however, seem as if Mr. Hilliard, in his desire to express the massiveness and heaviness which characterise Dutch boat-building, had rather exaggerated one thing—the thickness of the spars, especially of the yards; but the artist's own nautical experience is, no doubt, a guarantee against any serious error. For the rest, it seems to us that there is a great deal of life and motion in Mr. Hilliard's picture, and that it well conveys the impression of cloudy and gusty weather with changeful effects on sky and sea, a shower in one place and sunshine in another, tossing water and shifting wind.

When we come to know the biographies of artists we often find an explanation of their choice of subject. Mr. Hilliard is not exclusively a marine painter; landscape is his principal subject; but it is natural that the sea should interest him, as he has been a sailor. It is natural, too, that Dutch things should interest and attract him, for he is descended on the maternal side from an old Dutch family, the Van der Heydens, to which the famous painter Jan Van der Heyden also belonged.

Mr. Hilliard was born at Auburn, New York, in 1836. His parents were poor, and his father apprenticed him to a shoemaker; but the young apprentice had no taste for his craft, and was perpetually making rude drawings. The rest of his story may be better told in the words of one of his American friends:—

'He ran away from the shoemaker, and went to sea as a common sailor. After many hardships and a shipwreck, from which he barely escaped with life, he abandoned the sea, and returned to his family, who had removed to the state of Ohio. Here, at Landusky, he made the acquaintance of Mr. C. L. Derby, of the "Cosmopolitan Art Union," to whom he showed his drawings and crude attempts to paint from nature. Mr. Derby thought they evinced sufficient talent to be encouraged, and through his kindly interest Mr. Hilliard was admitted to the drawing-school of that Society, and received his first instruction, in return for which he washed brushes and did various things for the pupils. His improvement was rapid, and with the insight thus obtained he began to paint in oils, and tried to open a way for himself as an artist. After many struggles and varying successes in Western towns, he removed to New York, where he opened a studio, gaining some praise from critics and commissions from friends.

'About this time inducements were offered to New York artists to go to Chicago, where some of the wealthy citizens had erected a Fine Art Academy. Mr. Hilliard was among the number who accepted the offer, and he found sufficient encouragement in Chicago to enable him to come abroad for the first time in 1870. At Paris he showed his studies to Lambinet, under whose direction he concluded to place himself; but in the unfortunate year of the Franco-German war it was not possible to remain long in France, so Mr. Hilliard went to England and passed some time in making studies among the lakes and mountains of the Scottish Highlands.

'After returning to America, and going back to Chicago, Mr. Hilliard had the great misfortune to lose his foreign studies and many unfinished pictures in the great fire of October, 1871. After the fire he went again to New York, and while on a sketching tour in Massachusetts he met a gentleman, Mr. James Leighton, who induced him to settle in Boston, where he soon found admirers. A small gallery was arranged at the business house of Palmer, Bachelder, and Co., for the sale of Mr. Hilliard's pictures which were appreciated. At the end of two years he determined to return to Paris, where he now lives. Having studied under well-known painters, such as Eugène Cicéri and François Français, he passed a winter in Algeria and Italy, and a summer on the coasts of France and Holland, constantly making studies from nature.'

To this account of Mr. Hilliard's varied experience we may add that, so far as we know his work, we feel justified in saying that he has made great progress during the last two or three years, and is likely to take a good position amongst the hard-working and able American artists who have sought to improve their practice by studying in Europe.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF LANCASHIRE.

VII.—*The Inland Scenery, south of Lancaster.*

SCENERY more diversified than that of Lancashire, taking the Duddon as its northern boundary, does not exist in any other English county. For the present we shall keep to the portion south of the Lune, leaving the Lake District for a second article, to which may also be left the little that has to be said concerning the shore south of that river. The eastern parts have charms quite as decided as those of the north, though of a character totally different. Every acknowledged element of the picturesque may be discovered there, sometimes in abundance. The only portion of the county entirely devoid of landscape beauty is that which is traversed by the Liverpool and Southport Railway, not unjustly

described as the dullest in the kingdom. The best that can be said of this dreary district is, that at intervals it is relieved by the cheerful hues of cultivation. Nothing must be expected upon the edge of Cheshire. 'The Mersey,' as Pennant remarked eighty or ninety years ago, 'is by no means a pleasing water.' The country bordering upon it, he might have added, appeals very slenderly to the imagination; and most assuredly, since the old topographer passed along, Nature has made no change for the better as regards the river, while man has done his best to efface every attraction it may once have owned. From Liverpool, eastwards to Manchester, and northwards to the banks of the Ribble, excepting at some distance from the sea, the ground is nearly level. Newborough, and the vicinity, where the tourist, starting from the modern Tyre, first mounts the green hills of Lancashire, presents a remarkable contrast to the plains beneath. Here the country begins to grow really beautiful, and thenceforward it constantly improves. Some of the slopes are treeless, and smooth as a lawn; others are broken by deep and wooded glades, with streamlets bound for the Douglas, an affluent of the Ribble, one of the loveliest dells of the kind in South Lancashire occurring near Gathurst. On the summits, at Ashurst particularly, a sweet and pleasant air always 'invites our gentle senses.' Here, too, we get our first lesson in what may be truly said, once for all, of Lancashire, —that wherever the ground is sufficiently bold and elevated, we are sure not only of fine air and an extensive prospect, but a glorious one. At Ashurst, while Liverpool is not too far for the clear discerning of its towers and spires, in the south are plainly distinguished the innumerable Delamere pines, rising in dark masses, like islands out of the sea; and far away, beyond the Dee, the soft swell of the hills of North Wales, Moel Vamma never failing. This celebrated eminence, almost as well known in South Lancashire as in Denbighshire, may be descried even at Eccles, four or five miles, or thereabouts, from the Manchester Exchange.

Eastwards of the great arterial line of railway which, running from Manchester to Lancaster, through Bolton and Preston, almost exactly bisects the county, the scenery, if not everywhere fine and imposing, is at all events rich in the eloquent features which come of wild and interminable surges of broad and massive hill, often rocky, with heights of fantastic form, the irregularities giving token, in their turn, of deep chasms and clefts, that subdivide into pretty lateral glens and moist hollows, crowded with ferns. The larger glens constitute the 'cloughs' so famous in local legend, and the names of which recur so frequently in Lancashire literature. As Yorkshire is approached, the long succession of beautiful uplands increases in volume, rising, at last, in parts, to a maximum altitude of nearly 1900 feet. Were a survey possible from overhead, the scene would be that of a great tempest-ruffled ocean, the waves suddenly made solid.

Very much of this vast hill-surface consists of desolate, heathery, unsheltered moorland. The amount of unreclaimed land still existing in Lancashire, and which must needs remain for ever as it is, constitutes, in truth, one of the striking characteristics of the county. Not merely in the portion now specially under notice are there cold and savage wastes such as laugh the plough to scorn. The 'fells' of the more northern districts present enormous breadths of similar character, incapable of supporting more than the poorest aboriginal vegetation, affording only the scantiest pasturage for a few scattered mountain-sheep, thus leaving the farmer without a chance. In itself, the fact, of course, is in no degree remarkable, since there are plenty of hopeless acres elsewhere. The singular circumstance is the association of so much barrenness with the stupendous industries of the busiest people in the world. It is but in keeping, after all, with the general idea of old England,—

'This precious gem, set in the silver sea,'—

the pride of which consists in the constant blending of the most diverse elements. If we have grim and hungry solitudes, rugged and gloomy wildernesses, not very far off, be sure there is graceful counterpoise in placid and fruitful vale and mead. Lancashire may not supply it. The soil and climate, though good for potatoes, are unfriendly to the cerealia. There is no need either to be so precise; the set-off is never far beyond the borders.

A few miles beyond Bolton the hills begin to rise with dignity. Here we find far-famed and far-seen Rivington Pike, conspicuous, like Ashurst, through ascending almost immediately out of the plain. 'Pike' is in Lancashire, and in parts of the country closely adjacent, the equivalent of Peak, the highest point of a hilly neighbourhood, though by no means implying an exactly conical or pyramidal figure, and very generally no more than considerable elevation, as in the case of the 'Peak of Derbyshire.' Rivington Pike deserves its name, presenting from many points of view one of those beautiful, evenly swelling, and gently rounded eminences, which the ancient Greeks were accustomed to call τιτθοι and μαστοι, as in the case of the classic mound at Samos which Callimachus connects so elegantly with the name of the lady Parthenia. There are spots, however, where the mamelon disappears. From all parts of the summit the prospect is delightful. Under our feet, unrolled like a carpet, is a beautiful and verdant flat, which stretches unbrokenly to the sea-margin, twenty miles distant, declared, nevertheless, by a soft, sweet gleam of silver or molten gold, according to the position

of the sun in the heavens. The estuary of the Ribble, if the tide be in, renews that lovely shining; and in the remote distance, if the atmosphere be fairly clear, fifty or sixty miles away, the nearer of the grand mountains that overlook Coniston Water come in view. Working Lancashire, though it has lakes of its own, has made others! From the summit of Rivington we now look down upon half-a-dozen immense reservoirs, so charmingly located that to believe them the work of man is scarcely possible. Fed by the inflow of several little streams, and no pains taken to enforce straight margins, except when necessary, these beautiful waters exemplify in the best manner how art and science are able at times to recompense nature,

> 'Leaving that beautiful which always was,
> And making that which was not.'

After heavy and continuous rain, the overflow gives rise to grand waterfalls. Up in the glen called Deanwood there is also a natural and nearly permanent cascade.*

The eastern slopes of the Rivington range descend into the spacious and remarkable valley which, beginning just outside Manchester, extends nearly to Agricola's Ribchester, and in the Roman times was a soldiers' thoroughfare. In this valley lie Turton, Darwen, and Blackburn. The hills, both right and left, again supply prospects of great extent, and are especially attractive through containing many fine recesses, sometimes as round as amphitheatres. Features of much the same kind pertain to the nearly parallel valley in which Summerseat nestles, with the pleasurable additions that come of care to preserve and to compensate in case of injury. By this route we may proceed, for variety, to Whalley, the Mecca of the local archæologist; thence on to Clitheroe, and to the foot of famous Pendle. At Whalley we find 'Nab's Hill,' to ascend which is pastime enough for a summer's evening. Inconsiderable in comparison with some of its neighbours, this favoured eminence gives testimony once again to the advantages conferred by situation and surroundings, when the rival claims consist in mere bulk and altitude. Lord Byron might have intended it in the immortal lines:—

> 'Green and of mild declivity, the last,
> As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such,
> Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
> But a most living landscape.'

Westwards, from the summit, the eye ranges, as at Rivington, over a broad champaign, the loveliest of the district, the turrets of princely Stonyhurst rising amid a green throng of oaks and beeches. In the north it rests upon the flanks of distant Longridge, the nearer scene delightfully accentuated by the ruined keep of the ancient castle of the Norman De Lacys. On the right towers Pendle itself, most massive of English mountains, its 'broad bare back' literally 'upheaved into the sky;' and completing the harmonious picture—since no landscape is perfect without water—below runs the babbling Calder. Nab's Hill has been planted very liberally with trees. How easy it is for good taste to confer embellishment!

Pendle, the most distinguished and prominent feature in the physical geography of Mid-Lancashire, is not, like mountains in general, broken by vast defiles, but fashioned after the manner of the Dundry range in Somersetshire, presenting itself as a huge and almost uniform green mound, several miles in length, and with a nearly level sky-line. Dundry, however, is much less steep. The highest point is at the upper or north-east extremity, stated by the Ordnance Survey to be 1850 feet above the sea. The superficial extent is estimated at 15,000 statute acres, or about 25 square miles, including the great gorge upon the southern side called Ogden Clough—a broad, deep, and mysterious-looking hollow, which contributes not a little to the fine effect of this gigantic hill as seen from the Yorkshire side.

The slope which looks upon Yorkshire marks the boundary of the famous 'forest of Pendle,' a territory of nearly 25,000 acres—not to be understood as now or at any former period, covered with great and aged trees, but simply as a tract which, when the property was first apportioned, lay *ad foras*, or outside the lands deemed valuable for domestic purposes, and was left undisputed to the wild animals of the country. Immense breadths of land of this description existed in England in early times, and in no part was the proportion larger than in Lancashire, where many of the ancient 'forests' still retain their primitive appellation, and are peculiarly interesting in the marked survival among the inhabitants of the language, manners, and customs of their ancestors. Generally speaking, these ancient 'forests' are distinguished also by dearth of primitive architecture and of rude primæval fences, the forest laws having forbidden all artificial hindrances to the chase, which in the refuges thus afforded to 'deer,' both large and small, had its most ample and enjoyable scope.

From the summit of Pendle, all that is seen from Nab's Hill, now diminutive, is renewed on a scale of the utmost grandeur. The glistening waters of the Irish Sea in the far west; in the north the mountains of Westmoreland; proximately the smiling valleys of the Ribble, the Hodder, and the Calder; and, turning to the east, the land as far towards the German Ocean as the powers of the eye can reach. When the atmosphere is in its highest state of transparency

* These great reservoirs belong to the Liverpool Waterworks, which first used them in January, 1857. The surface, when they are full, is 500 acres. Another magnificent reservoir, a mile in length, for local service, may be seen at Entwistle, near Turton.

the glorious view includes the towers of York Minster. Well might the old historian of Whalley commend the prospect from mighty Pendle as one upon which 'the eye, the memory, and the imagination, rest with equal delight.' To the same author we owe the showing that the common Lancashire term Pendle-*hill* is incorrect, seeing that the sense of 'hill' is already conveyed, as in Penmanmawr and Penyghent. 'Nab's Hill' would seem to involve a corresponding repetition, 'nab' being a form of the Scandinavian *nebbé* or *nibba*, a promontory—as in Nab-scar, near Rydal, and Nab-crag, in Patterdale.

All these grand peaks and soaring masses belong essentially to the great family group reached another way is unique, though often charmingly redeemed by innumerable green fern-plumes on the borders. The naturalist's enjoyment is further promoted by the occurrence, not infrequently, of calamites and other fossils. The ascent to the crest of Blackstone Edge is by no means arduous. Attaining it, provided the atmosphere is free from mist, the prospect—now an old story—is once again magnificent, and, as at Rivington, made perfect by water. Nowhere, perhaps, in England has so much landscape beauty been provided artificially, and *undesignedly*, by the construction of great reservoirs, as in the country of twenty miles radius around Manchester. The beautiful sheets of water at Lymm and Taxal belong

THE LAKE AT LITTLEBOROUGH.

time by going from Manchester to Littleborough. Littleborough lies at the base of that once-again-majestic mountain range called Blackstone Edge, so lofty (1553 feet), and, when climbed, so impressive in all its circumstances, that we seem to be pacing the walls of an empire. All the topmost part is moorland; below, or upon the sides, there is abundance of the picturesque; precipitous crags and rocky knolls, receding dells and ravines, occurring frequently. Many of the dells in summer bear witness to the descent in winter of furious torrents, the broad bed of the now tiny streamlet that falls from ledge to ledge, being strewed with stones and boulders, evidently washed down from the higher channel by the vehement water, heedlessly tossed about, and then abandoned. The desolate complexion of these winter-torrent gullies (in Lancashire phrase, 'water-gaits') in its respectively to Cheshire and Derbyshire. Independently of those at Rivington, Lancashire excels both in the romantic lake under Blackstone Edge, well known to every pleasure-seeker as 'Hollingworth.' The measurement round the margin is at least two miles; hills almost completely encircle it, and as seen from the Edge, near Robin Hood's crags, so utterly is it detached from all that pertains to towns and cities as to recall the remotest wilds beyond the Tweed. Hollingworth Lake was constructed about eighty years ago, with a view to steady maintenance of the Rochdale Canal

Looking westwards from the Robin Hood pinnacles, the prospect includes the valleys of the Roch and the Spodden, the last-named stream in parts wild and wilful. At Healey, its walls of rock appear to have been riven at different times. Here, struggling

through a lengthened and tortuous cleft, and forming more than one lively cascade before losing itself in the dingle below, so plainly does the water seem to have forced a passage, asserting mastery over all impediments, that in the vernacular this spot is called the 'Thrutch.' The first phrase heard in a Lancashire crowd is, 'Where are you thrutching?' and to a Lancashire man such metaphors come naturally. The pressibly noble, comprehending, to the north, almost the whole of Craven, with Ingleborough, and the wilds of Trawden Forest. The nearer portions of the Lake District mountains, now familiar, are discernible, and on sunny evenings, when the river is full, once more the bright-faced estuary of the Ribble. The view reaches also to North Wales and Derbyshire, the extremities of this great map being at least sixty miles asunder.

WATERFALL IN CLIVIGER.

perennial attrition of the broken and impending rocks causes many of them to terminate in sharp ridges, and in one part has given birth to the 'Fairies' Chapel.' The streams spoken of have their beginning in the lofty grounds which intervene between Rochdale and Cliviger, and amid which occur the grand summits called Hades Hill and Thieveley Pike. The last named, in the bygones, served the important use of a station for beacon-fires, signalling on the one hand to Pendle, on the other to Buckton Castle. The prospect from the top, 1474 feet above the sea, is inex-

Cliviger, after all, is the locality which most astonishes and delights the visitor to this part of Lancashire. Soon after quitting Rochdale, the railway passes through the great 'Summit Tunnel,' and so into the Todmorden Valley, there, very soon, passing the frontier formed by the Calder,* and

* This, of course, is not the Calder seen at Whalley, there being three rivers in Lancashire of the name—the West Calder, the East, and a little stream which enters the Wyre near Garstang. The West Calder enters the Ribble; the eastern, after a course of forty miles, joins the Aire in the neighbourhood of Wakefield.

entering Yorkshire. The valley is noted for its fine scenery, new combinations of the most varied elements, rude but not inhospitable, rising on each side in quick succession. Turning to the left, up the Burnley Valley, we enter Cliviger proper, a district having a circuit of nearly twenty miles, and presenting an endless variety of the most romantic and commanding features possible to mingled rock and pastured slope, constantly lifted to mountain-height, the charm of the huge grey bluffs of projecting gritstone augmented in many parts by abundance of trees, the predominant forms the graceful ones of larch, birch, and mountain-ash. The trees are now very nearly a century old, having been planted during the fifteen years ending with 1799, yet, to appearance, still in the prime of their calm existence. A very striking characteristic of this admired valley is the frequent apparent closing-in of the passage by immense crags, which, nevertheless, soon give way to peculiarly beautiful and verdant curves. Cliviger, in every part, is more or less marked by such crags and sweeping curves, so that we incessantly come upon vast green bowls or hemispherical cavities, the bases of which change at times into circular plateaux, at midsummer decked with carpets of the prettiest wild-flowers of the province,—

> 'In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white,
> Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery.'

For introduction to these pretty bits it is needful, of course, to leave the main thoroughfares, and take one of the innumerable by-paths which lead away to the lonely and impressive silence of the moors, which, though desolate, and sometimes bleak, have a profoundly delightful influence upon the mind. No slight matter is it to stand where rivers are cradled. The flow of streams both east and westwards is a phenomenon of the English Apennine by no means local. The Ribble and the Wharfe begin this way: so do the Lune and the Swale; playmates in childhood, then parting for ever. Similarly, in Cliviger Dean, the two Calders issue from the same fragment of watery waste, destined immediately for opposite courses. Hard by, in a stream called Erewell, at the foot of Derply Hill, on the verge of Rossendale, may be seen the birthplace of the Manchester Irwell.

The promise given at Newborough in regard to the scenery of East Lancashire is thus perfectly fulfilled. The wild and imposing character of the hills does not terminate either with Cliviger, being renewed, after passing Pendle, in long succession all the way to the borders of Westmoreland. Ward Stone, eight or nine miles south-east of Lancaster, part of the Littledale Fells, has an altitude exceeding even that of Pendle.

The most inviting portions of the Lancashire river scenery come of streams not really its own—the Lune, approaching from Westmoreland, by way of Kirkby Lonsdale, to which place it gives name; and the Ribble, descending from the high moorlands of Craven, first passing Ingleborough, then Settle and Bolton Abbey. The only two important streams which actually rise within the confines of the county are the Irwell and the Wyre. Lancashire is rich in home-born *minor* streams, a circumstance recognised in the ancient British name of the district—literally, 'the well-watered.' Many of these, the affluents, in particular, lend themselves freely and gracefully to the production of the picturesque, as in the case of the Darwen,* which glides almost without a sound, beneath Hoghton Tower, joining the Ribble at Walton; and the Wenning, the lovely stream which forsakes its sheltering trees to strengthen the Lune. The Irwell itself, though incurably sullied, presents, just above Manchester, some remarkably pretty reaches. Tributaries — the little primitive streamlets which swell the affluents—since they begin, almost always, among the mountains, are at all times, all over the world, wherever they run, pure and voiceful, therefore lovely. Still, as regards claims to high distinction, the river-scenery of Lancashire is that, as we have said, which pertains to its welcome guests, the Ribble and the Lune. When proud and wealthy Ribchester was in existence, fifteen centuries ago, there is reason to believe that the Ribble, for many miles above Preston, was considerably broader and deeper than at present, or, at all events, that the tide came very much further up than it does to-day. It did so as late as the time of Leland. The change, as regards the bed of the river, would thus be exactly the reverse of the helpful one to which we owe the modern Liverpool harbour. England does not contain scenery of its kind more grateful than that of the Ribble, from Ribchester upwards. The river winds; in parts it is impetuous. Whether rapid or calm, it is the life of a peaceful dale, from which the hills retire in the gentlest way imaginable, presenting, as they go, green, smooth faces, fit for pasture; then in the sweetest of quick variety—delightful wooded banks and shaded recesses, followed by more green lawns and woods again, the last seeming to lean against the sky. When the outline drops sufficiently, in the distance, according to the point of observation, rises proud old Pendle, or Penyghent, or Wharnside. Near Mitton, where Yorkshire darts so curiously into Lancashire, the channel is somewhat shallow. Here, after a busy and romantic course of its own, the Hodder surrenders its waters, thus in good time to take part in the wonderful whirl, or 'wheel,' at Sales-

* The river immortalised by Milton, alluding to the conflict of August 17, 1648:—

> 'And Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbrued.'

bury, a little lower down, an eddy of nearly twenty yards in depth, and locally known as 'Sale-wheel.' If a haven ever existed at the mouth of the Ribble, it has now disappeared. The sands at the bar continually shift with high tides, so that navigation is hazardous, and vessels of light draught can alone attempt the passage.

The very interesting portion of the scenery on the banks of the Lune, so far as concerns Lancashire, lies just above Lancaster itself—a city upon which we fain would pause, but for the present must leave, mentioning only John o' Gaunt's famous old castle, one of the most picturesquely situated buildings of its kind remaining in England. Our view is taken from a point at a short distance up the river, above the bridge. Nearly all the elements of perfect landscape intermingle in this part of the valley. If either side of the stream possesses an advantage, perhaps it will belong to the road along the southern border, or that which proceeds by way of Melling and Caton to Hornby, distant from Lancaster about nine miles. The river winds so charmingly that in many parts it seems a succession of lakelets. Masses of woodland creep down to the edge, and whichever way the eye is turned, green hills form pictures that leave nothing to be desired.

IN THE BURNLEY VALLEY.

LEO GRINDON.

SOME ITALIAN EMBROIDERIES.

III.

IN the numbers for February and March of this periodical (pp. 32 and 50), we have described and illustrated several varieties of old Italian embroideries. We now purpose continuing and completing our rather fragmentary treatment of a very large and difficult subject, by giving a short account of three different kinds of embroidery, about which we have at present said little or nothing.

We may begin most suitably by drawing attention to the piece of net or canvas darned with coloured silks, which forms the subject of the chromolithograph. The original is of Venetian origin, and probably was worked within the first quarter of the sixteenth century. Such embroideries are very rare; and, moreover, when one is fortunate enough to meet with a specimen, its condition generally leaves much to be desired. They seem to have been employed as borderings for bed-hangings and quilts, and are usually frayed and torn. There is a fine specimen of the same class, but made in Spain, in the Robinson Collection, at the South Kensington Museum (No. 272, '80). We recall one coloured reproduction in lithography of a fairly good example of Venetian origin, in Pfnorr's 'Ornémentation Usuelle.' A glance at

the chromolithograph will show that there is a good deal in common between this specimen and the two pieces of darned netting or canvas, which were figured in the preceding papers; but the present example is far more elaborate and far more beautiful. No one could mistake this piece for lace, an error which some persons made with reference to one of the former examples, forgetting the essential distinction between lace and embroidery, for the latter always involves a pre-existent material to form the ground: in lace, the ground and the design, or decoration, are produced simultaneously. This example of embroidery is worked in coloured silks, of no less than eleven different hues, upon an unbleached linen canvas of twenty-four meshes to the linear inch. The stitches employed may be pretty clearly discerned by examining the coloured plate. They are three in number—namely, satin-stitch, for the smaller stems, leaves, and points; a square sewing-over stitch for the larger stems; and a diagonal darning stitch for the foliage. It is important to note how the various parts of the design and canvas-ground are held together into one harmonious whole by means of two devices. One of these is the narrow, but emphatic, crimson edging, which surrounds every bit of ornamental detail. It is not hard and mechanical in effect, because its continuity is often broken by stray stitches of other colours, which were invariably introduced afterwards. The other device serves to reveal the continuity of the ground, and, at the same time, to lighten what would prove otherwise somewhat heavy masses of silk darning. These, it will be observed, are so wrought as to show everywhere a regular series of zig-zags of canvas. These zig-zags constitute quite a pleasing contrast with the darker colours (the blue, for example) of the pattern, which most needed relief and breaking up. We have said that there are eleven colours of silk employed in this piece of embroidery. They may be named thus:—Crimson, rose, salmon, straw, amber, citrine, pistachio-green, mountain-green, pale grey, blue, indigo. These colours remain not very far, both in intensity and hue, from what they were when first worked. By unpicking portions of the more heavily massed parts of the silken threads, the colours of the interior fibres are seen to be nearly the same as those on the exterior, the colour which we have called *salmon* being the only one which has materially altered. By the fading of its red element, this hue has become paler and yellower. There is, however, now a quiet beauty about the colours of this piece of embroidery which they could not have possessed to the same degree when perfectly new. No doubt we miss something of balance and brilliancy, and cannot always see why certain hues, now almost identical, were employed in particular portions of the design; but, perhaps, we gain in 'tone and keeping' what we may have lost in other qualities. It is, perhaps, not necessary to describe this specimen more fully in the presence of the chromolithograph, which the liberality of the publishers and the skill of Messrs. Hanhart enable us to introduce. Of course, the lustre of the silk cannot be adequately shown by means of printing and pigments; but we consider that, within the limitations of the process, we have here a good example of difficulties overcome in the successful reproduction of the specimen. The illustration is three-fourths of the size of the original.

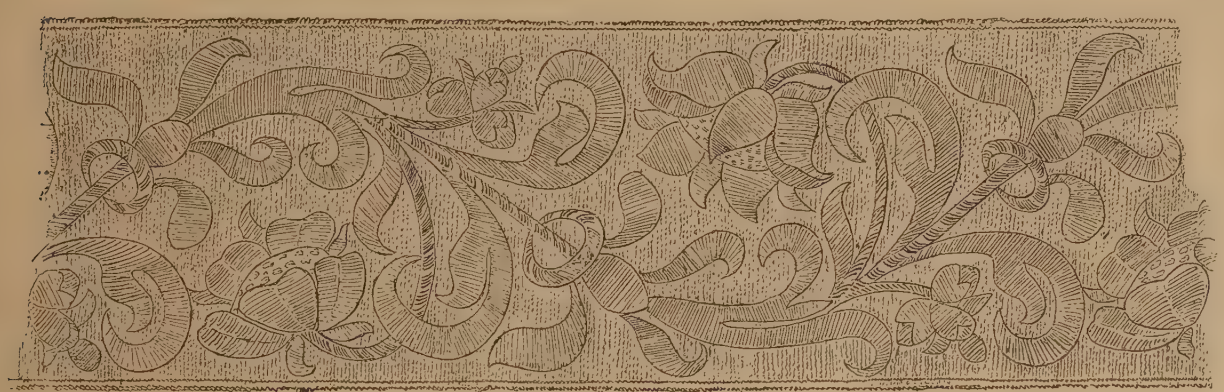
Another good example of Italian secular embroidery is reproduced in our phototype from a careful pen-and-ink drawing. The original is a sumptuous piece of work, probably belonging to the second quarter of the sixteenth century. The flowing and most graceful scroll-work is simply perfect in its arrangement and distribution of colours and tones. The main stem and gold thread edging bind all the ornamental elements well together, but do not obtrude themselves upon one's notice. It is instructive to observe how this result has been secured. The stems, where narrowest, are deepest in colour, yet broken even then by small twin diagonal stripes of gold thread. So, again, where a too obvious and too strong curve would lead the eye very rapidly along the design there overlapping curls of a leaf, or a change in the colours interrupts, and at the same time enriches, the scroll-work. A good proof of the excellence of the distribution of parts in this design, and of the quality of the curves, is furnished by the attempt to copy the design: the slightest departure from the original forms and curvatures results in serious injury to the effect. This piece of embroidery is worked in satin-stitch, with coloured silks, upon a ground of cloth of silver. The design is edged with gold thread. The stalks are of full deep green; the flowers are alternately purple and blue; while the foliage is of many hues—amber-brown, olive-green, blue, purple, and wood-green. The foliage is shaded or graded, generally in three tints, which do not always belong to the same hue—for instance, instead of a dark blue a deep plum colour accompanies the two paler tints of blue.

The illustrations of Italian embroidery which we have given in the present series of papers belong to the sixteenth century, and, in most cases, to the early part of it. Some of the designs are of earlier date; indeed, we possess several pieces of red silk embroidery on linen which one might almost venture to identify with embroideries introduced into Italian pictures of the latter half of the fifteenth century. These designs are of severe geometrical character, and on that account do not admit of being assigned to particular dates with the same certainty as do those specimens which show more characteristically the style and feeling of a particular epoch in art.

SILK EMBROIDERY ON UNBLEACHED LINEN CANVAS.
VENETIAN. ABOUT A.D. 1540.

But it may be asked, 'Where are the embroideries of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries?' We know of many of these, but, from an artistic as well as from a technical standpoint, they are generally of inferior character. The scroll-work of the later designs becomes at last quite jerky and disconnected, delicate and temperate curves are rare, the outlines are not defined by careful and exact work, the colours are inharmonious, the balance of parts in the design is no longer kept, and the floral forms, though offering pretended reminiscences of nature, are really neither truly natural nor truly conventional, for they preserve neither the spirit nor the letter of nature. Ecclesiastical embroideries did not always exhibit the same decadence, for tradition was strong enough to secure the reproduction of fine designs. A canopy for the host which we possess bears a splendid and complex arabesque of gold thread embroidered upon damasked crimson satin. The pattern figured in the substance of the textile tells us that the work cannot belong to the sixteenth century, although it may be assigned to the first half of the seventeenth. It is equal in artistic merit to embroideries a century earlier.

We have lately had an opportunity of examining a collection of Italian embroideries gathered together by Signor Casabianchi during visits to the Abruzzi. The specimens may be seen at the Decorative Art Exhibition, 103 New Bond Street. Some of the designs may be recognised as reproductions of those given in the old Venetian pattern-books to which we have before referred. But the whole series furnishes fresh proof of the necessity for extreme caution in assigning examples of Italian embroidery to any particular part of the kingdom. Had we not known the exact provenance of these Abruzzi specimens we should have assigned the majority of them to northern Italy, a few to Sicily, and a few to certain islands of the Adriatic.



ITALIAN EMBROIDERY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

A. H. Church.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF GENRE IN EARLY ITALIAN ART.

LAST summer, having been honoured by an invitation to deliver an address at the Royal Institution, Liverpool, and comment on the collection of pictures bequeathed by the learned and generous William Roscoe, I began with extreme diffidence to perform the duties implied by acceptance of that invitation. This gathering of works of art is very numerous, its elements are of extremely unequal value; and, although they are, on the whole, well arranged on the walls in Colquitt Street, and comprehensively described in the Catalogue, I found the mass to be beyond the power of any one to deal with on a single occasion, even in the most cursory fashion. It was, therefore, necessary to select some group of pictures and deal with its parts in their relation to each other. Casting about how to do this, I observed that there were examples of nearly all the phases of art: from the sternest 'Byzantine' to the playful, if not frivolous, elegance of Cipriani. But I could not venture to deal with any one of the intermediate classes of examples, because, although many excellent instances of several categories were before me, there are some gaps to be filled ere sufficient specimens could present themselves in consecutive and chronological order, close enough to suit the purpose of a lecturer who hoped to secure attention while he endeavoured to illustrate something like principles, or, at least, to show the relationship of one work to another, making each chosen picture illuminate its neighbour, and so display the inter-dependence and historical connexions of more than one. An historical sequence of examples would allow me to do something better than describe pictures severally. I was thus led to select the subject stated in the title of this paper, which reproduces very nearly the exact words I then used.

The most promising subject presented by a general examination of the gallery has been suggested by simply beginning at the beginning, and endeavouring to elucidate, or at least to illustrate, the development of early art in Italy in respect to *genre;* so as to display the growth of the human element in pictorial design, as it may be said to have evolved itself—not out of darkness, for there was no such thing as darkness in the condition of Christian Art,—from the severely conventional and purely sacerdotal mode in which painting was crystallised during several centuries, until the time arrived when, in Italy, at least, themes the most sacred, and motives of undoubted holiness, were treated frankly, pathetically, and, if I may say so, humanly, but with so little irreverence that even humour found expression, without being in fault. The stage of evolution at which I purpose to stop is the more worthy of consideration because, shortly after the art of Italy had attained it, design became essentially mundane, and very soon ceased to be a form of religious exercise, such as it undoubtedly had been during the whole of the centuries over which our present purview extends.

To do what I propose offers a tempting opportunity for trying to render justice to a phase of pictorial art, which, in Western Europe at least, retains but few attractions, while its sparse relics receive but hasty glances, if not smiles. I allude to the so-called Byzantine or quasi-classical form of design, in which the spirit of antiquity survives, and which is here illustrated by an example, numbered 2 in your Catalogue, and representing the *Virgin and Child, with Angels holding the Instruments of the Passion.* It must not be forgotten that the form of design here shown was, when this work was produced, almost universal. This picture is not only the oldest in the room, but among the oldest of its class; and, although a small one, it is a first-rate type of a form of art which has existed without a break from the time of Justinian (A.D. 527–565) until our own day, for it still flourishes. This implies a period of more than thirteen hundred years. How much longer it may continue to flourish depends on the inspiring power of the Greek Church, whose artistic exponent it now is, and always has been. As this power depends on the existence of the Russian Empire, the lasting of Byzantine art is problematical in the highest degree. At any rate, we have here a type of one of the most enduring human institutions, and on that account, altogether apart from aesthetic considerations, a relic of prodigious interest to us. It is an institution which in Russian and Greek hands covers a very large portion of the globe, supplies materials for devotional exercises by many millions of the human race, and is current from Warsaw to Kamschatka, from Athens to Archangel.

Byzantine art is essentially devotional, and deals almost exclusively with representations of a rigidly conventional character, and in extreme formality it is second only to Egyptian design. The subjects most affected are the Virgin and Child, the saints and heroes of the Greek Church, and legends referring to these personages. I need not describe its characteristics farther than by calling attention to the panel which is now before us.

You will observe that the sculpturesque Virgin is seated, as in state, on a wooden and richly-carved throne of peculiar form, and provided with a cushion of brilliant red embroidered with gold. Her dress is that of a lady of high degree, for the notion of the Virgin as a lowly woman had long given way to that which was due to her regal descent from David, and her position as Queen of Heaven and Earth. The return to the original idea of the Mother of Christ in her human and humble character took effect, as I could show by a good example in this room, as soon as Art was emancipated from Byzantine influences. In this example now before us the forms of her dress are entirely classical; an ample toga is passed like a hood over her head, falls in set folds upon her shoulders, and is gathered over her arms and knees in the manner we happily designate as statuesque: that is, each fold and modulation is carefully and precisely defined, and as distinct as if it had been carved in marble; but the garment has no gilded border such as we see in other specimens in the room, as, for instance, the beautiful jewel by Simone Memmi, which represents a home scene in the early life of our Saviour; about this I shall have more to say.

Returning to No. 2, the Byzantine picture, we observe that the Virgin's toga is delicately pencilled with fine lines of gold applied with a brush upon the ground, or self-colour of the fabric, which is *now* of a dingy olive green, but was probably originally of a deep blue, as in other pictures before us. An exception is afforded by the masterpiece in small, No. 29, which erroneously bears the name of Andrea Mantegna, and represents a *Pietà*, or Dead Christ in the lap of the Virgin. Here the toga is black, in sign of mourning. The tunic, or under-robe, of the Virgin in No. 2 is now of a dull crimson, or marone, colour, and was formerly of the tint anciently called purple—a deep red. This is a regal colour. The tunic is lightly pencilled with gold. These garments were doubtless intended to be sumptuous blue and red 'shot' with gold, most splendid tissues. The blue referred to the heavenly, the red to the earthly, royalty of the Virgin, whose scarlet shoes are of the highest dignity; her feet rest on a footstool, which is in itself a mark of honour.

The Child in the picture before us wears a white tunic, a red mantle, and a scarlet band about his waist. So far as this costume is concerned, the figure reappears in No. 1, *St. Joseph with the Infant Christ,* even to the little crosses and circles with which the

white dress is enriched. The fidelity with which this costume is reproduced in the last-named picture is interesting in a high degree, because in that circumstance we have an illustration of one of the most extraordinary facts in the history of art. It is a fact to which I have already referred while speaking of the duration of the Byzantine style. There is little doubt that a period of not less than six hundred years elapsed between the painting of the *Virgin and Child* and the *St. Joseph and Christ.* They are both of the same category, but of very different values, and are removed from each other in many respects of quality and character. I shall speak of the latter farther on, and for the present refer to the unchanging character of Byzantine art as illustrated by a discovery made by the learned French archæologist M. Didron, author of 'Iconographie Chrétienne,' which book is a treasure of lore.

VIRGIN AND CHILD. BYZANTINE. (ROSCOE COLLECTION, NO. 2.)

You are aware that Byzantine art in the form of the *Virgin and Child* dates from the time of Justinian. This seems to be about the period when the practice of painters crystallised in this fashion, and the vague and irregular, but often pathetic and occasionally animated modes of the later Roman artists were made conventional by rule, if not by law. At the end of the eighth century the Nicene Council absolutely decreed that the priests must invent pictures, although artists might paint them according to the invariable types sanctioned by the Church. Thus it happens that innumerable copies of works of the days of Justinian, or possibly earlier, continued to be made; so that the panel before us may be a reproduction of a masterpiece which is three or four centuries older than itself, ancient as it undoubtedly is. The effect of the decree of the eighth century and similar regulations was the maintenance of certain types of form and modes of treatment, and, above all, the exclusive appropriation of Byzantine painting to devotional purposes. Some characteristic elements of the little picture in question appear in the illustrations to the Metz Gospels, a work of the ninth century, which is preserved in Paris.

M. Didron's discovery was made on Mount Athos in 1839, and during a tour in Greece and Turkey he had undertaken in order to study symbols and sacred figures painted on the walls of innumerable convents and churches. It was found that these decorations in prodigious numbers were repeated, design for design, and that, broadly speaking, they were almost identical with much earlier works of the same class, such as that before us. In a single church the explorer found not fewer than three thousand seven hundred figures, all painted by one Giorgios Markos and his pupils, and all finished about the year 1735. He found upon Mount Athos nearly a thousand churches filled with pictures of the same character and in amazing numbers. The account of the French *savant* unveils the mystery of this extraordinary display. In one of the monasteries of the sacred mountain he witnessed the rapid and easy mode in which the pictures are executed—the monk Joseph and his five assistants painted a Christ and eleven Apostles of the size of life, before his eyes, within the space of an hour, and without cartoons, or preliminary drawings, or tracing the outlines on the wall. One pupil spread the mortar on the wall, the master drew the outline, another laid on the colours and completed the forms, a younger pupil gilt the glories, added the ornaments, and wrote the inscriptions, which the master dictated by memory; and, lastly, two boys were fully occupied in grinding and mixing the colours. It follows that,

with a rapidity of execution thus far exceeding all Western practice, a whole church could be painted in a few days.

Of course, all this seems very simple, but the problem which demanded how the master obtained even that degree of skill remained unsolved until M. Didron —thus doubly fortunate—found in the hands of a monk of Mount Athos several copies of a manuscript containing a close description of the technical processes, explaining single figures, the mode of their grouping, their distribution on the walls, a complex iconography, and all accompanying devices and inscriptions. There exists no doubt that these manuscripts were compiled in the fifteenth century from much more ancient originals. They contain exact formulæ for the production of pictures of all sizes and kinds, with minute directions for executing every portion of each work, from the making of the tracings, the preparation of the plaster for the walls, the pigments, and even as to the manner of applying the last. With these technical and practical details are complete notes, or recipes, for the representation of every legitimate subject or scene, with its saints, disciples, acolytes, and so on. The manuscript refers with admiration to the monk Manuel Panselinos, a painter who died in the eleventh or twelfth century, having lived at Thessalonica, a city long renowned as the centre of Byzantine art, and to which I shall presently refer as containing some of the most magnificent mosaics in the world. Mount Athos is the present centre of Byzantine design — a sort of art-manufactory—from which are exported countless thousands of devotional pictures on wood of the same kind as, but very inferior to, that one which is before you. These pictures are strewn all over Russia and Greece, and are regarded with great veneration by the peasantry, so much so that some are reported to work miracles. In every house are many. In Russia, your townsman, Mr. Edward Rae, formed a large and very valuable collection of ancient and modern specimens of this kind of art, comprising paintings of saints and holy legends, which are very curious and, in not a few instances, of noteworthy artistic merit.

Of the inferior and later classes of this order of painting, No. 3, *The Virgin holding a Crucifix in her arms*, is a good example. Careful study will show that it is of quite a different category to that in which No. 2 must be placed. You will observe in No. 2, in No. 1, and No. 3, that the complexions of the figures are exceptionally dark. In No. 1 St. Joseph leads the infant Christ, who is almost as dark as a mulatto. In No. 2 the Virgin, herself by no means fair, nurses a dark and ruddy child. This darkness of the skin is an essential characteristic of Byzantine pictures, and doubtless partly due to the technique by means of which they were produced. But the works before you are very far from being extreme examples. Black Virgins are to be seen even in Sicily, in some parts of Italy and Spain. The nearest instance of a black Christ which is known to me occurs in the south aisle of the noble and beautiful church of St. Pierre at Louvain, where stands a Crucifixion comprising a life-size black statue of the Redeemer of no inconsiderable merit, and decorated by a splendidly embroidered red velvet tunic of peculiar character, reaching to the feet, said to be of sixteenth-century handiwork, and exhibiting stars and tongues in gold. My own opinion of the tunic gives to it a much earlier date than the above, and an Oriental origin. The statue is said to have been brought from the East during the Crusades in the twelfth century. Its appearance warrants the legend. The blackness in question is by no means without meaning, but I must not turn aside on that account.

I must beg you to put yourselves into sympathetic relationship with these pictures, to endeavour to enter into the purposes of the painters, so as to live in their light, and overlook their technical deficiencies, which, in those examples which are yet to appear, are, after all, a great deal more apparent than real. Let us, for this purpose, try to realise the motive of No. 2, so far, at least, as to recognise, in the stiff forms of the much-injured panel, the painter's notions of a tall and stately Virgin, who, if risen to her full height, would be of the loftiest proportions, and if alive, would stand or move resplendent in dark blue and red 'shot' with gold ; but otherwise with her ample and massive robes void of ornamentation, and in that matter, all the grander and more solemn of aspect. In her arms would appear the Child in His emblematic colours of red and white. Round the head of each figure is a nimbus of gold, marked on the panel by punctured patterns. We must regard such works as devotional emblems designed to excite religious feelings, and of the class of which the most splendid examples exist in the mosaics of the churches of St. George and other saints at Thessalonica, superb relics which have been described and illustrated in the 'Byzantine Architecture' of Messrs. Texier & Pullan. To this volume refer for more on the subject, and in order to obtain tolerably correct ideas of that Byzantine pictorial art, which is but faintly, yet not wholly, inadequately represented on this little panel. In the mosaics of Thessalonica, the date of which is doubtless not later than the seventh century, are gigantic figures, in splendid colours and on golden grounds, of saints, angels, heavenly powers, all standing in order, and bearing sceptres and staffs of authority, palms, and other emblems. They are placed near mystic fountains and close to the Mansions of the Blessed, as suggested by lofty white portals, which are enriched by curtains suspended before the doorways and moving in the wind, and all

of vivid tints. Similar mosaics of somewhat later dates exist in Roman churches, *e.g.* in the semi-dome of the apse of Ste. Agnese, outside the Porta Pia, and in St. Peter ad Vincula.

If we can realise the intentions of the Byzantine artists we may well go a step further, and so on until it is possible to trace the stages by which the energy and genius of Italian painters developed that still and devotional mode of design they inherited from the Byzantines into a not less devout but much more animated art, and thenceforward rapidly evolved

CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN. BY LIPPO MEMMI. (ROSCOE COLLECTION, NO. 4.)

those charming pictures of history and those lively illustrations of men's minds and manners we are about to approach, and which are inferior, in some technical respects only, to modern genre paintings of the most admirable French and English masters. We shall encounter touches of character and even humour, the very nature of which is foreign to the Byzantine conceptions as originally displayed in art. And yet there are hints of studies in nature to be seen in No. 1, where St. Joseph, a decidedly realistic figure, grasps the Child by one wrist and leads him on the way, while the latter holds his left arm a little from his body so as to preserve his balance. Mr. Scharf, who suggested the possibly Wallachian origin of this quaint picture, was probably right if, under that denomination, we are to recognise something which is less stringently and wilfully archaic than the motive of No. 3, the *Virgin with a Crucifix.*

We shall hardly wonder at the solemn dignity and austerity of traditional art of the Byzantine order if we consider what sort of a world the monkish painter of the *Virgin and Child* saw when he issued from the gates of his convent. If he had looked out of the window only, nothing more cheerful met his eyes than the strong walls of the monastery, enclosing a small courtyard and a few outbuildings, or, it may be, the solid walls of the church where such subjects as this one, but on a larger scale, were depicted. Issuing from the gate he saw a half-ruined, half-peopled city, studded by lofty fortresses of turbulent nobles, or hardly less warlike princes. If he passed into the country, or if his convent was situated out of town, he came everywhere upon marks of ruin. Fragments of Roman buildings, shattered bridges, broken aqueducts, and other memorials of the Empire of the World were rife throughout Italy, with, here and there, remains of villas desolate or turned into castles to dominate a landscape which was itself a ruin. Gibbon gives a dreadful account of the desolation of Italy

long before the time in question. We know that the population had shrunk from the millions of the Roman Empire to the thousands of the Dark Ages. A striking illustration of the state of Italy at a period long after the time of this picture is afforded by the works of Salvator Rosa, who, in the seventeenth century, produced landscapes comprising wastes and half-buried ruins of classic cities infested by brigands and sturdy beggars. We are but too apt to regard these landscapes as 'compositions' invested with theatrical terrors, and altogether romantic. The fact is, that, although by no means innocent of the lamp, they are but too faithful representations of the world in which the Neapolitan master lived. But between his age and that of our monk time had buried countless ruins, man had destroyed as many more, and kindly Nature, while spreading her green mantle far and wide, had 'reassumed her reign' in every quarter. In our monk's age hardly anybody was safe, and he owed to superstition whatever protection his life and convent received.

No wonder that in such a world as this men turned to the convents for peace, and devoted themselves to the service of God. One mode of service was painting such pictures as that which is before us, and were proper to prayer, and an austere rule of life and faith. It was the same all over the Christian World. The terror of the strong hand was so great during the Dark Ages that the very Litany of the Church comprised a verse which ran with that asking protection against 'battle, murder, and sudden death;' and deprecated the '*furore Northmanorum.*' This now forgotten verse for centuries rose to Heaven and implored deliverance from the pirates who harried every province near the sea.

It was not until the beginning of the thirteenth century that certain signs of new life which had been observed before were clearly manifest. In Italy these signs gathered expression, and Guido, an artist of Siena, has the credit of breaking the ice in a palpable manner in the year 1221. Giunto, a Pisan, and Andrea, a Florentine, followed. To these succeeded Cimabue, of Florence, who made a decided stir, and in some lovely works in the Upper Church of St. Francis at Assisi, plainly proved the effect of the new life. His figures move, and have expression, beauty appears in them; flowing and floating draperies, and pure and noble forms occur. It was a proof of vast progress, and was welcomed accordingly by the people, and their mouthpieces the poets. Nevertheless, these works showed a development and an unbinding, rather than a change in the nature of art. Beautiful as they are, the pictures of this period are not wholly free, they are Gothic rather than naturalistic, and retain traces of Byzantine influences. We have no examples of this kind before us, the nearest likeness to them occurs in No. 4, a *Coronation of the Virgin* which has received the name of Lippo Memmi, who lived long after Cimabue; but the painter being of the Sienese School his work retains a certain archaism of style which distinguishes it from those pictures of Florentine origin to which I am about to refer. The likeness is by no means close, and the difference between the two developments is greatest where the peculiar intensity of the Sienese artist is most marked. Therefore the variation is radical so far as design or invention is concerned, and the resemblance is entirely a matter of manner.

(*To be continued.*)

F. G. STEPHENS.

ART CHRONICLE.

WE have to record the death, on the 24th of May last, of Samuel Palmer the artist, whose nobly imaginative work with brush and with etching-needle has won loving veneration over a period of nearly forty years. In the volume of THE PORTFOLIO for 1872, an earnest tribute, to which we may refer our readers now, was paid to the genius of this artist by the Editor and by Mr. F. G. Stephens, and the latter writer was enabled to give an autobiographic letter addressed to him by Mr. Palmer for the purposes of his notice; a letter which in the shadow of our loss reads with added pathos. Samuel Palmer was born about the year 1805; his training seems to have been without system; but the artist faculty was strong within him, and patience, perseverance, and ardent resolve did the rest. He came early under the counsel of William Linnell, whose daughter he afterwards married, and he was intimate with the poet-painter Blake, whose influence can be traced in the rapture and solemnity of his work: 'No lapse of years can efface the memory of hours spent in familiar intercourse with that great man,' wrote Mr. Palmer in the letter mentioned above. As a colorist he has affinities with Linnell and with Mulready. He first exhibited at the British Institution in 1819, when he was fourteen years old; his picture was sold and an interview with the painter requested by the purchaser; he also sent to the Royal Academy, and continued to exhibit there up to the year 1842. In 1843 he was elected into the Water-Colour Society, and in 1853 made member of the Etching Club. Mr. Palmer was old-fashioned enough, in an age of hasty notes from Nature, to attach great importance to pictorial composition; and though some skilful men may prove to us that painting and literature are separable, they never were so in Mr. Palmer's mind. The masterpieces of Latin and English poetry were his constant companions; he loved and understood them as they are loved and understood by few. It is to be regretted that a mind so full of the truest refinement—a mind which, both by its natural constitution and its long self-discipline, was so far superior to the common order—should not have exercised a more direct and telling influence on the nation than the art of the landscape-painter will permit. In this season's exhibition of the Water-Colour Society two characteristic and beautiful pictures showed that the fire of the artist's imagination yet burned stedfastly, and his hand obeyed with wonted readiness; both subjects, *The Prospect*, and *The Eastern Gate*, were taken from his favourite poem—'L'Allegro ed Il Penseroso' of Milton.

MANY important sales have taken place this season at Messrs. Christy's; and especially notable is the number of pictures and drawings by J. M. W. Turner, R.A., which have

come again into the market and have realised high prices. At the sale of the Bicknell collection, the famous composition, *Palestrina*, realised 3,150*l.*; and *Tay Bridge*, 840*l.* In May, a choice collection of Turner's drawings was a feature in the sale of pictures the property of the late Mr. C. S. Bale. The original sepia *Bridge of St. Gothard*, for the *Liber*, fetched 131*l.* 5*s.*; the *Burning of the Houses of Parliament*, a vignette, 210*l.*; the *View of Ingleborough from Hornby Castle*, out of the Bernal collection, fell to Messrs. Agnew at 2,310*l.*; and to the same dealers, *Chain Bridge over the Tees*, out of the Munro collection, at 1,102*l.* 10*s.* Messrs. Vokins acquired a drawing of *Hastings, from the Sea*, signed 1818, for 1,102*l.* 10*s.*; and a *Fall of the Tees*, one of the most masterly of the Yorkshire series, was knocked down at 1,270*l.* 10*s.* Several early drawings by Creswick, a fine *Valley of the Zanthus*, by Muller; good specimens of Cozens, De Wint, David Cox, and Girtin, also of Copley Fielding, changed hands. Among the modern oil pictures, a fine *View in Venice*, by J. Holland, was bought by Messrs. Agnew for 556*l.* 10*s.* The Old Masters did not realise large prices; the curious fluctuations in the picture market being noticeable here. A small *Enthroned Virgin and Child*, attributed to Fra Angelico, and very beautiful in colour, was set down to the well-known expert Mr. T. C. Robinson, at 378*l.* A subsequent sale was notable for the transfer of well-known pictures by Landseer. *The Otter Hunt*, which at Mr. Grant's sale, in 1877, went for 5,932*l.*, was knocked down at 3,079*l.*, showing a considerable depreciation; but another famous picture, *Man proposes, God disposes*, for which Mr. Coleman gave the artist 2,500*l.*, now fetched 6,615*l.*

Mr. Hodgson, the figure-painter, has been elected full Academician. The same honour is accorded to the distinguished sculptor, Mr. Armstead. The vacancy among Associates left by the lamented death of the architect, Mr. William Burges, is filled by Mr. George Aitchison. Mr. T. O. Barlow was elected Academician Engraver in May last.

A small gathering of drawings, in water-colour and chalk, by the celebrated Prussian, Herr Adolf Menzel, recently elected Hon. Member of the Water Colour Society, was added in June to the exhibition of that body. The subjects include interiors, with and without figures; portraits contemporary, and for the historic series; studies of hands and other miscellaneous subjects. Herr Menzel's manner in these drawings shows the decision and breadth of his handling, a good sense of rather sombre but mellow colour, fine chiaroscuro, and alert, accurate observation of fact. He appears to use a full-pointed brush, pure wash, and sparing opaque; his touch, even when minute, is always bold, and without a suspicion of stipple. These drawings are studies and sketches rather than finished pictures. Coloured pastels, upon a brown ground, are adroitly and effectively employed by Herr Menzel, for example, in portraits of Frederick the Great and of his sister.

The exhibition of pictures at the Hanover Gallery by Mr. Herbert, R.A., has had the interest of a chronologic record, inasmuch as it illustrates the artistic career of the painter from the romantic phase before he was thirty, when he painted Italian love stories, the *Brides of Venice*, and so on; through a period of historic subjects, the *Trial of the Seven Bishops*, and kindred themes, into the work of middle and old age, which has been chiefly given to sacred art. The original study in colour, of corresponding dimensions, for the *Moses bringing down the Second Tables*, has been shown at this special exhibition together with the new companion picture, the *Judgment of Daniel*, intended for the same place—the Peers' Robing-room at the Parliament Houses. The fresco of the *Moses* was finished in 1869; the *Daniel*, oil on canvas, will be hung next to it. Twelve years lie between these two works, and it is of necessity that the painter's hand has not the vigour of a decade past. The *Judgment of Daniel* is nevertheless a remarkable achievement; research of painstaking perseverance is manifested in the details of costume, of incident, of type, and in the carefully-ordered background of the Assyrian palace of Neboplassa, the hanging gardens and the Tower of Belus; precise knowledge and fidelity to the canons of 'high art' underlie the perspective truth, and the symmetrical composition which centres in the figure of the boy Daniel; also, it must be granted, that considerable intensity of dramatic expression, both in attitude and faces, has been attained. Thus much is due to the fame of an earnest artist. We regret to add, that the picture as a whole is repulsive rather than attractive; the yellow flesh-tints are dead, and treated without subtlety or luminous surface; the draperies are motley and not harmoniously arranged, the splendour of some isolated colours, and the skilful elaboration of rich fabrics, losing value by unhappy juxtaposition and want of mitigating shadow. The forms are elongated to a painful degree, the arms and extremities singularly ungraceful, the outlines hard throughout. The purposed realism and historic accuracy of the picture are to be reverenced at their worth, but neither attribute implies of necessity decorative beauty or true dignity of design. The *Judgment of Solomon* and the *Sermon on the Mount* have yet to be painted to complete the scheme of decoration intended for the Robing-room, which, it must be remembered, originally was planned to be a 'Hall of Judgment.'

The work of Continental painters in water-colour has been brought before the London public by M. Goupil in successive exhibitions at his Galleries in Bedford Street, Strand. The interesting collection of drawings by the Society of Aquarellists of the Hague was replaced in June by works of the French Water-colour Society of Paris. These included the amazing colour studies of M. Vibert, *Rouge et Noir* and *Le Bourreau;* and pictures by MM. Heilbuth, De Beaumont, Jacquet, Worms, Leloir, Doré, &c. &c. The French Aquarellists have attained the third year of their exhibitions in Paris, which may now be considered established.

We resume our record of the Academy Exhibition with note of a large and remarkable picture by Mr. T. Collier, one of the few imaginative figure-subjects of the season, *The Last Voyage of Henry Hudson*, set adrift by his rebellious crew in an open boat, with his young son and a few sick sailors, amid the gleaming icebergs and bright treacherous summer waters of the Polar Seas. Out of a group of subjects taken from the pages of military history by Mr. Ernest Croft, Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, Mr. Andrew Gow, Mr. Caton Woodville, and Mr. Eyre Crowe, three at least may be accepted as successes, Mr. Woodville's *Storming of Gaudi Mullah Sahibdad, Candahar*, by Highlanders and Ghoorkas, is every way a capital picture, full of movement and character. Mr. Gow signalises his election as Associate by a memorable piece of work in *Montrose at Kilsyth;* the artist has painted his horses famously, and his men only a shade less well. Mr. Crowe has not made a pleasant picture out of the *Explosion of the Cashmere Gate, Delhi*, but a clever one, precisely drawn and ingenious in management of the odd composition. That distinguished humorist among English painters, Mr. Stacy Marks, exhibits several pictures, of which *Author and Critics* is a fresh version of an old subject, complete in character and picturesque costume.

Eastern life still finds its faithful exponent in Mr. Goodall, who paints pilgrims on the desert track *To Mecca*, and on *The Return from Mecca.* An earnest of successful career is given by Mr. W. C. Horsley, son of the Academician, whose scene of women selling their ornaments at the Gold and Silver Bazaar, Cairo, *In Time of Need*, follows up the impression of fresh and vigorous work made in two previous exhibitions. The veteran, Mr. Herbert, gives an Oriental sentiment to his religious pictures from the Gospel story. He is almost alone in this branch of subject; but we must record, with admiration, the lovely composition and artistic excellence of *Dawn at Bethlehem*, by Theresa Thornycroft. Mr. Heywood Hardy ventured on a difficult subject to treat successfully in the large, upright picture of the 'Marabout,' *Sidi Ahmed Ben Avuda and the Holy Lion:* but he has given dignity to the erect, white-robed, and swarthy saint, while the lion is a king of beasts.

Portraiture has been certainly strong this year. We must add to previous record the manly work of Mr. Holl, whose recent election is fully justified by his many contributions. A characteristic example of the artist's forcible manner, actual even to a startling degree, and broad to a fault, is the seated figure of *Major-General Sir Henry Rawlinson.* Mr. Ouless, of kindred style, is successful in the effigy of *Rear-Admiral Horton, C.B.*, and other portraits. Mr. Pettie has painted, under the title *Before his Peers*, as we guess, a fancy portrait, in Elizabethan costume, the type of face lending itself right well to the period. The picture is impressive in style, with juicy olive and brown colouring and pale flesh tints. A line must be given to the beautiful study of *Mrs. Alfred Cock* by Herr Gustav Graef. This is the portrait of a sallow but clear-skinned, mobile face, with grey shadows, dark eyes and hair; the expression of subtle intelligence, between smile and gloom; the dress black, transparent lace; and the background brownish red. There is no more artistic piece of work on the walls.

Whatever justice may lie in the complaints against the hangers at the Academy, landscape artists have had less cause to grumble than usual, as regards place on the walls. The juxtapositions, however, have been also in this case often very unfortunate. In scenes where figures are more or less important, Mr. Hook is even more delightful than ever in his boyish *Diamond Merchants*, finding treasures on the rocks above the lustrous waves; or in laggard urchins teasing crabs, on the curved 'margert of the sea,' which they find the *Nearest Way to School.* Mr. Brett has achieved full success on the Cornish coast in *Golden Prospects* and *Sunset, St. Ives Bay:* the pictures abound in close and accurate study of rock, in manifold and beautiful effects on outspread waters, of light and colour, and the breaking of surface by wind, and currents, and fish-shoals. A new comer, Mr. Walter Shaw, in two pictures—*A Comber* and *Atlantic Rollers*, with rather monotonous colour of olive-hued water, flecked with white foam, under grey, cloudy skies, show careful observation and good, crisp handling. Mr. Henry Moore's finest picture is the study of sea, *Mid-Channel*, the small water-colour replica of which is in the Water-colour Society's Exhibition. Mr. Oakes takes us quite in-land to watch *Gorse Cutting* on a stretch of broken ground beneath misty hills. With some indecision in the manner, there is much loving and close detail in this picture. Mr. H. W. Davis has painted many pastorals, but none more complete in sentiment and even work than *The Evening Star*, which shines in the calm sky overarching fields where labour is finished and weary men and cattle repose in the warm twilight. Mr. Parsons' largest picture, *The Road to the Farm*, with its frank, generalised truth and clear, wholesome colour, tells effectively. Favourable position has been accorded to the landscapes of Mr. Keeley Halswelle, which under various titles repeat the study of heavy rain-clouds hanging over low-lands, saturated and broken into ridges by sluggish water. Mr. Cecil Lawson's grey-green, doubtfully-lit *Pool*, and fine rolling waves of brown *Barden Moor*, under a high-vaulted, blue sky, where great white clouds sail up from the horizon, and seem to pause over-head, have shown him at his best this year. The Scotch School has found usual championship in Mr. Peter Graham and Mr. MacWhirter. Mr. Robert Macbeth shows the picture of which an etching has appeared in the PORTFOLIO—viz. *The Ferry.*

Of architectural subjects unusually few have been hung in the Academy. A beautiful picture, *St. Mark's, Venice—The Piazza Inundated*, painted rather for poetical effect than accurate detail, is the best piece of work yet come from the hand of Miss Clara Montalba. It is singularly luminous, full of subtle play of golden and silver hues, toned by pearly greys.

THE display of sculpture at the Academy is redeemed from failure by one or two exceptional pieces. The new Associate, Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, has a single figure of the Homeric bowman, *Teucer*, letting fly an arrow at Hector. The forms and extremities have been modelled with care and decision, the figure, with close-drawn feet and arms in tension of the archer's aim, is full of nerve. Mr. Thornycroft has sent also a good bust of *Professor Owen;* Mr. Leifchild displays that individuality of style which is too rare in English sculpture, in a flying or darting male figure symbolic of *Opportunity.* The small head, thick throat, and rather lumpish, but strong, modelling, are mannerisms of the artist. Two recumbent female statues must be recorded—a large *Cleopatra*, by Mr. G. Lawson, and a woman lying on a couch in *Sleep*, by the painter, Mr. Henry Holiday, hitherto chiefly known to the public by designs for applied art and glass.

Mr. Armstead's diploma work, *The Ever-reigning Queen*, is a decorative bas-relief of Venus standing on a shell, amid a flutter of cupids and doves. He also sends a panel in flat relief for the Guards' Memorial Chapel, the *Obedience of Joshua*, in which the repetition of lines is notable in the composition, and an increased tendency towards ropy treatment of hair and drapery. The busts of *Thomas Carlyle* and of the *Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone*, by Mr. Boehm, must be recorded, the former in terra-cotta.

THE collection of works in Black and White at the Academy shows that the express exhibitions afford a better opportunity to artists in this line. Several admirable engravings, however, find place, as Mr. Barlow's *Festival of the Vintage*, after Turner, and *A Jersey Lily*, after Millais; also the portrait of *The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone*, of the same painter; *The Princess Elizabeth*, after Millais, by Mr. T. L. Atkinson; *Signor Piatti*, after Frank Holl, by Mr. Francis Holl. M. A. Bellinger's wood-engraving, after *The Music Lesson* of Sir F. Leighton, is the first specimen of wood-cutting admitted on Academy walls. Notable etchings are H. L. Lowenstain's plate, after *The First Course* of Alma-Tadema; *Her Grace*, by C. P. Slocombe, after Pettie; and original work by R. Slocombe, Van Gravesande, and Haig.

A FAC-SIMILE is brought out by Eliot Stock, of the First Edition, 1480, of the famous 'Boke of S. Abans,' by Dame Juliana Berners, with introduction by Mr. W. Blades.

'LECTURES ON ART,' by H. Weekes, R.A. (Bickers and Sons), is preceded by a very short sketch of his life—a life of steady devotion to his art, and of conscientious labour in it from the time when he was enabled by the self-denial of his father to adopt it as his profession. Articled at first to Behnes, he became a student at the Royal Academy, and then obtained employment in the studio of Sir Francis Chantrey, with whom he became so great a favourite that he left him a legacy of 1000*l.*, and requested that Henry Weekes should be allowed to complete his unfinished works. He purchased his old master's studio, and took up his position as his successor. For the lectures delivered at the Royal Academy, as Professor of Sculpture, he prepared himself by going to Italy and studying the antique there, a journey which he repeated when elected a second time, that he might avoid repetition. Of those now published some deal with the practical part, such as the rules of composition, or the method to be employed in portraiture, explaining at some length the way in which he set about making a portrait-bust; in others he deals with art from a more general point of view, such as those on Beauty, Style, Idealism, and Realism. One whole lecture he devotes to an earnest appeal to the students to educate themselves. Another is on the subject of colour in sculpture, the use of which he appears to oppose, though he professes himself not wholly antagonistic to it. To these are added lectures on Early Sculpture, Reynolds' Discourses, and a lecture on Chantrey, Behnes, and Gibson. Of the latter he says but little. It was natural that he would devote most of his remarks to Chantrey and Behnes, with both of whom he had been personally connected, though the picture drawn is in neither case a pleasant one.

UNDER the title of the *Salon* in London, an exhibition of pictures and sculpture by French artists has been opened at the Panorama Galleries in Leicester Square. The distinguished painters, MM. Gérôme, Meissonier, Bonnat, Hébert, Boulanger, and others, appear among the contributors.

FRANKFORT.

DRAWN AND ETCHED BY ERNEST GEORGE.

MOST of our readers are well aware that Mr. Ernest George is an able etcher, but not so many are acquainted with his talent as an artist in water-colour. Being an architect by profession, Mr. George does not enter the lists as a competitor with professional water-colour painters. But he is fully qualified to do so; indeed, few artists have ever possessed his remarkable sureness and rapidity in sketching from nature. His colour is bright and pure, his light and shade always cleverly managed, and his drawing quite sufficiently accurate for the picturesque subjects which he prefers. A large collection of water-colour drawings, made chiefly during holiday excursions on the Continent, has provided Mr. George with ample materials for etching, and the present plate is from one of them.

In the etching of Frankfort Mr. Ernest George gives us a thoroughly characteristic old German town house. Its many stories are strongly marked by projecting cornices and carved timber corbels, the house growing in breadth as it ascends.

The whole is covered with weather-slating in the manner of fish-scales—small, thick, and ragged slates, full of texture and tone.

This house is in the Römerberg, the old market-place, which till the year 1700 no Jew was allowed to cross. It is opposite to the Kaisersaal, where the Emperors were elected, crowned, and feasted.

The tower of the Cathedral, slightly indicated in the etching, has been under restoration since the fire that almost destroyed this church.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF LANCASHIRE.

VIII.—*The Seashore and the Lake District.*

THE coast of Lancashire has already been described as presenting, from the Mersey upwards as far as the estuary of the Kent, an almost unbroken surface of level sand. In several parts, as near Birkdale, the western sea-breeze, pursuing its work for ages, has heaped up the sand, atom by atom, into hills that have a romantic and attractive beauty all their own. But of overhanging rocks and crags there are no examples, except when at Heysham the millstone grit, cropping out so as to form a little promontory, gives pleasing change,—a change so much the more welcome since a thousand years ago there stood on this lone eminence a Saxon church, relics of which remain to this day. Almost immediately after entering Morecambe Bay—although the vast expanse of sand remains unaltered—the mountains begin to draw nearer, and for the rest of the distance, up to the estuary of the Duddon, where Cumberland begins, the scenery close inshore is strikingly picturesque. No seaside county in England has its margin interrupted by so many estuaries as Lancashire, every one of the rivers which leave it for the Irish Sea, excepting the insignificant Alt (six or eight miles north of Liverpool), widening immensely as the sands are approached. Embouchures more remarkable than those of the Ribble, the Wyre, the Lune, and the various minor streams which enter Morecambe Bay, are not to be found, and certainly there are none that through association awaken interest more curious.*

When, accordingly, the visitor to any one of the Lancashire watering-places south of the Ribble desires scenery, he must be content with the spectacle of the sea itself, and the glimpses obtained in fair weather of the mountains of maritime North Wales. At Blackpool—or rather from a green bank behind the town, by some called 'Forest Hill'—it is possible, also, on clear evenings, to descry the lofty peaks of the Isle of Man, and occasionally even Cumberland Black Combe. At Fleetwood these quite compensate the dearth of inland beauty, and with every step northwards more glorious becomes the outlook. Not to mention the noble sea in front—an ocean when the tide is in—all the higher grounds of Cartmel and Furness are plainly in view. Upon these follow the majestic fells of Coniston, and a little more to the east the dim blue cones which mark the near neighbourhood of the head of Windermere. Everything is renewed at Morecambe, and upon a scale still more commanding: the last reflection, as one turns homeward, is that the supreme seaside scenery of old England pertains, after all, to the county of the cotton-mills.

* It may not be amiss here to mention the names, in exact order, of the principal Lancashire rivers, giving first those which enter the sea, the affluents and their tributaries coming afterwards:—(1.) The Mersey, formed of the union of the non-Lancashire Tame, Etherowe, and Goyt. Affluents and tributaries—the Irwell, the Roch, the Medlock, the Irk. (2.) The Alt. (3.) The Ribble. Affluents and tributaries—the Douglas, the Darwen, the West Calder, the Lostock, the Yarrow, the Brun. (4.) The Wyre, which receives the third of the Calders, the Brock, and several others. (5.) The Lune, or Loyne. Affluents and tributaries—the Wenning, the Conder, the Greeta, the Leck, the Hindburn. Then, north of Lancaster, the Kent, the Winster, the Leven (from Windermere), the Crake (from Coniston-water), and the Duddon.

The watering-places themselves are healthful, well conducted, and ambitious. None of them had substantial existence sixty or seventy years ago. Southport, the most important, and the most advanced in all that is honourable, is a daughter of the primitive neighbouring village of Churchtown,—*filia pulchrior*, very emphatically. Blackpool, in 1817, was only a rabbit-warren, rich, like Birkdale and Churchtown, until quite recently, in quick-eyed lizards. Fleetwood has grown up within easy recollection; Morecambe is a creation almost of yesterday. Charming, in summer, for the visitor in search of health, in its cool, firm, and ample sands, and magnificent views across

THE RIBBLE AT CLITHEROE.

the water, Fleetwood bids fair to become important also commercially, the Wyre offering peculiar advantages as a port. Morecambe, though destitute of a deep channel, and unable to offer the security of a natural harbour, is making vigorous efforts in the same direction. Sir J. E. Smith described the Lancashire coast as a sort of *ultima Thule*. To-day, at Southport, there is the finest Winter Garden out of London; and at a couple of miles distance, reached by tram-car, a Botanical Garden, including fernery and conservatories, that put to shame many an ancient and wealthy city. A drawback to these South Lancashire watering-places, as mentioned before, is that the water, at low tide, recedes so far, and ordinarily is so reluctant to return. The physical history of the coast is without question very remarkable. There is reason to believe that deposits of rock-salt occur at some depth below, and that these have been diminished by slow, partial solution. Above Blackpool there is a long, earthy, crumbling, seaward cliff, not very far from which, exposed at the lowest of low tides, there is a little insulated mound, upon which, according to well-sustained tradition, there once stood a cottage. But if the water is tediously long away, there is the serene pleasure of silent stroll upon the vast expanse, the inspiring solitude beyond which there is only Sea. On these smooth and limitless sands there is plenty alike for health, the imagination, and the solace of the naturalist. Shells may be gathered in plenty, and in different parts, of very various kinds. Solens, long and straight; pretty Mactras, crowded with semicircles; Tellinas, that seem scattered rose-petals, are abundant; and towards Fleetwood there are pearly Trochuses, dappled with lilac. A more delicious seaside walk for those who love the sound of the rolling surge, the sense of infinite tranquillity, total seclusion from every circumstance of town and city life, and the sight of old Ocean's playthings, may be sought the world over, and not found more readily than by pursuing the five or six miles between Fleetwood and Blackpool, one's face turned all the while to the poetic west. Wanting rocks, upon these quiet sands there are no native seaweeds, though fragments lie about, torn from beaches far away, and stranded.

Further north the shore has little to offer in the way of curiosities, nor is there any agreeable bathing-ground; not even at Grange. Never mind. The further we advance towards the county frontier, the more wonderful become the sands, these spreading, at low water, like a Sahara, with the difference, that the breath of ocean, nowhere in the world sweeter, blows across them for ever and ever. On a moonlight night, when the tide is at the full, Morecambe Bay, surveyed from Kent's Bank, presents an aspect of inexpressible fascination, the rippled lustre being such as a shallow sea, gently moving, alone can yield.

'Splendet tremulo sub lumine pontus.'

at low water. Adjacent to it there are one or two islets.

The portion of Lancashire to which Walney Island belongs, or that which, as it is locally said, lies 'north of the sands' (the sands specially intended being those of Morecambe Bay), agrees, in natural composition, with Westmoreland and Cumberland. It is distinguished by very elevated mountain-summits, greatly exceeding those found upon the confines of Yorkshire, and the lower slopes of which are, as a rule, no longer naked, but charmingly dressed with various trees. Concealed among these noble mountains are many deep and romantic glens, while their feet are often bathed by lakes of loveliest outline and match-

BLACKSTONE EDGE.

Lancashire is not without its island. Off the estuary of the Duddon, closely abutting on the mainland of Furness, there is a very singular bank or strip of mingled sand, pebbles, and shingle, nearly ten miles in length, and half-a-mile broad where widest. Barren as it may seem from the description, the soil is in parts so fertile that capital crops of grain are reaped. There are people on it likewise, though the inhabitants are chiefly sea-gulls. Walney Island is the only known locality for that beautiful wild flower the *Geranium Lancastriense*, a variety of the *sanguineum*, the petals, instead of blood colour, as at Fleetwood, on St. Vincent's Rocks, and elsewhere, cream-white pencilled with rose. The seaward or western side of Walney Island is defended by a prodigious heap of pebbles, the mass of which is constantly augmenting, though left dry less purity. No feature is more striking than the exchange of the broad and bulky masses of such hills as Pendle for the rugged and jutting outlines characteristic of the older rocks, and particularly of the unstratified. Before commencing the exploration, it is well to contemplate the general structure of the country from some near vantage-ground, such as the newly-opened Public Park at Lancaster; or, better still, that unspeakably grand terrace upon the Westmoreland side of the Kent, called Stack-head, where the 'Fairy steps' give access to the plain and valley below, and which is reached most pleasantly by way of Milnthorpe, proceeding thence through Dallam Park, the village of Beetham, and the pine-wood—in itself worth all the journey. The view from this glorious terrace (profoundly interesting also, geologically) comprises all that is majestic and beautiful as

regards the elements of the picturesque, and to the Lancashire man is peculiarly delightful, since, although he stands actually in Westmoreland, all the best part of it, Arnside Knot alone excepted, is within the borders of his own county.* Whether the most pleasing first impressions of the scenery of the Lake District are obtained in the way indicated; or by taking the alternative, very different route, by way of Fleetwood and Piel, is nevertheless an open question. The advantage of the Lancaster route consists in the early introduction it gives to the mountains themselves—to go *viâ* Fleetwood and Piel involves one of those sweet initiative little voyages which harmonize so well with hopes and visions of new enjoyment, alluring the imagination no less delightfully than they gratify the senses.

The Lancaster route implies, in the first instance, quiet and unpretending Silverdale; then, after crossing the estuary of the Kent, leafy Grange—unrivalled upon the north-west coast, not only for salubrity, but for the exhaustless charms of the neighbouring country. Whatever the final intentions in visiting this part of England, a few days' delay at Grange will never be regretted: it is one of those singularly happy places which are distinguished by wild nature cordially shaking hands with civilization. Sallying forth from the village in an easterly direction, or up the winding and shady road which leads primarily to Lindal, we may, if we please, proceed almost direct to Windermere, distant about ten miles. Turn, before this, up the green slope just beyond the village on the left, the pretty summer-house called Ellerhow perched conspicuously on the highest hill in front, thus reaching Hampsfell, a summit so inspiring that even Pendle seems an undertone. Many beautiful views will have been enjoyed upon the way, land and sea contributing equally; all, at the top of Hampsfell, are renewed threefold, the verdure of innumerable trees in many shades adding the sweet decorum of graceful apparel, while in the valley below, grey and secluded Cartmel talks of a remote historic past. Fully to realise the majestic beauty of the scene, there must be no hesitation in ascending to the Hospice; where the 'herald voice' of 'good tidings' heard at Lindal is proved not to have uttered a single syllable in excess. Hampsfell may be reached also by a path through the Eggerslack woods, noted for the abundance of their hazel-nuts, and entered almost immediately after emerging from Grange; and again by a third, somewhat circuitous, near the grand limestone crags called Yewbarrow.

Kent's Bank, a couple of miles beyond Grange, supplies hill scenery little inferior. The heights above Allithwaite command almost the whole of the fine outlook characteristic of the northern shore of Morecambe Bay. Kirkhead and Humphrey Head also give delightful prospects, especially when the tide is in: the man who loves solitude will find them lonely enough for hermitages; blackberries beyond measure grow on the slopes. Humphrey Head is specially remarkable, consisting of a limestone promontory, the sides, in part, nearly vertical; thus closely resembling the celebrated rock at the south-western extremity of Clevedon. Grange, Kent's Bank, Kirkhead, and Humphrey Head, constantly awaken recollections of the beautiful village on the shore of the Bristol Channel. The scenery corresponds, and in productions there is again a very interesting similarity, though Clevedon has a decided advantage in regard to diversity of species. Hampsfell and Allithwaite recur at intervals all the way to the borders of the Leven; thence, with infinite change, westward to the banks of the Duddon, and southward to the Furness Valley: not, indeed, until we reach Piel—the little cape where the boats arrive from Fleetwood—do these beautiful hills subside.

Piel, as said above, is preferable as a route to the Lake District, because of the preliminary half-hour upon the water, which is generally smooth and exhilarating. It offers the most interesting way of approach, also, to Duddon Bridge, where the coast of Lancashire ends—a place itself of many attractions. The river, it is scarcely necessary to say, is the Duddon immortalized by Wordsworth in a series of charming sonnets, one of which describes the 'liquid lapse serene' of this too-seldom visited stream as it moves through Dunnerdale, after entering, near Newfield, through a rent in the rocky screen which adds so much to the romantic features of its early existence. The bridge gives ready approach to Black Combe, most gloomy and austere of the Cumberland mountains, but affording inexpressible compensation in the magnificence of the prospects, the height being little short of 2000 feet. Close by, in Lancashire, we find the ancient and celebrated village of Broughton, the lords of which, four or five centuries ago, gave their name to a well-known suburb of Manchester—so curious is the history of estates.

The railway, after touching at Broughton, leads right away to Coniston, then to the foot of the supreme 'Old Man,' the summit, 2649 feet above the level of the sea, so remarkable in its lines and angular curves, that, once exactly distinguished from the crowd of lower heights, like the head of Ingleborough, it is impossible to be mistaken. Towards the village it throws out a ridge, upon which the houses are chiefly placed. A deep valley intervenes,

* 'Knot,' in the Lake District, properly denotes a rocky protuberance upon a hill. But it is often used, as in the present instance, for the hill in its entirety. Hard Knot, in Eskdale, and Farleton Knot, near Kendal, are parallel examples.

and then the mountain rises abruptly, the walls in some places nearly perpendicular, but in others disappearing, so that, if well selected, the path upwards is by no means arduous, or even difficult, though impeded here and there by rocks and stones. The toil of climbing is well repaid. From the brows of the old giant are seen mountains innumerable, lakes, rivers, woods, deep valleys, velvety meads, with, in addition, all the fascinating accessories of landscape when perfect, which come of its being impregnated with the outcome of human intelligence and human feeling, the love of gardens, and of refined and comfortable homes. Looking south, south-west, and south-east, there are glorious views of Morecambe Bay, flooded with brightness; the estuaries of the Kent, the Leven, and the Duddon; the capes and promontories that break the sea margin; Walney Island, the shining Irish Sea, with the Isle of Man beyond, and the whole of the long line of coast which runs on to the portals of the Wyre, and more distant Ribble.

Over the mouth of the Leven, Lancaster Castle is distinguishable. Far away, in the same line, the lofty ranges of the Craven district come in view; and when the atmosphere is very clear, a dim blue mountain wave on the side where sunset will be indicates Snowdon. In other directions the views are somewhat circumscribed, Coniston being situated upon the frontiers rather than within the actual area of the hill country it so greatly enriches. The figure in general, of all that is seen, so far as the nature of the barriers will allow, is nevertheless majestic, and in itself worth all the labour of the ascent. The Old Man, it must be admitted, is prone to hide his ancient brows in mist and vapour: the time for climbing must therefore be chosen carefully and deliberately; opportunity and desire are not infrequently far asunder.

NEAR THE COPPER MINES, CONISTON.

The lake, called Coniston Water, extends to a length of about six miles. It is in no part quite a mile in breadth, but although so narrow never gives the slightest idea of restriction; thus agreeing with Windermere, to which, however, Coniston bears not the least resemblance in detail, differing rather in every particular, and decidedly surpassing it in respect of the wildness and purple sublimity of the surroundings. The immediate borders, by reason of the frequently recurring showers of rain, are refreshingly green all the year round; they are rendered peculiarly delightful, also, by the daintiness and the freedom with which the greater portion has been planted. Beyond the line to which the handiwork of man has been continued, or where the ground becomes steep and rocky, there are brown and heathy slopes, fissures and winding ravines that give the most delightful impressions imaginable of light and shade, the sunward parts often laced exquisitely with little white streamlet waterfalls, that in the distance seem not cascades, but streaks or veins of unmelted winter snow. The slopes, in turn, like the arches in a Gothic cathedral, lead the eye upwards to lovely outlines that often please so much the more because imperfectly translateable; for when the clouds hover round the summits of these glorious peaks, they change to mystery and fable, wooing the mind with the peculiar charm that always waits upon the margin of the undiscovered.

From what particular point the best views, either of the lake or of the adjacent mountains, are readily obtainable, must of necessity be very much a matter of taste. Perhaps it is discreetest to take, in the first instance, the view *up* the lake, or from Nibthwaite, where the waters contract, and become the beautiful little river Crake—the stream which, in conjunction with the Leven from Windermere, forms the estuary named after the latter.

Contemplated from Nibthwaite, the mountains in which the lake is bosomed are certainly less impressive than when viewed from some distance further up; but the mind is touched with a more agreeable idea of symmetry, and the water itself seems to acquire amplitude. None of the mountains are out of sight; the charm of this particular view consists jointly in their presence, and in the dignified composure with which they seem to stand somewhat aloof. The view *down* the lake,—that which is obtained by approaching Coniston *viâ* Hawkshead and Waterhead, is indescribably grand, the imposing forms of the adjacent mountains, those in particular of the Furness fells (the altitude of which is nearly or quite 2600 feet), being here realized perfectly, the more distant summits fading delicately, the nearer ones dark and solemn. To our own fancy, the most impressive idea alike of the water and its framework is obtained, after all, not from either extremity, but from the surface, resting upon one's oars, as nearly as possibly in the middle. Coniston Water contains two little islands or islets, the upper one named, after its abundant Scotch pines, 'Fir Island.' Many little streamlets contribute to its maintenance, the principal being Coniston Beck and Black Beck. No celebrated waterfall occurs very near. All the famous lake waterfalls bearing names belong either to Cumberland or Westmoreland.

Windermere, or more correctly, as in the well-known line,—

'Wooded Winandermere, the river-lake,'

is nearly twice the length of Coniston Water, but of very little more than the same average width. Superficially it belongs to Westmoreland; the greater portion of the margin is, nevertheless, in Lancashire, without leaving which county the beauty of the 'English Zurich' may be gathered perfectly.

The finest view of the lake, as a whole, is unquestionably obtained near Ambleside, on the road through the valley of Troutbeck, where it is visible for nearly the whole extent, the islands seeming clustered in the middle. Yet nothing can be lovelier, as regards detail, than the views obtained by ascending from Newby Bridge, the point at which the Leven issues. The scenery commences long before the lake is actually reached, the river having a fall, in the short space of four miles, of no less than 105 feet, consequently flowing with great rapidity, and supplying a suitable introduction to the charms above its source. Newby Bridge deserves every word of the praise so often bestowed upon it. Lofty and wood-mantled hills enclose the valley on every side, and whichever way we turn the impression is one of Eden-like retirement. The pine-crowned summit of Finsthwaite, reached by a woodland path having its base near the river-side, commands a prospect of the most admirable variety, the lake extending in one direction, while on the other the eye ranges over Morecambe Bay. The water of Windermere is clear as crystal—so limpid that the bottom in the shallower parts shows quite plainly, the little fishes darting hither and thither over the pebbles. Taken in its entirety, Windermere is the deepest of the English lakes, excepting only Wastwater, the level of the surface being, in parts, upwards of 240 feet above the bed. The maximum depth of Wastwater is 270 feet. Whether, on quitting Newby Bridge, the onward course be made by boat, or, more wisely, on foot or by carriage, along the road upon the eastern margin of the lake, the prevailing character of the scenery, for a considerable distance, will be found to consist in consummate softness and a delicacy of finish that it may be permitted to call artistic.

Not until we reach the neighbourhood of Storrs

Hall (half way to Ambleside), where Lancashire ends, and Westmoreland begins, is there much that can be termed either wild or imposing. The scenery, so far, has been captivating, but never grand. Here, however, and with rare charm when viewed from the water, come in view the majestic Langdale Pikes, with mountains of every form, and Windermere proves itself the veritable 'Gate Beautiful.' Everywhere, upon the borders, oak and ash fling out their green boughs, seeking in quiet friendship those that spring from neighbours as earnest. Woodbine loves to mingle its fragrant coronals of pink, white, and amber with the foliage amid which the spirals 'gently entwist;' and at all seasons there is the deep rich lustre of the peerless 'ivy green.' The largest of the Windermere islands (in the Lake District, as in the Bristol Channel, called 'holms') has an area of thirty acres.

Esthwaite, the third and last of the charming trio of lakes claimed by Lancashire, is a quiet, unassuming water, so cheerful, withal, and so different in character from both Coniston and Windermere, that a day is well devoted to it. The length is not quite three miles; the width, at the broadest part, is about three furlongs; the best approach is by the ferry across Windermere, then ascending a mountain-path rich with trees, the lake presently appearing upon the left, silvery and unexpected, so suddenly does it come in view; while a rampart of noble though distant mountains gives completeness to the lovely scene. Esthwaite, like the Duddon, has been immortalized by Wordsworth, who received his education at Hawkshead, the little town at the northern extremity. The outlet is a pretty stream called the Cunsey, which carries the overflow into Windermere.

LEO GRINDON.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF GENRE IN EARLY ITALIAN ART.

(*Concluded from page* 118.)

AFTER the impulse given to Italian art by Cimabue and those painters of the same category, whom for lack of time I have not named, had been absorbed though not expended, the tendencies of design in the country took two distinct directions—those of Florence and those of Siena. To be more precise, the Sienese painters developed the grace and spirit of Cimabue, but retained more of his forms than the Florentines, who devised poetical and allegorical works, and treated them in an advanced and essentially naturalistic matter, out of which character and humour were rapidly evolved. I will, for the present, follow the Florentine line, because it is the more progressive of the two. It gave off branches, and ultimately, under changed conditions, absorbed its companion. Keeping to this line I produce No. 5, *A Group of three Holy Women presenting John the Baptist to Zacharias*, and No. 6, *The Daughter of Herodias receiving the Head of John the Baptist.* They are of the School of Giotto, the pupil of Cimabue, one of the greatest masters; and they illustrate the change which art assumed in his time and by his influence. Signor Cavalcaselle attributed these fragments of a fresco to Angiolo Gaddi, a follower of Giotto. At any rate, they are Giottesque, and will serve our present need. They seem to me much too advanced in style and motive, and too weak for Giotto's own hands. They show at once what progress had been made when they were produced. Their artist was not only capable of conceiving, but of executing his own ideas with considerable mastery, freedom of touch, and vivacity of expression. The expressions of the faces are quite natural, see the sneering smile in the lips and eyes of the daughter of Herodias, whose face retains in its long, straight eyelids something that is Byzantine. Observe the actions of St. Elisabeth, the mother of St. John, who cuddles her babe in the other picture. The woman who looks over the shoulder of St. Elisabeth with interest in what is going on, conveys a touch of humanity we have not yet seen. All the faces differ as much as the hands differ from each other.

I have mentioned these pictures out of the right order because it seems desirable to add to the force of the contrast they afford with the austere and dignified Byzantine *Virgin and Child.* The nature of the advance here indicated is thus made clear. To have followed a stricter order would have given precedence to No. 11, the *Descent of the Holy Ghost*, which is very characteristic of the immediate school of Giotto. I confess to suspicions about the character of this example, but whether they are justified or not is immaterial for my present purpose. We here see, but in a less marked degree than before, the change which has been my text. The composition is formal: six figures kneel on each side of the Virgin, each group in two rows of three; the actions of the figures differ, but their attitudes are very much alike. Nevertheless, each Apostle is appropriately characterised by his face or action. The Virgin in the middle, although kneeling, is taller and much bigger than any of her companions, and her attitude is only a few degrees less formal than that of the Byzantine Virgin on which I have dwelt so often. Her dress is of the same character, with the addition of a gilded hem; she wears a white veil, or wimple. The gilded nimbi are set straight and flat, like plates, behind the head. We see a

rude attempt at perspective in the open doorway and vistas of the corridors on each side; this is proof of a decided step, since the throne in No. 2 was drawn in an incomprehensible manner. I am obliged to pass over Taddeo Gaddi, and Orcagna, noble Giottesque masters.

The next picture is No. 14, *Madonna and Child*, which all critics hesitate to award to Masolino di Panicale, but it will serve to show the following step in art, and to connect the above with the greatest

MADONNA AND CHILD. ROSCOE COLLECTION, NO. 14.

master I have yet named, the, for my purpose, all-powerful Masaccio. Of course I am compelled to omit Fra Angelico, because he is not represented in this Gallery, and because the development of the dramatic and naturalistic phases of art owed not more to this exquisite painter than to others who appear here. This *Virgin and Child* is essentially a devotional picture, and, therefore, we must expect to find in it greater formality than the *Descent of the Holy Ghost* possesses; and the two fragments display in representing historical events. The Virgin sits on a throne, as in the Byzantine instance, but the symbols of royalty have been omitted. Her holiness is indicated by the rayed nimbus; her humanity is insisted on by the sorrowful expression of her face, and the almost portrait-like forms of her features. She presses the Child to her breast like a woman when embracing her nurseling, and holds Him tenderly, while He places one arm round her neck, and turns to the spectators with a lively smile. As in several later pictures before us, He is nearly naked. The very curious gold background is marked by incised lines, and represents a curtain. We have no more the flat gold ground of earlier art.

No. 15, to which we now come, bears the name of Masaccio himself, a title which is denied by Signor Cavalcaselle. It recalls to others, including myself, the manner of the school of Fra Angelico, and is certainly an interesting picture of *St. Lorenzo* in his red chasuble, holding a book and palm. Chronologically, it may well come here. The sweetness of the expression, the fresh and youthful forms, bright complexion, and neatly curled hair, evince quite a new subject for the exercise of art, such as Ghirlandajo and Fra Angelico delighted in. The artist, whoever he was, saw that holiness might be associated with youth and beauty. He did not overlook the handsomeness of the costume, for not only does the chasuble set neatly on the shoulders of the saint, but the embroideries on the edges of that garment are elaborate and delicate.

From this cheerful and graceful view of the subject the next step is a wide one, and it is illustrated by a work of the school of Masaccio, a noble artist who—*not only* advanced the practice of painting in its technical part, introduced a larger style of drawing and colouring, a juster sense of nature in light and shade, and beauty of form of the realistic sort, *but*, which is most to my purpose now,—greatly developed the dramatic representation of character, copiously varied the incidents of his designs, and painted men as they lived in his own time. Except those of Sienese origin, all the pictures which are to follow here prove the greatness of the influence of this master. But we must go to the Brancacci Chapel at Florence, and see the series of frescoes which he produced on its walls between 1423 to 1428 ere we can hope to estimate Masaccio fully. As this journey is out of the question at the present moment, let us be content to study in works of Masaccio's followers the nature and extent of his success. These examples show that this painter effected a radical change in the very motive of design. He took up religious subjects and treated them in an historical rather than in a devotional mood; although never irreverent, he was not content with reproducing conventional types as most of his forerunners had been content. I have not said that these happy changes were wholly due to Masaccio, but that he developed them, and that his pupils crowned his work. Whoever desires to study the characteristics of this school apart from paintings, cannot do better than read Mr. Robert Browning's poem called 'Fra Filippo Lippi,' in which the whole matter is put forth with wonderful spirit.

One of the ablest followers of Masaccio was Fra Filippo Lippi, whose name gives a title to Browning's

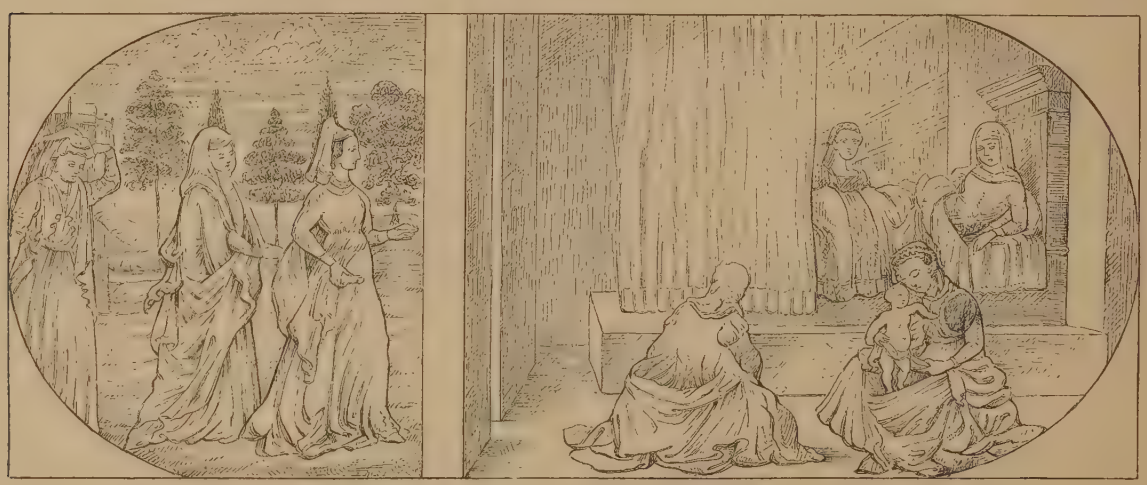
poem. To this painter many critics refer the *Martyrdom of St. Sebastian*, No. 17, a small work of the class called predella pictures, because they were subordinate to larger pieces, and placed beneath them. Predella pictures generally illustrate minor events related to the subjects of the greater paintings. *The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian* is depicted as an historical circumstance of Filippo's own time, one of the archers carries a cross-bow, and all of them wear Florentine costumes of the fifteenth century; their actions are quite natural; they look like truculent soldiers. The naked saint is represented as if really suffering. In the background is a view of a city, probably of Florence itself. No. 18, *The Temptation of a Bishop*, is a companion to the last, and, in containing more than one touch of humour, aptly

THE TEMPTATION OF ST. ANTHONY. ROSCOE COLLECTION, NO. 18.

illustrates the influence which was now at work in Italian art. The subject is *The Temptation of St. Anthony*, who must have been sufficiently indiscreet, for he appears in the act of dining with a lady. Wine is on the table, and the holy man's looks suggest that he has not denied himself the use of it. His more prudent temptress is putting water in her glass. The saint is in eager conversation, and expresses himself with emphasis. The figure standing behind the pair represents a waiter, or *garçon* of the period, who, after the manner of his successors to this day, carries a long napkin over his shoulder, and, with folded arms and an obsequious air, looks ready to do his office. St. Andrew appears at the door of the house, demanding admission to rescue his brother saint; the hostess, an ill-favoured person, offers him a loaf, and does not seem inclined to let him in. It is obvious that art had entered on wholly new paths when such an incident was painted in this fashion.

I shall now put before you a predella picture, entitled *The Birth of St. John*, and numbered 22. It is, with extreme probability, attributed to Filippino Lippi, son of Fra Filippo, a pupil of Sandro Botticelli, and a capital master. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, in the third volume of their 'History of Painting,' page 160, ascribe this charming little picture to Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, a master of the school of Lippi. Here the subject, which was referred to by St. Luke, chap. i., verse 58, is treated like any other 'interesting event' might have been represented. We have, on one side, the interior of the house, an inner apartment being half concealed by a large green curtain with a deep gold fringe. St. Elisabeth, the mother of the newly-born child, lies in bed, an attendant kneels at her side, and appears to be feeling her pulse. In front the babe, a fine and lively new comer, already stands erect in the lap of a very pretty young woman, who is about to swathe him with the usual bandages, having taken him out of the bath at her side. Her dress consists of a bright blue gown, pencilled on the edges with gold; her bodice is of orange cloth, if not cloth of gold; her sleeves are of bright scarlet, opened at the back to show a white under-sleeve; a dainty lace cap sets off her bright, fair hair and rosy cheeks; her petticoat is of a dark olive, her hose are brilliant red. Mrs. Jameson rightly described this figure as the Virgin Mary. The arrival of more gossips is emphasised by the action of the pretty nurse's companion, who turns round as if to welcome the approach of a lady of distinction, and two other persons. These are the neighbours and cousins who rejoiced with St. Elisabeth. The foremost lady wears a red dress of the first fashion of this period, and such as is often seen in Florentine pictures. It is enriched with black. The eager way in which she inquires after the patient

within is partly due to the personal character of the lady, and partly to the interest of the event which has just reached her knowledge. Her action is full of spirit, and completely illustrates the animation which now prevailed in pictorial design. This lady is closely followed by a tall young woman dressed in black, and a white wimple. Ghirlandajo himself never designed anything better than these figures, or painted draperies with more force and delicate care. The third approaching figure is that of a stout serving woman, who carries on her head a basket of linen; the embroidered edges of two napkins hang in front of the basket. It is possible that the artist intended to represent the arrival of charitable ladies with necessaries for an accouchement, that is to say, the appearance of 'the basket,' according to a practice which, I am told, is still common in Liverpool as it is in London. It is easy to see how luminous



THE BIRTH OF ST. JOHN. ROSCOE COLLECTION, NO. 22.

are the tones of this picture, how harmonious is its colouring, how delicate is the pencilling of the figures. The subject is related to that of one of the fresco fragments attributed to Giotto we have already seen.

I must pass briefly over the great achievements of Sandro Botticelli, not because he ought to be omitted in any sketch of the history of art, but because that phase of design of which he was one of the greatest masters is, for our present purpose, sufficiently displayed by the works of others. I must not neglect to speak of the much-injured panel behind me, which represents *Ulysses with the Sirens*. It is undoubtedly the front of a cassone, or chest, intended to contain a bride's trousseau. Here we have a landscape on a considerable scale, representing an estuary with castle-crowned hills, and double-banked galleys rowed by negro-slaves, or demons, I will not say which. I will call your attention to the quaint figure of the Siren who has come from the deep sea to sing alongside the galley of Ulysses, and, having two fish-like tails, holds one of them in each hand in a manner which can hardly be called alluring.

Of the same school is No. 23, the *Virgin and Child attended by Angels*, which bears the name of Filippino Lippi, and is by no means unlike a Botticelli. It is interesting to compare the face of the Virgin before us with that of the *Head of a Lady*, No. 19, which is our first instance of portraiture proper. The faces are of the same person, painted by the same hand, and of course about the same time. They alike represent one who seems to have been a frequent model at this date. In both these pictures are similar features, including the high, clear, slightly sloping forehead, crowned with honey-coloured hair, and the same fair, arched eyebrows; broad upper eyebrows appear in both, with similar mouths, cheeks, and chins. Oddly enough, the Infant Christ in each of these examples is almost identical with the other; the same child's face appears in two more pictures of this subject and known to me, one of which formerly bore the name of Spinello Aretino, more recently that of Parri Spinelli, is called *La Vierge aux Roses*, and was lately sold in Florence with the San Donato Collection, No. 368. In the 'Gazette des Beaux-Arts' there is a capital engraving of it by M. Leopold Flameng. The painting belonged to Mr. Alexander Barker, who bought it of a noble Tuscan family. In all these cases the backgrounds comprise full-blooming roses and leafage seen against blue skies. The second picture is ascribed to Lorenzo da Bicci, a master of the School of Cremona. These names must be taken to represent a school rather than a painter, or two painters.

You will appreciate the great gain which by this time had accrued to art in respect to the happy expressions of the faces in the picture before us. The gentle sweetness of the Virgin's countenance is by no means vacant or idealess, still less is it devoid of seriousness. It was a favourite practice at this period

to represent these pretty Angels who, as in this case, crowd behind the Mother and the Child, and look with admiration and reverence at the new-born Son of Promise. Behind, on our left, is St. John, with his reed-cross, and skin-raiment, gazing at us with child-like seriousness not devoid of pain. In front is a third Angel adoring Christ and holding the Virgin's lily. Christ holds the goldfinch, or 'cardellino,' so frequently seen in representations of this subject, as in the famous Raphael of the Uffizi of Florence. In front another cardellino is about to pick up seeds which have fallen from an emblematic cleft pomegranate. The face of the Baby Christ does not exhibit spiritual dignity, or anything beyond human innocence. On the whole, except so far as regards the adoring expression of one Angel, this is a *genre* picture completely void of devotional character. It is one of the most valuable paintings in the Gallery, among the most charming that I know.

" For a considerable time we have been dealing with works of *genre*, and historical illustrations treated in a manner which may have been edifying, but cannot be called devotional or austere. I propose soon to close that part of the subject which is concerned with the increasing cheerfulness, not to say gaiety, of the painters of Florence and their ideas in art. The next instance, *St. Bernardino Preaching*, No. 20, is the crowning one, because it deals with a celebrated picture, which is variously ascribed to Pesellino, a pupil of Fra Filippo, and to Francesco di Giorgio, one of the latest of the Sienese painters, and a follower of Domenico di Bartolo. The latter opinion is pronounced by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, who twice affirm that it is not due to either of the Paselli, but to a Sienese painter. It is obvious that the panel, although by no means without Sienese characteristics, owes so much to the influence of Masaccio, as transmitted by Lippi, that we must assume a mistake on the part of the authors of the 'History of Painting in Italy.' How much the design owes to Masaccio's pictures in the Brancacci Chapel has been apparent to everybody who knows both. It is sufficient for this occasion to point out some of the chief incidents of the very curious design as a piece of historical *genre* painting.

We have a curious compound representation, giving at one view, as if part of the building were removed, the interior and exterior of the Romanesque Cathedral of Florence, and houses on each side. The greater number of the figures are assembled on the pavement of the cathedral. The centre of the picture gives a vista of the choir and altar of the church. On our left, outside, is a circular building, probably a baptistery, on our right is the open courtyard of a large house, the walls of which are coloured red. The doors of the buildings on each side bear knockers of two patterns, both exactly like those we now use, and rings of different shapes intended for closing the doors from without. On our left, again, is a white house, before the first-floor window of which a pair of stout brackets support a pole, here used to air a napkin exactly like those we saw in the hands of the serving-man in the *Temptation of St. Anthony*, and in *The Birth of St. John*. On the wall below the window hangs a bird-cage with a bird in it. Just below this, and extending along two sides of this house, as well as on the red house on our right of the picture, is a line of hooks, such as appear in other views of Italian cities, and were doubtless designed to hold those tapestries and carpets with which, on festive occasions, the inmates were accustomed to decorate their houses. It is worth while to notice how faithfully the painter has cast the shadows of these hooks on the walls behind them, according to the position of the walls with regard to the sun. On one wall these shadows fall nearly under the hooks, on another wall they are projected sideways and downwards. This is a touch of realism such as we have not before noticed. In one of the frescoes of the Brancacci Chapel Masaccio represented a monkey perched on a pole, like that before the window here, and looking about him. Some of the windows in the *Preaching of St. Bernardino* are closed with wooden shutters; two windows on our left are filled with oiled paper or linen, and in these windows two panes are made to open on hinges. The four great piers of the church are in the centre of the picture, with statues of the Evangelists, each in a niche with his proper emblems. The statue of St. Matthew is hidden by the lofty little wooden pulpit of St. Bernardino, in which, with profound earnestness, the holy man is in the act of exhibiting a casket of relics, while a group of trumpeters on his left announce the event with a loud blast of their uplifted instruments, and most of the spectators prostrate themselves, while others uncover their heads, and many of them are deeply moved. Among these you may notice a man who kneels at a bench on our right, rests his chin on one hand, and is quite absorbed by what he sees. The saint looks from his lofty place at the approaching group of ladies on our left, and seems to resent their behaviour as not reverent enough. The leader of this party is a magnificently-clad dame in a red cloak lined with ermine; and it must be admitted that her demeanour is haughty, and her looks are supercilious enough to displease a saint who had just produced a casket of relics before the people. Several persons are approaching from each side, some of whom attend to the preacher while others do not.

So far as we can see of every face and figure in this picture, and there are nearly eighty of them,

each individual has a distinct and characteristic action and expression. This shows extraordinary abundance of invention on the part of the artist, who must have studied his subject with amazing care. Generally speaking, in this representing the Eastern custom, the men are grouped on our right, the women on our left. The sexes are separated by an olive-green curtain suspended on a cord, which is stretched across the church. It appears that the curtain is not high enough to prevent those who stand erect from looking over it. In front a young gentleman has placed himself in a graceful attitude and looks at the ladies, who are kneeling on the other side of the curtain. He is the most prominent person in the picture, far more so than the preacher, for whom we have to search in the background. The painter delighted to deal with the youthful and elegant figure of this gentleman, who wears a cloak of pale grey cloth, one corner of which is cast back over his shoulder in the manner of a classic toga, so that the garment falls in beautiful folds like those of an antique statue. The artist dwelt on these folds with the greatest care and feeling for their beauty. The treatment of drapery in this picture is very like that which gives so great a charm to the figures in Ghiberti's gates of the Baptistery at Florence. The wearer is an exquisite of the first degree, his attitude is studiously graceful, his hair is neatly bound by a scarlet fillet, and was carefully smoothed before he came forth. We observe that no other man wears a scarlet fillet, while several of the younger, and, doubtless, unmarried ladies do so. Among other charming figures is that of a little boy in a white coat with a red border, who stands near the finely-dressed youth. The little girl who trips by the side of the lady in the ermine cloak is very pretty. I recommend to your attention all the figures in this admirable picture.*

Having thus reached the highest point of our subject, and shown successive stages in the development of design from the strictest monumental art to the most varied and lively *genre* painting, I propose to turn back and conclude with a few notes on early Sienese art, of which there are some capital examples in this gallery. We already know that the painters of Siena, a city which existed in rivalry to Florence, developed the spirit and grace of Cimabue, the first reviver of art, but retained more of his stiff and Gothic forms than the Florentines, whose progress we have followed from the Giottesque *Descent of the Holy Ghost* to that animated piece of *genre* painting, attributed to Pesellino, or F. di Giorgio, which has just been put aside.

On looking at Nos. 8 and 9, Heads of St. Peter and St. Paul, we mark the departure of the Sienese from Byzantine art. The figures are placed on flat gold grounds, their forms are harshly pronounced, the faces have strongly marked, though appropriate, characters, and very dark complexions—the complexion of St. Peter is even blackish; he has long, narrow eyes, such as are observable in the more advanced examples of this school, which next engage our attention. The first of these is No. 4, called the *Coronation of the Virgin*, and, with very good reason, bears the name of Lippo Memmi, who flourished at Siena between 1317 and 1356. Giotto was born near Florence in 1276, and died in 1336. Lippo was probably born about twenty years after the great Florentine, and yet he so far resisted the influence of that master as to paint in the manner which is shown by this picture, which was probably executed about 1330. Its peculiar style makes apparent how much of the earlier manner of Cimabue the artists of Siena had retained in order to express their ideas of grace and sweetness in combination with gay colour, and without attempting to give relief to their figures by contrasting, or even by grading, lights and shades. This is one of the most characteristic and interesting works of its kind, and, as an example of the school, quite equal to any other in this country.

I shall venture to call your attention to the long oval faces of the Virgin and Christ, to their straight, sculpturesque noses, little mouths, their eyebrows defined like penstrokes, and, especially, to their long and narrow eyes, with straight eyelids, which are such as we see in the face of *St. Peter*, No. 8, and in the three faces in the beautiful little *genre* picture to which I shall next refer.

In the mode which is proper to representations of the *Coronation of the Virgin*, these figures are enthroned side by side under a pointed, richly cusped, Gothic arch, while the Son places the celestial crown on the gracefully depressed head of the Mother. The crown itself is of a lovely Gothic form, and exactly such as was worn by kings and queens all over Europe about the time of our Edward II., and a little earlier. We see such crowns on the heads of the effigies of Queen Eleanor of Castile which stand in the niches of the beautiful crosses at Northampton, Geddington, and Waltham. These statues, which were carved forty years before this picture was painted, are specimens of the finest art, of English origin, and resemble the Virgins of the School of Siena, such as that before us. With a somewhat finical, yet extremely graceful air, the Queen of Heaven stoops in this picture to

* The so-called *Pesellino* was at the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition, 1881, together with the *Simone di Siena*, which is described below.

receive the crown, and, while crossing her long, thin hands in her lap, does so in a dainty manner, which is eminently characteristic of Sienese art. The arms are crossed at the wrists, the palms turned upwards, and the taper fingers are gently extended. Other characteristics of the early School of Siena appear in the draperies, which are of a rosy white colour, and embroidered in gold with beautiful patterns. These patterns, like those of the brilliant scarlet tapestry behind the figures, are of distinctly Oriental character, and suggest that they were painted from woven fabrics brought from the East, or from Venice, where, at that date, embroideries of all sorts were produced, and not easily distinguishable from those which are wholly Oriental. The pattern of the background includes a pelican uncovering her breast to protect her young, or 'vulning' herself, as the heralds say. This is an obvious allusion to the action of Christ in the picture. The green under-colour of the flesh in this painting is observable in all such works.

No. 7, *Joseph, the Virgin and Christ*, a signed picture by Simone di Siena, is, on the whole, the most precious gem in this collection. It is worthy of the cabinet of an emperor or of a National Gallery. It is dated 1342. Undoubtedly Simone was a little behind his time in art, for there exist works of Ambrogio Lorenzetti, another Sienese, which are of a grander, less fastidious, more masculine nature than this exquisite piece. There is in the Academy at Florence a *Presentation in the Temple* of Ambrogio's production, and dated in the same year, which is more advanced in style than this lovely relic. You see the Holy Family grouped under the usual Gothic arch, and painted on a flat gold ground; and you will not fail to notice the beauty and delicacy of the execution of this miniature, its fine and careful modelling, the depth and force of the colours of the draperies. You will appreciate the spirit which animates this design. It proves the work to be a charming example of *genre* painting as it was practised long before that expressive term was thought of. It shows, in the most naïve manner, the painter's ideas of the reception of the youthful Christ before His mission was declared, and when Joseph, having found Him disputing with the doctors in the Temple, led

JOSEPH, THE VIRGIN, AND CHRIST. BY SIMONE DI SIENA. ROSCOE COLLECTION, NO. 7.

Him home to the Virgin. We see the half-tearful indignation of Joseph as he shrugs his shoulders, and, extending one protesting hand, presses the boy forward towards His mother with the other. Very characteristic is the half-tender yet resolute expression of Christ, who looks at the Virgin, and, still firm in His purpose to teach the Truth, clasps the Book to His breast with both arms. Extremely touching is the pathetic air of the Virgin, who, while tenderly remonstrating, says:—

'Behold, Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing.'

F. G. STEPHENS.

ART CHRONICLE.

THE exhibition of Spanish and Portuguese decorative art at the Kensington Museum has proved fairly representative, if not very extensive. The nucleus was formed by the objects already in the Museum, which have been bought from time to time at International Exhibitions or from well-accredited collections, such as the Bernal and Riaño, or acquired through official sources or by gifts. The objects received on loan from Spain and Portugal or from English collections for the special exhibition help to bring out those transitions and admixtures of style in decorative art which are of especial interest to the student. In Spain, after the Visigothic period, comes the pure Arabian art, which passes into the *Mudejar*, or mixed Christian and Arabic; the pointed Gothic of a later time, played upon by the Italian Renaissance and admitting Moorish features, is known by the title of the *Plateresque*. Then come the Italian imitations, which fell ultimately into decadence of ultra-*Baroque* extravagance. Some peculiarities of style in ornamentation are traced to the introduction into Spain of objects from Mexico and the South American colonies. In Portugal, to the causes which influence the cognate art of Spain, is added the Indian element, which was felt through the extensive trade with India. Indian and Hindoo features are recognised in certain architectural phenomena, as at Batalha and Belem; and Indian inlays and metal-work were imitated by Portuguese artists. Another

curious link is that with China; through the Portuguese settlement at Macao a spurious Chinese style crept into embroideries and surface decoration. The National Archæological Museum at Madrid has contributed objects of especial interest in metal-work, armour, fabrics of historic and artistic value, ivories, carvings, and Hispano-Moresco pottery. Among these may be recorded the ivory crucifix presented by King Ferdinand and his spouse to the treasury of St. Isidore at Leon, A.D. 1063; a large bronze open-work hanging lantern from the Mosque of the Alhambra, 14th century; the arms of a processional cross of the 7th century, part of the Visigothic treasure of Guarrazar: caskets of Hispano-Byzantine style, and others with Cufic inscriptions, of silver and of wood from St. Isidore of Leon. It may be noted that neither Madrid nor Paris has lent the precious Visigothic crowns of the Guarrazar treasure. The National Library at Madrid contributes illuminated Codices; H. M. the King, modern tapestries and armour, and locksmiths' work from the 16th century forward. The Portuguese convents yield a fine selection of ecclesiastical vestments and furniture, and the Academy of Arts at Lisbon sends a large number of valuable Church vessels. A Book of Devotions, with miniatures, used by Charles V. at Juste, comes from Don Marcial Lorbes de Aragon; and Lady Charlotte Schreiber sends the curious jewel made for and presented to Humalda, the Frisian Governor of Harlingen, by Charles V., in gratitude for a weather forecast by which the Emperor escaped shipwreck on the Zuyder Zee. The Queen has contributed some valuable Spanish arms, amongst which figures prominently the ancient sword said to have belonged to *El Cid;* it is cross-hilted, the blade and hilt of divers dates, the latter being of 14th or 15th century work—some hundred years or more older than the blade, which bears an escutcheon inscribed, '*Marchio Rodericus Bivar.*' After the royal personages and institutions, the chief contributors are the Baron Davillier, the Baron D'Alochéte, M. Spitzer, Sir Richard Wallace, Mr. J. C. Robinson, Mr. F. Cook, Sir Henry Layard, and Lady C. Schreiber. Mr. E. Falkener sends a pair of Hispano-Moresco vases, 15th century, unique in colour—dark sapphire ground with raised ornament of birds, etc., in shadowed lustre colours; and M. Stein lends a large piece of rough fayence of a century earlier, with bronze mounting designed and modelled by Fortuny, from whose collection it was obtained. Mr. Robinson shows the painted reredos, or rather a portion, containing twenty-nine pictures, from the Cathedral of Ciudad Rodrigo, *circa* 1480; said by the owner to be the production of many artists, and the most important 'retablo' known. Not many of the minutely carved and painted statues, a characteristic phase of sculpture in Spain in the 17th century, have been contributed; though enough for historic purposes.

A full catalogue, with reprint of the essay by Señor J. F. Riaño from the Museum Handbook of Spanish Art, is admirably edited and prefaced by Mr. J. C. Robinson, and will serve as a permanent record of the contents of a valuable and instructive exhibition.

THE success of the Exhibition inaugurated as Le Salon à Londres will probably be held to justify a repetition next season. It may be said to supply what is lacking in the Galleries of other Continental Picture Exhibitions in London; namely, examples of the most recent manifestations and extravagances of the Parisian School, and the products of artists not yet popularised in England. The emaciated life-size *Job*, assailantly nude, by M. Bonnat; the fierce episode of Merovingian history, by M. Luminais; M. Gerôme's masterly but repulsive St. Jerome, reposing in abject exhaustion against the side of his big lion, a phosphorescent green nimbus round his head as sign of sainthood,—these and other equally eccentric, but less artistic productions, attract the curiosity-mongers, and divide honours with certain examples of palette-trickery, and the performances with brush and chisel of Madame Sara Bernhardt. The famous actress here proves herself a colorist, after a kind, but no draughtswoman; clever at realistic modelling, inventive too in a fashion, but ignorant or defiant of sculpturesque style. Certain remarkable portraits by M. Henner, one by Meissonier of M. A. Dumas, and a portrait-study of a lady by M. Henri Lévy, supreme in treatment of olive flesh tones, in modelling of face and hands, and happy play on green hues in drapery and ground, are pictures which reward the visitor, and go far to save the Exhibition from the accusation of holding up for the benefit of a London public rather what is to be deprecated than to be honoured in the art of modern France.

THE Burlington Fine Arts Club added during the past month to their exhibition of mezzotints and engravings the plates in progressive stages of *Solway Moss* and *Ben Arthur*, from Turner's 'Liber Studiorum' series. Eight trial-proofs of *The Solway*, an engraver's proof, first and second published states, and an impression engraved on steel by Lupton in 1858, will have been followed with interest by the close student. Of *Ben Arthur* four trial-proofs, a late engraver's proof, and the first and third published states, were shown. The minutiæ of criticism are rife over the 'Liber' just now, as the gathering of these plates indicates.

AN Index to the Catalogues of the First Ten Annual Exhibitions of Works by Old Masters and Deceased British Artists at the Royal Academy has been prepared by the Secretary, Mr. F. Eaton, and printed for private circulation.

DR. SCHLIEMANN has been endowed in a most flattering manner with the freedom of the city of Berlin, a distinction only enjoyed among living personages by Prince Bismarck and General von Moltke. Messrs. Brockhaus of Leipzig publish Dr. Schliemann's pamphlet about his recent explorations in the Troad and the mountains of Ida, and the discovery of the supposed altar of Zeus.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have published a translation, by Helena de Kay, of the biography of 'François Millet, Peasant and Painter,' written by M. A. Sensiers.

A HANDBOOK worth the attention of artists is 'The Law of Artistic Copyright,' by Mr. Martin Routh, Barrister-at-Law, published by Messrs. Remington & Co.

MR. DAVID LAW has issued a series of ten etchings, illustrating scenery of the Thames between Oxford and Windsor.

MM. Adolf Braun & Co. of Dornach bring out reproductions in carbon photography of some four hundred pictures in the Royal Gallery at Madrid. The Autotype Company in London have received the first instalment of the series, among which are several examples of Velasquez, of the Venetian and Flemish schools, and *Lo Spasimo* of Raphael. These photographs faithfully reproduce the brushwork of the original pictures, and great pains is taken to diminish the difficulties which beset the process in translation of the tonality and varying light and shade of colour. It is difficult to overrate the value to the student of such durable and comparatively accurate mementos of the actual *capi d'opera* of the great masters in one of the richest of national collections.

THE report of the Arundel Society for the year 1880 shows a decrease in the income, arising apparently from a diminished sale of occasional publications and other objects independent of the regular issues, and not from any falling off of annual subscriptions. In despite of this fact, good economy left the Society with an improved balance. The chromo-lithograph for the First Subscribers in 1882 will be after the fresco by Pinturrichio in the Piccolomini Library at Siena, which represent Eneo Silvio receiving the Cardinal's hat from Pope Calixtus the Third. This publication will complete the series illustrative of the Piccolomini Library, which will thus comprise a view of the interior printed in colours from a drawing by M. Marchi, ten engravings from the frescoes, two coloured plates,

also a descriptive notice of the fresco wall paintings, together with a memoir of Pope Pius II. (Eneo Silvio Piccolomini) by the Rev. W. Kitchin, whom the Council elect Honorary Member in recognition of his services. In the programme of the Society for future publication are included *The Swoon of St. Catherine*, from the fresco by Bazzi at Siena, the entire subject; groups of *Angels*, by Gozzoli in the chapel of the Riccardi Palace, Florence, and the fresco of *St. Catherine of Alexandria disputing with the Doctors*, by Pinturrichio, in the Vatican. Signor Fattorini holds commission to make drawings from two ancient Roman wall-paintings recently discovered in the Farnesina Gardens. M. Schultz is copying the *Holy Family*, with Saints by Quentin Matsys, now in the Brussels Museum. M. Kaiser has been at work in Prato making water-colour drawings from frescoes, by Gaddi, in the Duomo, and a Madonna and Child in a Tabernacle at a street corner, painted by Filippino Lippi.

THE Annual Report of the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Monuments contains an abridged account of proceedings during the year 1880. It must be confessed that more zeal has been expended than actual result obtained, though not from lack of persistent energy on part of the Society. The first case in the record is that of the west front of St. Albans' Abbey; the Society regarded the volunteered restoration by Sir Edmund Beckett as likely to involve serious architectural disloyalty, especially in reference to the destruction of Abbot Wheathampstead's window, and therefore endeavoured to hinder the grant of a faculty from the Registrar's Court for the restoration by Sir Edmund. The faculty was, however, given, and the Society defeated. In the next case this Body came into collision with Mr. J. O. Scott, working for the dean and chapter, as to the historic accuracy of the reparation of the north porches of Westminster Abbey, after the plans of the late Sir Gilbert Scott; basing their objections upon a drawing by Hollar in Dugdale's 'Monasticon,' 1655. Here also protest was met by protest. At the Fratry of Carlisle Cathedral, 1484–1501, the restoration by Mr. Street involved the destruction of certain interpolated Tudor windows, and the partial refacing of certain walls which the Society regarded as important points in archæological history, and they endeavoured, but ineffectually, to arrest the work. At Tewkesbury Abbey Church the doings of the Restoration Committee aroused this vigilant, antiquarian body, and the attention of the public was drawn, through the press, to the wholesale renovations executed under the architect, Mr. J. O. Scott. In some other cases greater encouragement has rewarded the conservative efforts of this Society: old buildings at Salisbury, a market cross at Malmesbury, church repairs elsewhere, &c., have been taken not vainly under their wing. But the impression left on the mind of the reader of this Report is, that the Society has to put up with a frightful amount of snubbing, not only from distinguished architects, but from irascible vicars, thick-headed corporations, and other self-opinionated personages. The duty it has imposed upon itself of upholding the existing state of a building as a sacred historic record not to be tampered with, is fraught with much exercise of patience. These self-elected conservators of our ancient monuments, composing the Society, like the conservators of our common lands, and the guardians of our rights to the beauty of English scenery, have to battle with personal prejudice, pride of office, local interests, money greed, and the craze of modern utility; and at best theirs is an ungrateful task, needing discretion as much as zeal, and knowledge of the present equally with reverence for the past. Still, a good and helpful work is done by these Vigilance Societies if it were only that they keep men's eyes open, so that national monuments cannot be mutilated, or the fair fields given up as prey to the bricks and mortar demon without the consent of 'those who know.' Some notes are added to this Report on certain interesting old churches in Gloucestershire. This is an indication of a mode in which the Society might do important service; namely, by organizing systematic record of the less known ancient buildings, so that when time and circumstance have swept away visible vestiges, reliable data for archæologic history might remain.

AN event of the art season has been the exhibition in Paris of the important sacred picture by the Hungarian artist, M. Munkaczy, *Christ before Pilate*. This painting could not be admitted to the *Salon* on account of its size; it measures 20 feet by 25, and contains twenty-two figures. This work is pronounced by those who have studied it to be the most characteristic, as well as the most powerful and ambitious, yet produced by the artist, who is, perhaps, the most notably individual of modern painters. The treatment of the theme, as was to be expected from Munkaczy, belongs to the existing period in the history of art; it is not traditional or super-sensuous, but actual, dramatic, picturesque, aiming at the characteristic rather than the typical; realistic in accessories, and studious of brilliant colour, rendered splendid by contrasting shadow. It is to be hoped that Mr. Sedelmeyer, the purchaser, will bring the picture to London for exhibition.

OUR attention has been drawn to the laudable antiquarian research of General Pitt Rivers, formerly known as Colonel Lane Fox. This gentleman having succeeded to the Rushmore estate of Lord Rivers, and its revenues, is employing his scientific knowledge and his fresh resources to systematic excavation of the barrows, with which the estate abounds. Also he is clearing the ground from overgrown nut wood, used for cover shooting, and is thereby giving the grand old trees space to spread and breathe in. Mr. Andrew Macallum is painting studies of the barrows and their surroundings.

MESSRS. ROBERSON, of Long Acre, have brought out a new edition (the fifth) of Mr. Joseph Bonomi's 'Treatise on the Proportions of the Human Figure.' The editor says, in a preface, that 'some allowance must be made for the difficulty of collecting from scattered notes all that the writer meant to include in this edition of the work.' He also tells us that this edition—

'Besides containing the ancient Greek canon of human proportions, as handed down by Vitruvius, gives many measures of the normal widths of the figure which are due to the careful researches of the author himself, and which, forming fractional parts of the height, have the advantage of being easily remembered by students. The rules of Gibson and Flaxman are also given in their proper places, so that this edition of Mr. Bonomi's work may be fairly said to form a text-book of the well-established artistic rules and natural facts relating to external human symmetry and proportion.'

The volume appropriately begins with a short biography of Mr. Bonomi. He was born in London, in 1796, of Italian parents, and studied art in our Royal Academy, where he won a silver medal for the best drawing from the antique. He studied sculpture under Nollekins, in London, and afterwards went to Rome, where he studied along with John Gibson.

'In 1824,' says his biographer, 'he went to Egypt, where he measured the temples, copied the statues, and under the greatest difficulties, drew, printed, and published the inscriptions of many of the most interesting monuments. Again and again he went up the Nile, in order to complete his knowledge of Egypt. He made faithful drawings of the scenery on both banks, as well as transcripts of the hieroglyphics. After many wanderings, living with the Arabs until he almost became one of themselves; crossing the desert to Sinai, visiting Jerusalem, and making drawings even in the harem itself, he returned to England enriched with, perhaps, more experience of the East than any other modern traveller.'

Mr. Bonomi cared very little for comfort in comparison with the real purposes of intelligent travelling. The editor of the 'PORTFOLIO' well remembers how urgently Mr. Bonomi recommended him (*àpropos* of a scheme of Egyptian travel, which was never carried into execution) to avoid luxurious boating and ride alongside the Nile on the back of a camel, 'from which,' he said, 'you will see everything so very much better.'

Considering what a hardworking, enthusiastic man Mr. Bonomi was, and his long life of more than eighty years, it

may surprise some people that he should not have produced more; but, as his biographer truly remarks—

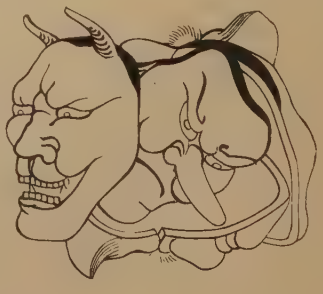
'One must look below the surface for the real records of his life. Ever modestly adding value to the work of others, labouring for the spread of knowledge itself, and not for fame or money; silent as to his most painful tasks, aiding all, gleaning little but the gratitude of friends, he went on through a long life, never turned out of his quiet paths by the lures of applause or distinction.'

The portrait given in this volume, with its odd, self-forgetful attitude (the opposite of conscious 'pose'), and its busy look, gives character as well as physical features.

We have left ourselves little space to speak of the work itself; but it is difficult to write in a readable manner about proportions without the help of elaborate illustration, so we may be excused for not entering upon the subject in this place. Those who are interested in it should get the book itself, which goes thoroughly into the whole matter, and is not only an exposition of Mr. Bonomi's views, but also a succinct *résumé* of previous investigation. A list of authorities on the subject is included in the volume, and will be found useful to students.

'The Art of Fan Painting,' by Madame La Baronne Delamardelle (Lechertier, Barbe & Co.), is a handbook translated from the French, and contains, in the space of a very few pages, directions concerning the best materials, and the best methods to be employed. It begins with an historical sketch of the little instrument, which is shown to date from the earliest times, and to come from the hot East; but in lands where fanning is as necessary, and as natural as breathing, it would seem unnecessary to search for an inventor. Many interesting details are given of the form and value of fans at different periods. The directions for the mechanical part of the painting appear to be clear and simple, but with some of the more general directions we do not at all agree. The authoress tells us to choose a subject for a painting on vellum—which ought to last a hundred years or more—from mythology or the works of great masters. But why should it be true 'that a subject of the present period will probably have no interest, nor any value whatever, at some remote lapse of time hence?' Again, it may be true that 'trees on fans do not resemble a bit those trees painted after the laws of nature;' but surely if it is so, fan-painting is a degenerate art, and the fan-painter no true artist.

Messrs. Sotheran & Co. have just issued a second edition, in one volume, of the Keramic Art of Japan, the joint production of Mr. George Audsley and Mr. James L. Bowes. The authors have added to the letterpress much interesting matter on the manufacture of porcelain and pottery, and a reproduction in fac-simile of marks and monograms makes the book more complete. Sixteen of the splendid specimens of chromolithography, executed by the firm of MM. Firmin-Didot et Co., for the folio edition, under the superintendence of M. Racinet, enrich also this cheaper issue, which, at the price of two guineas, is now brought within the acquisition of persons to whom the folio was a luxury denied. The publishers, however, reserve the right of raising the price. The Essay on the Keramic Art gives a concise compilation of historic data, so far as ascertained, from the mythical inventions of the manufacture of *Oosia-Tsumi*, some five and a half centuries before the Christian era, downward. The authors are of opinion that the art of pottery-making did not really start till after the introduction of Buddhism from China, in the sixth century; and a priest of Buddha has the credit of inventing or bringing into use the potter's wheel, about 724 A.D. Pure porcelain, however, was not made before 1513, when a Japanese artist, on returning from China, settled in Hizen, and there produced what are still specialties of that province—blue under the glaze, crackle, celadon, and porcelain of varied colours, known as *Nishike* and *Gosai*. All the ware called 'Old Japan' is also of Hizen; much of this is said to have found its way into Europe during last century. The famous collection at Dresden, formed by Augustus II., King of Poland, between the years 1698 and 1724, to decorate his Japanese Palace, was formerly still richer than now in old Hizen porcelain, but duplicates were by degrees sold or parted with. Of the other chief centres of manufacture, Owari, Kioto, Kaga, and Satsuma, specimens from the second seem rarest in Europe; the free-handed designs of the Kioto ware are, according to our authors, much prized by the Japanese themselves; the red enamels of Kioto and of Kaga are superior to those of Hizen or Owari. But to Hizen belongs the much-prized blue-and-white 'Hawthorn' pattern, which, by the way, is not hawthorn at all, but the flower of the blossoming tree *Ume*, the pride of the nature-loving Japanese. In the Introductory Essay the writers dilate pleasantly on the observation and the enjoyment of natural objects which is manifested in the designs of Japanese artists, and describe the plants and trees, the blossoms, the birds, &c., which form the favourite subjects for decorative employ upon ware or lacquer. The sensitiveness of these artists to beauty of line is aptly illustrated by their imitation, whether pictorially or in plastic form, of the wave-like curves of the great volcanic mountain Fusiyama. The grotesque element that appears so strongly in all their renderings of the human figure becomes strictly artistic when animating the decorative treatment of fabulous beasts, the dragons of air and sea, the tailed tortoise, the *shishi* or lion, even the absurd kylin, of Chinese origin, dear to *bric-à-brac* collectors. It is possible that the introduction of European surgical practice and the use of the dissecting knife may give to the Japanese artists greater knowledge of the human frame, and finer accuracy in delineation; but modern travellers point out that the degenerate type of the race, their customs of dress and arbitrary sumptuary laws, are not calculated to develope a perception of the beautiful in humanity. Perception of the characteristic in expression, attitude, gesture, they do possess, and in the strongest degree. Of this trait abundant evidence was to be found in the interesting Exhibition of Japanese Art held by the Burlington Fine Arts Club in 1878, among the hanging picture-scrolls lent by Mr. Franks and Mr. E. Dillon, and especially in the *Netsuke*, or carved buttons, which are marvels of ready invention and deft handiwork. The enthusiasm for Japanese design and colour—which is a phase in the artistic taste of the day—receives support from the increasing number of student-books published on the subject. One of the last is Mr. Franks' Catalogue of the Japanese Pottery acquired from the Philadelphia Exhibition for the South Kensington Museum. Mr. Franks writes an authoritative 'Introduction,' and edits the original native Report drawn up by Mr. Shioda and translated by Mr. Assami.



AN EPISCOPAL VISIT.

ETCHED BY LÉON LHERMITTE.

A FRENCH bishop is going the rounds of his diocese, and visiting some country church. These occasions, rather fatiguing for the prelates who have to go through a constant succession of ceremonies during their episcopal tours, are a pleasant excitement and variety for the peasantry. The church here does not seem to be very full, perhaps it is one of those country churches which are needlessly large for their localities.

M. Lhermitte has long been accustomed to draw in charcoal, of which he is an accomplished master, and his etchings exhibit that care for good arrangements of light-and-shade which comes naturally to every *fusiniste* after some practice. The tones of this etching, without being obtrusively vigorous, are very satisfying, and will bear examination. It is plain that the degrees of opposition are what M. Lhermitte intended them to be, and that they are not 'art and accident,' but deliberate art only. If the reader will examine them a little in their mutual relations, especially the delicate shades about and under the arches, he will probably be of our opinion.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF LANCASHIRE.

IX.—*The Ancient Castles and Monastic Buildings.*

AT the period so memorable in history when Wiclif was giving his countrymen the first complete English Bible—this under the kindly wing of John o' Gaunt, who shielded the daring reformer in many a perilous hour—Lancashire possessed six or seven baronial castles; and no fewer than ten, or rather more, of the religious houses distinguished by the general name of abbeys and priories. Every one of the castles, except John o' Gaunt's own, has disappeared; or if relics exist, they are the merest fragments. Liverpool Castle, which held out for twenty-four days against Prince Rupert, was demolished more than 200 years ago. Rochdale, Bury, Standish, Penwortham, are not sure even of the exact spots their citadels occupied. A fate in some respects heavier has overtaken the monastic buildings, these having gone in every instance; though the ruins of one or two are so beautiful architecturally, that in their silent and elegant pathos there is compensation for the ruthless overthrow: one is reconciled to the havoc by the exquisite ornaments they confer, as our English ruins do universally, on parts of the country already charming.

> 'I do love these ancient ruins!
> We never tread among them, but we set
> Our foot upon some reverend history.'

Lancaster Castle, the only survivor of the fortresses, stands upon the site of an extremely ancient stronghold; though very little, somewhat singularly, is known about it, or indeed of the early history of the town. The latter would seem to have been the Bremetonacis of the Romans, traces of the fosse constructed by whom around the castle hill are still observable upon the northern side. On the establishment of the Saxon dynasty the Roman name was superseded by the current one; the Saxon practice being to apply the term *caster*, in different shapes, to important former seats of the departed Roman power, in the front rank of which was unquestionably the aged city touched by the waters of the winding Lune. Omitting fractions, the name of Lancaster is thus just a thousand years old. The Saxons seem to have allowed the castle to fall into decay. The powerful Norman baron, Roger de Poictou (leader of the centre at the battle of Hastings)—who received from the Conqueror, as his reward, immense portions of Lancashire territory, from the Mersey northwards—gave it new life. He, it is believed, was the builder of the massive Lungess Tower, though some assign this part of the work to the time of William Rufus. In any case, the ancient glory of the place was restored not later than A.D. 1100.

After the disgrace of Roger de Poictou, who had stirred up sundry small insurrections, the possession was transferred to Stephen, Earl of Boulogne, inheritor of the crown, and from that time forwards, for at least two centuries, the history of Lancaster Castle becomes identified with that of the sovereigns of our island to a degree seldom equalled in the annals of any other away from London. King John, in 1206, held his court here for a time, receiving within the stately walls an embassy from France. Subsequent monarchs followed in his wake. During the reign, in particular, of Henry IV., festivities, in which a brilliant chivalry had no slight share, filled the courtyard with inexpressible animation. The magnificent gateway tower was not built till a later period, or the castle would probably not have suffered so severely as it did when the Scots, after defeating Edward II. at Bannockburn, pushed into Lancashire, slaying and marauding. The erection of this splendid

tower, perhaps the finest of its kind in the country, is generally ascribed to John o' Gaunt (fourth son of Edward III.), who, as above mentioned, was created second Duke of Lancaster (June 13th, 1362) by virtue of his marriage to Blanche, daughter of the first Duke, previously Earl of Derby, and thus acquired a direct personal interest in the place. But certain portions of the interior—the inner flat-pointed archway, for instance, the passage with the vaulted roof, and a portion of the north-west corner—are apparently thirteenth-century work; and although it is quite possible that the two superb semi-angular towers, and the front wall as high as the niche containing the statue, may have been built by this famous personage, the probabilities point rather toward Henry, Prince of Wales, eventually Henry V. Ten years after the death of John o' Gaunt, or in 1409, this prince was himself created Duke of Lancaster, and may reasonably be supposed to have commemorated the event in a manner at once substantial and agreeable to the citizens. The presumption is strongly supported by the heraldic shield, which could not possibly have been John o' Gaunt's, since the quartering for France consists of only three fleurs de lys. The original bearing of the French monarchy, as historians are well aware, was *azure*, semée de fleur de lys, *or*. Edward III. assumed these arms, with the title of King of France, in 1340. In 1364 the French reduced the number of fleurs de lys to the three we are so familiar with, and in due time England followed suit. But this was not until 1403, when John o' Gaunt had been in his grave nearly four years. The shield in question is thus plainly of a period too late for the husband of the Lady Blanche.

But whoever the builder, how glorious the features! how palatial the proportions! Placed at the south-east corner of the castle, and overlooking the town, this superb gateway tower is not more admirably placed than exalted in design. The height, sixty-six feet, prepares us for the graceful termination of the lofty wings in octagonal turrets, and for the thickness of the walls, which is nearly, or quite, three yards: it is scarcely possible to imagine a more skilfully proportioned blending of strength, regal authority, and the charm of peacefulness. The statue of John o' Gaunt above the archway is modern, having been placed there only in 1822. But the past is soon recalled by the opening for the descent of the portcullis, though the ancient oaken doors have disappeared.

The entire area of Lancaster Castle measures 380 feet by 350, without reckoning the terrace outside the walls. The oldest portion—probably, as said above, Roger de Poictou's—is the lower part of the massive Lungess Tower, an impressive monument of the impregnable masonry of the time, 80 feet square, with walls 10 feet in thickness, and the original Norman windows intact. The upper portion was rebuilt temp. Queen Elizabeth, who specially commended Lancaster Castle to the faithful defenders of her kingdom against the Spaniards. The height is 70 feet; a turret at the south-west corner, popularly called John o' Gaunt's Chair, adding another ten to the elevation. Delightful views are obtained from the summit, as, indeed, from the terrace. The chapel, situated in the basement, 55 feet by 26, here, as elsewhere in the ancient English castles, tells of the piety as well as the dignity of their founders and owners. In this, at suitable times, the Sacraments would be administered, not alone to the inmates, but to the foresters, the shepherds, and other retainers of the baron or noble lady of the place; the chapel was no less an integral part of the establishment than the well of spring water; the old English castle was not only a stronghold but a sanctuary. Unhappily, in contrast, but in equal harmony with the times, there are dungeons, in two storeys, below the level of the ground.

The Lancaster Castle of 1881 is, after all, by no means the Lancaster Castle of the Plantagenets. As seen from Morecambe and many another spot a few miles distant, the old fortress presents an appearance that, if not romantic, is strikingly picturesque:

'Distance lends enchantment to the view,'

and the church alongside adds graciously to the effect, seeming to unite with the antique outlines. But so much of the building has been altered and remodelled, in order to adapt it to its modern uses—those of law-courts and prison; the sharpness of the new architecture so sadly interferes with enjoyment of the blurred and wasted old; the fitness of things has been so violated, that the sentiment of the associations is with difficulty sustained, even in the grand and imposing inner space, once so gay with knights and pageantry. The castle was employed for the trial of criminals as early as 1324, but 1745 seems to be the date of its final surrender of royal pride. No sumptuous halls or storied corridors now exist in it. Contrariwise, everything is there that renders the building convenient for assizes; and it is pleasing to observe, that with all the medley of modern adaptations there has been preserved, as far as practicable, a uniformity of style—the ecclesiastical of temp. Henry VII.

Clitheroe Castle, so called, consists to-day of no more than the Keep and a portion of the outermost surrounding wall. The situation and general character of this remarkable ruin are almost peculiar. Half a mile south of the Ribble, on the great green plain which stretches westwards from the foot of Pendle, there suddenly rises a rugged limestone crag, like an island out of the sea. Whether it betokens an upheaval of the strata more or fewer millions of years

ago, or whether it is a mass of harder material which withstood the powerful denuding currents known to have swept in primæval times across the country from east to west, the geologists must decide. Our present concern is with the fine old feudal relic perched on the summit, and which, like Lancaster Castle, belongs to the days of Roger de Poictou and his immediate successors, though a stronghold of some kind no doubt existed there long previously—a lofty and insulated rock in a country not rich in strong military positions, being too valuable to be neglected even by barbarians. The probability is, that although founded by Roger de Poictou, the chief builders were the De Lacys, those renowned Norman lords whose head-quarters were at Pontefract, and who could travel hither, fifty miles, without calling at any hostelrie not virtually their own. They came here periodically to receive their lifetimes? The Normans, like the Romans, were scribes, architects, reclaimers of the waste, instruments of civilisation—all the most curious and interesting relics Old England possesses bear Norman impress. Contemplating their castles, few things more touch the mind than the presence, abreast of the venerable stones, of the shrubs and flowers of countries they never heard of. Here, for instance, sheltering at the knee of old Clitheroe Castle Keep, perchance in the identical spot where a plumed De Lacy once leaned, rejoicing in the sunshine, there is a vigorous young Nepalese cotoneaster. From whatever point Clitheroe may be approached, the castle keep salutes the eye long before we can possibly reach it; and no one who cares either for the past or for scenery will consider the visit unrewarded.

CLITHEROE CASTLE.

tribute and to dispense justice. There was never any important residence upon the rock. The space is not sufficient for more than might be needed for urgent and temporary purposes; and although a gentleman's house now stands upon the slope, it occupies very little of the old foundation.

The inside measurement of the keep is twenty feet square; the walls are ten feet thick, and so slight has been the touch, so far, of the 'effacing fingers,' that they seem assured of another long seven centuries. The chapel was under the protection of the monks of Whalley Abbey. Not a vestige of it now remains; every stone, after the dismantling of the castle in 1649, having been carried away, as in so many other instances, and used in the building of cottages and walls. After four generations, or in little more than a hundred years, the line of the De Lacys became extinct. Do we think often enough, and with commensurate thankfulness, of the immense service they and the other old Norman lords rendered our country during

Nor will the tourist exploring Lancashire think the time lost that he may spend among the sea-beaten remains of the Peel of Fouldrey,—the cluster of historic towers which forms so conspicuous an object when proceeding by water to Piel Pier, *en route* for Furness Abbey and the Lakes. The castle owes its existence to the Furness abbots, who, alarmed by the terrible raid of the Scots in 1316, repeated in 1322, temp. Edward II., discreetly constructed a place of personal refuge, and for deposit of their principal treasures. No site could have been found more trustworthy than the little island off the southern extreme of Walney. While artillery was unknown the castle must have been impregnable, for it was not only wave-girt but defended by artificial moats, and of substance so well knit that although masses of tumbled wall are now strewn upon the beach, they refuse to disintegrate. The keep is still standing, with portions of the inner and outer defences. Traces of the chapel are also discoverable, indicating the period of the erection; but there is

nothing anywhere in the shape of ornament. The charm of Fouldrey is now purely for the imagination. Hither came the little skiffs that brought such supplies to the abbey as its own broad lands could not contribute. Here was given the welcome to all distinguished visitors arriving by sea, and from Fouldrey sailed all those who went afar. To-day all is still. No voices are heard save those of the unmusical sea-fowl, and of the waves that toss up their foam,

> 'Where all-devouring Time
> Sits on his throne of ruins hoar,
> And winds and tempests sweep his various lyre.'

'Peel,' a term unknown in the south of England, was anciently, in the north, a common appellation for castellets built as refuges in times of unusual peril. They were often no more than single towers, square, with turrets at the angles, and having the door at a considerable distance above the ground. The word is variously spelt. Pele, pile, pylle, and two or three other forms, occur in old writers, the whole resolving, apparently, into a mediæval *pelum*, which would seem to be, in turn, the Latin *pila*, a mole or jetty, as in the fine simile in Virgil, where the Trojan falls smitten by a dart :—

> 'Qualis in Euboico Baiarum litore quondam
> Saxea pila cadit,' &c.—*Æneid*, ix. 710–11.

Fouldrey itself is not assured of immortality, for there can be no doubt that much of the present sea in this part of Morecambe Bay covers, as at Norbreck, surface that aforetime was dry, and where fir-trees grew and hazel-nuts. Stagnant water had converted the ground into moss, even before the invasion of the sea; for peat is found by digging deep enough into the sands, with roots of trees and trunks that lie with their heads eastwards. Walney, Fouldrey, and the adjacent islets, were themselves probably formed by ancient inrush of the water. The beach hereabouts, as said by Camden, certainly 'once lay out a great way westward into the ocean, which the sea ceased not to slash and mangle . . . . until it swallowed up the shore at some boisterous tide, and thereby made three huge bays.' Sand and pebbles still perseveringly accumulate in various parts. Relentless in its rejection of the soft and perishable, these are the things which old ocean loves to amass.

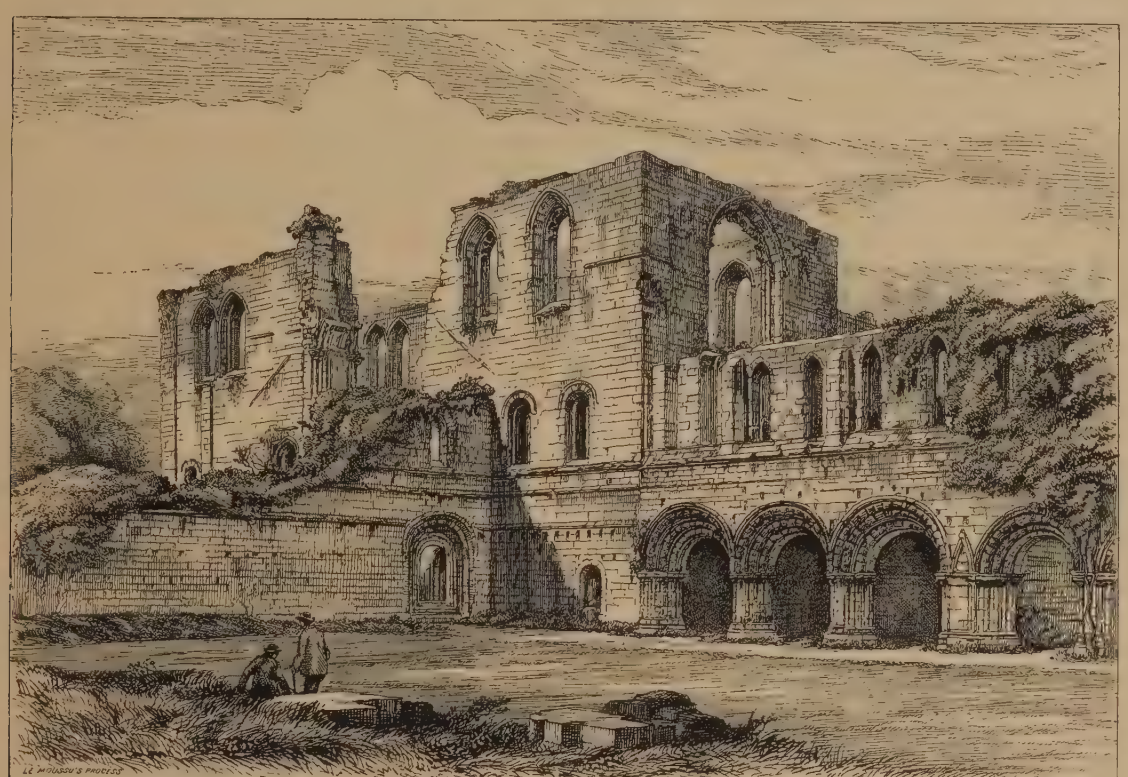
The castle was dismantled by its own builders at the commencement of the fifteenth century, probably because too expensive to maintain. From that time forwards it has been slowly breaking up, though gaining perhaps in pictorial interest; and seen, as it is, many miles across the water, never fails to excite the liveliest sentiments of curiosity. One of the abbots of Furness was probably the builder also of the curious old square tower still standing in the market-place of Dalton, and locally called the 'Castle.' The architecture is of the fourteenth century.

Furness Abbey, seven miles south-west of Ulverston, once the most extensive and beautiful of the English Cistercian houses—which held charters from twelve successive kings, and whose abbots had jurisdiction, not only ecclesiastical but civil, over the whole of the great peninsula formed by the Duddon, the Leven, Windermere, and the sea—still attests in the variety and the stateliness of the remains that the 'pomp and circumstance' of monastic authority must here have been played forth to the utmost limit. In its day, if not magnificent, the building must have been perfect in design and commodiousness. The outermost walls enclosed no less than sixty-five acres of ground, including the portion used as a garden. This great area was traversed by a clear and swiftly flowing stream, which still runs on its ancient way; and the slopes of the sequestered glen chosen with so much sagacity as the site, were covered with trees. To-day their descendants mingle also with the broken arches; these last receiving charm again from the blue campanula, which in its season decks every ledge and crumbling corbel, flowering, after its manner, luxuriantly—a reflex of the 'heavens' own tinct,' smiling, as Nature always does, upon the devastation she so loves to adorn. The contrast of the lively hues of the vegetation with the grey-red tint of the native sandstone employed by the builders, now softened and subdued by the touch of centuries, the painter alone can portray. When sunbeams glance through, falling on the shattered arcades with the peculiar tenderness which makes sunshine, when it creeps into such places, seem, like our own footsteps, conscious and reverent, the effects are lovely and animating beyond expression. Even when the skies are clouded, the long perspectives, the boldness with which the venerable walls rise out of the sod, the infinite diversity of the parts—to say nothing of the associations—render this glorious ruin one of the most fascinating in our country.

Furness Abbey was founded in the year 1127, the twenty-sixth of Henry I., and sixty-first after the Norman Conquest. The original patron was the above-named Stephen, Earl of Boulogne, afterwards King of England, a crowned likeness of whom, with a corresponding one of his queen, Matilda, still exists upon the outer mouldings of the east window. The carving is very slightly abraded, probably through the sculptor's selection of a harder material than that of the edifice, which presents, in its worn condition, a strong contrast to the solid, though simple, masonry. The Furness monks were seated, in the first instance, on the Ribble, near Preston, coming from Normandy

as early as 1124, and then as Benedictines. On removal to the retired and fertile 'Valley of Nightshade,' a choice consonant with their custom, they assumed the dress of the Cistercian Order, changing their grey habiliments for white ones, and from that day forwards (July 7th, 1127) they never ceased to grow steadily in wealth and power. The dedication of the Abbey, as usual with the Cistercians, was to Our Lady, the Virgin Mary. The building, however, was not completed for many years, transition work being abundant, and the lofty belfry tower at the extreme west, plainly not older than the early part of the fifteenth century, by which time the primitive objection with the Cistercians to aspiring towers had become lax, if not surrendered altogether. The oldest portions, in all likelihood, are the nave and transepts of the conventual church, the whole of which was completed perhaps by the year 1200. Eight pillars upon each side, alternately clustered and circular, their bases still conspicuous above the turf, divided the nave from the aisles, the wall of the southern one still standing. Beneath the window of the north transept the original early Norman doorway (the principal entrance) is intact, a rich and delectable arch, retiring circle within circle. Upon the eastern side of the grand cloister quadrangle (338 feet by 102) there are five other noble and deeply-recessed round arches, the middle one leading into the vestibule of the Chapter House—a very choice apartment, the fretted roof of which, supported by six pillars, fell in only about a hundred years ago. The great east window, 47 feet in height, 23½ in width, and rising nearly from the ground, retains little of its original detail, but is imposing in general effect.

Scrutinising the various parts, the visitor will find very many other beautiful elements. With the space at our command it is impossible here even to mention them, or to do more than concentrate material for a volume into the simple remark that Furness Abbey remains one of the most striking mementos England possesses alike of the tasteful constructive art of the men who reared it and of the havoc wrought, when for four centuries it had been a centre of public usefulness, by the royal thirst, not for reformation, but for spoil. The overthrow of the abbeys no doubt prepared the way for the advent of a better order of things; but it is not to be forgotten that the destruction of Furness Abbey brought at least a hundred years of decay and misery to its own domain.



FURNESS ABBEY.

Of Whalley Abbey, within a pleasant walk from Clitheroe, there is little now to be said; but few of the old monasteries have a more interesting history. The original establishment, as with Furness, was at a distance, the primitive seat of the monks to whose energy it owed its existence having been at Stanlaw, a place at the confluence of the Gowy with the Mersey. In all Cheshire there is not a locality more

desolate, bleak, and lonely. It was selected, it would seem, in imitation of the ascetic fathers of the Order, who chose Citeaux—whence their name—because of the utter sterility. After a time the rule was prudently set aside, and in 1296, after 118 years of dismal endurance, the whole party migrated to the delightful spot under the shadow of Nab's Hill, where now we find the ruins of their famous home. The Abbey grounds, exceeding thirty-six acres in extent, were encircled, where not protected by the river, by a deep trench, crossed by two bridges, each with a strong and ornamental gatehouse tower, happily still in existence. The principal buildings appear to have been disposed in three quadrangles, but the merest scraps now remain, though amply sufficient to instruct the student of monastic architecture as to the position and uses of the various parts. Portions of massive walls, dilapidated archways, little courts and avenues, tell their own tale; and in addition there are piles of sculptured stones, some with curiously wrought bosses bearing the sacred monogram 'M,' referring to the Virgin, to whom, as said above, all Cistercian monasteries were dedicated. The abbot's house did not share in the general demolition, but it has undergone so many improvements that little can now be distinguished of the original structure. The abbot's oratory has been more fortunate, and is now dressed with ivy.

The severest damage to this once glorious building was not done, as commonly supposed, temp. Henry VIII., nor yet during the reign of his eldest daughter, when so great a panic seized the Protestant possessors of the abolished abbeys, and the mischief in general was so cruel. 'For now,' says quaint old Fuller (meaning temp. Mary), 'the edifices of abbeys, which were still entire, looked lovingly again on their ancient owners; in prevention whereof, such as for the present possessed them, plucked out their eyes by levelling them to the ground, and shaving from them as much as they could of abbey characters.' Whatever the time of the chief destruction wrought at Furness, that of Whalley did not take place till the beginning of the reign of Charles II.

Third in order of rank and territorial possessions among the old Lancashire religious houses came Cokersand Abbey, founded in 1190 on a bit of seaside sandy wilderness about five miles south of Lancaster, near the estuary of the streamlet called the Coker. There is no reason to believe that the edifice was in any degree remarkable, in point either of extent or of architectural merit. Nothing now remains of it but the Chapter House, an octagonal building thirty feet in diameter, the roof supported upon a solitary Anglo-Norman shaft, which leads up to the pointed arches of a fine groined ceiling. The oaken canopies of the stalls, when the building was dismantled, were removed, very properly, to the parish church of Lancaster.

Burscough Priory, two miles and a half north-east of Ormskirk, founded temp. Richard I., and for a long time the burial-place of the Earls of Derby, has suffered even more heavily than Cokersand Abbey. Nothing remains but a portion of the centre archway of the church. Burscough has interest, nevertheless, for the antiquary and the artist; the former of whom, though not the latter, finds pleasure also in the extant morsel of the ancient priory of Cartmel—a solitary gateway, standing almost due west of the church, close to the little river Ea, and containing some of the original windows, the trefoil mouldings of which appear to indicate the early part of the fourteenth century. The foundation of the edifice, as a whole, is referred to the year 1188, the name then given being 'The Priory of the Blessed Mary of Kartmell.' The demolition took place very shortly after the fatal 1535, when the church, much older, was also doomed, but spared as being the parochial one. Contemplating old Cartmel, one scarcely thinks of Shakespere, but it was to the 'William Mareshall, Earl of Pembroke,' in *King John*, that the Priory owed its birth.

Of Conishead Priory, two miles south of Ulverston, there are but the scantiest relics remaining, and those are concealed by the splendid modern mansion which preserves the ancient name. The memory of good deeds has more vitality than the work of the mason. The monks of Conishead were entrusted with the safe conveyance of travellers across the treacherous sands at the outlet of the Leven; the Priory was also a hospital for the sick and maimed. Upholland Priory, near Wigan, dates from 1319, though a chantry existed there at a period still earlier. One of the large lateral walls still exists, having a row of small windows, and covered with ivy. Some fragments of Penwortham Priory, near Preston, also remain; and lastly, for the curious there is the never-finished building called Lydiate Abbey, four miles south-west of Ormskirk, the date of which appears to be temp. Henry VIII., when the zeal of the Catholic founders received a sudden check. The walls are covered with ivy, 'never sere,' and the aspect in general is picturesque; so calmly and constantly always arises under Providence, out of the calamities of the past, agreeable nutriment for our highest pleasure in the present.

LEO GRINDON.

THE ELEMENTS OF BEAUTY IN SHIPS AND BOATS.

CHAPTER I.—HULLS.

I PROPOSE to examine briefly, in four chapters, what peculiarities of construction are favourable to beauty in ships and boats, and to divide the subject under four heads; namely, 1. Hulls; 2. Spars; 3. Sails; 4. Excrescences.

The subject would easily occupy a much larger space, but as it is likely to interest only those readers who have some nautical instinct or inclination, it has been thought better to keep it within narrow limits. The consequence must be a certain brevity, perhaps dryness of style, which the reader will no doubt excuse. The matter is abundant, the space confined.

The proof that the hull of a ship may be in itself a beautiful and important object, is that we constantly admire mastless boats, which are only the hulls of vessels on a small scale.

When yachts or other vessels with voluminous sails are seen at a distance, the hull seems of little importance, and as a great deal of it is hidden in the water the visible portion is overwhelmed beneath the spread of canvas. Every one who has seen a yacht race, or even a drawing of one, knows how the sails apparently overpower the hulls, till the wonder is how so small an object on the water can carry so much in the wind.

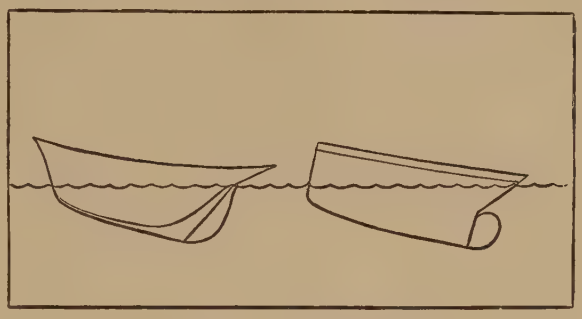
The real importance of the hull is visible on a near view, and in some classes of ships it is visible even at a distance. However elegantly the masts were proportioned, and the sails cut, you would never say that a vessel was beautiful if her hull were ugly. The eye seeks the hull, because the mind feels its importance; just as, when a man is carrying a standard, we always look at the standard-bearer.

There are two parts in the hull, the visible and the invisible—that which is above the water and that which lies beneath it; they are divided by the water-line.

When first I began to think of writing a little on this subject, I thought that it would be useless to talk about what lay beneath the water, because it is not visible; but a very little reflection convinced me that such an omission would be an error, as the mind, in matters concerning beauty, includes in its conceptions not only what it sees, but also what it knows.

An apposite illustration may be the case of a man bathing. Suppose that he is standing in the water with the chest and shoulders out, and that you see his arms, or one of them. Do you mentally picture to yourself that his body is cut off at the water-line? No; you imagine the whole body down to the feet constructed in due proportion, as to strength, with the parts you see, and in a like order of beauty.

Modern vessels, with few exceptions, have more of the hull under water in proportion than those of former times, and the tendency is more and more in this direction. Modern war-ships hide themselves under water as much as they can; modern yachts are narrow and deep, keeping their balance by heavy



A GUERNSEY AND A WINDERMERE BOAT.

masses of lead low down in their keels, and showing only just so much freeboard as is necessary to keep the decks fairly dry. In some modern war-ships and other vessels the seas are allowed to wash freely over a limited space of deck where the forecastle once was.

The exceptions to this tendency are in vessels constructed for special purposes, for work in shallow waters, or when an object is to be gained by having a high free-board. In a small yacht it may be desirable for room overhead in the cabin.

I propose to consider the line of the deck first, when the vessel is seen in its length. It will generally come under one of three main divisions:

1. The straight line.

2. The line curving upwards towards its extremities.

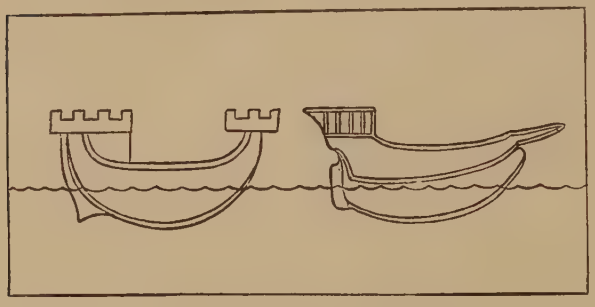
3. The line curving downwards towards its extremities.

The only exceptions are lines which rise or fall towards one of the two extremities and not towards the other; but these are rare and occur very seldom in vessels of any kind which have the slightest pretension to beauty.

The straight line is not precisely beautiful, but it has a certain severity which has caused its frequent employment in the noblest artistic construction. The straight line is commonly employed in classic architecture and in very conspicuous positions, such as the lines of cornices and steps, so that there can be no artistic reason why it should not be employed in naval architecture also. A ship-designer would hardly claim to be a better artist than the architect of the Parthenon. Again, it must not be forgotten

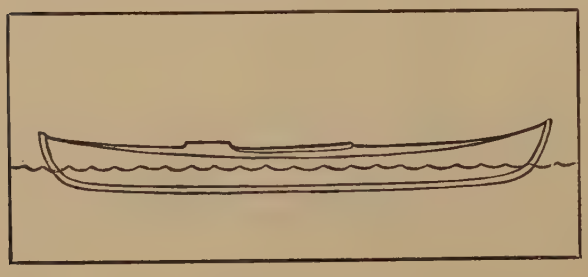
that if the gunwale of a vessel presents a straight line on the elevation of the mechanical draughtsman, the same line in the vessel itself will hardly ever be seen as perfectly straight, but will take a delicate curve in consequence of the curving sides. To be quite straight it must be seen from its own precise level, and it hardly ever is so seen. I should say, then, that a straight line of gunwale in the designer's elevation is not objectionable in the reality from the purely artistic point of view. Its expression, on calm water, is that of harmony with nature, for it precisely answers to the water-line, of which it is an exact repetition in the air. On rough water it has an expression of tranquil domination which is certainly not without grandeur. The straight line above the tormented curves of the waves is like law dominating turbulence. This effect of it may often be seen in piers and jetties, which certainly look much grander than they would if their outlines were undulated.

The line curving upwards towards its extremities gives what English nautical writers call *sheer*, and the French *tonture*. This has always been very highly valued as an element of beauty, and it certainly is beautiful in moderation but not in excess. In the vessels of the middle ages it was generally excessive, so that the curves were what an art-critic of modern times would consider violent and vulgar, at least in the worst cases. Modern English practice between



WAR SHIP OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

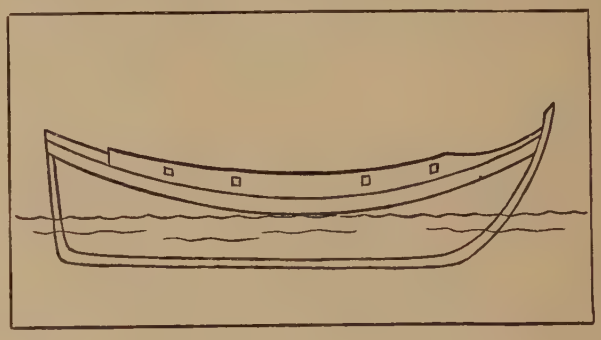
the years 1800 and 1870 has hardly made enough of sheer as an element of beauty. More recently it seems to be coming more into fashion in the construction of canoes and yachts. Mr. Baden Powell's 'Nautilus' canoe had more sheer than its prede-



A MODERN CLYDE CANOE.

cessors; the present Clyde canoes have still more, and in the American paper canoes, like Mr. Bishop's *Maria Theresa*, it is a very striking quality indeed. It is plain, on comparing careful drawings of the original *Rob Roy* with these recent developments of canoe-building, that sheer is a great element of beauty if its curves are carefully designed. They ought not to present a mechanical arc of a circle, but should be quiet near the middle of the vessel, and gradually increase in vivacity as they approach the extremities; and however the sheer may be designed, it ought always to remain within the limits of moderation.

It may be observed that sheer is better adapted to small vessels than to large ones. In small boats,



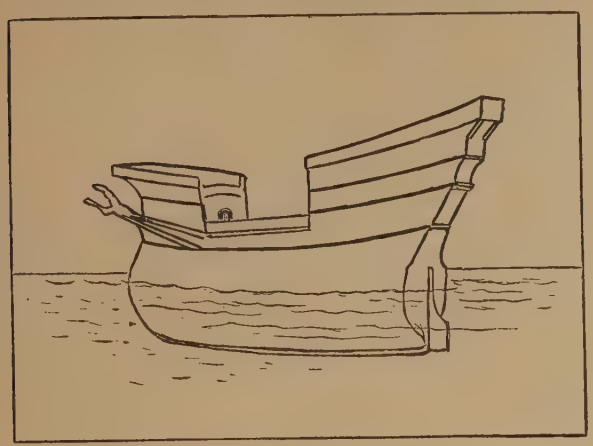
A DUTCH BOAT OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

such as canoes, it produces a reassuring effect upon the mind, by suggesting a greater capacity for living in rough water, but in large vessels we do not feel to need this reassurance. Again, in very small boats the straight line fails to produce the dominating effect already mentioned, because no line can ever make a little boat seem to subdue the waves, the best it can do being to appear not too uncomfortable amongst them.

The reader will please note the distinction between true sheer, which is always a pure curve, and the broken line in the ships of the Renaissance, which was a reminiscence of something entirely different—the two towers at the stem and the stern usual in the war-ships of the Middle Ages. In the great vessel which Henry VIII. used as a state-yacht to cross the Channel, the appearance is that of a very lofty vessel with an enormous amount of free-board and a body getting very narrow as it rose in the air, across which a cutting had been made like a cutting for a road to pass through a thin ridge of mountain. The awkwardness of such an angular gap is very visible in a simplified drawing like that given herewith on Holbein's authority; but in the ship itself it was less striking, as the mainsail bridged it over with a side-wind, and the channels* continued the line of the

* I must explain *channels* for unlearned readers. They are the thick pieces of wood on the sides of a ship which keep the shrouds (the ropes which sustain the masts) from touching the planks. They widen the angle of the ropes, and so increase the support to the masts. Sailors often call them 'the chains.' They act in the same way as the cross-trees on the mast, though not to the same extent.

cutting towards the stern, whilst the broad shrouds came down like an open curtain before the superstructure of the poop and partially dissimulated it.

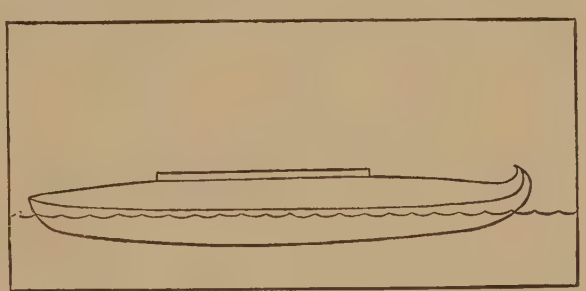


A WAR-SHIP OF THE TIME OF HENRY VIII.

The builders of that time seem to have realised the necessity for putting rather a low deck amidships for practical fighting purposes, but to have been extremely afraid of shipping seas over the bows and also of getting pooped. It may be observed that King Henry's ship is built on principles exactly opposite to those of the modern *Thunderer*, which is low before and behind but lofty in the middle.

The third line to be considered in the shape of a vessel's deck is the arch, which is an inverted sheer. This is much rarer than the other, because it does not suggest itself as a means of contending against waves. It results from a desire to obtain height in the middle of the vessel for accommodation or for military reasons; when, at the same time, it is not thought desirable to run up forecastle and poop in the shape of a thin wall exposed to wind or artillery. The curve is seldom seen in perfection except in cigar-ships or torpedo boats; but the principle of it is often met with when the height is greatest in the middle, as in the war-ship just mentioned, the *Thunderer*. We find the same principle in racing outriggers, which are low before and behind where they are lightly decked, and have more freeboard in the middle where there is no deck. In the double-canoes of the Indian Ocean we sometimes find the same principle, when they are low fore and aft, but have a high freeboard in the middle, where they are open for the men to get down into them from the deck. The coaming represents this on a very small scale in the modern English canoe, and when the canoeist is in his place his apron produces a rise in the middle. In the kayaks of the Esquimaux there is a combination of arch and sheer, for the arch is rather high in the middle where the man sits and the sheer strong at the extremities. The same may be said of the American Indian canoes, often imported into England, in which there is a strong wave-line along the gunwale.

The deck arched from stem to stern imitates the back of a fish, and so far has natural authority in its favour; but it is not generally felt to be beautiful, and will not bear comparison with the other curve—the sheer. Why this is I do not exactly know, but believe that it has some connexion with other ideas than beauty. The boat with a sheer seems free of the water, the boat with a round back seems still held in it. There is even something suspicious and sinister in the round back. It seems as if there were a great reserve of dangerous strength below. Few things in inanimate nature are more terrible in appearance than a dark-hued smooth rock in the sea, just showing its low, curved, slippery back between the washings of the waves. Of things that have life, I can imagine nothing more likely to send a tingle along the nerves than the first sight of the broad-backed hippopotamus, when his head is still under water and the Nile ripples break against him as on an island. This kind of awfulness belongs, amongst man's works, particularly



A CANOE BELONGING TO THE AUTHOR.

to vessels with an arched back and low freeboard, which readily put their noses under water and hide most of their body in it besides.

To resume the foregoing, I may say that, of the three deck lines, the sheer is the most beautiful if carefully designed, that the straight line is perfectly artistic, yet much better in large vessels than small ones, and that the arch, or inverted sheer, is the least becoming of the three, yet has a certain awfulness of expression by no means unsuitable to ships of war.

We will now very briefly consider the artistic qualities of the plan of the vessel.

There are two main lines joining at the stem, and either joining also at the stern, or else meeting a cross line there. These lines are very important elements of beauty or ugliness, especially when the boat is small enough for the whole plan of it to be easily taken in at a glance. The lines of the plan have then the same importance as the laying out of a garden. When they are all entrance and exit, in a continued curve, they are evidently more beautiful than when the sides are straight for some length in the middle. The ugliest lines are those of a French river barge, straight from the square stern to the bow,

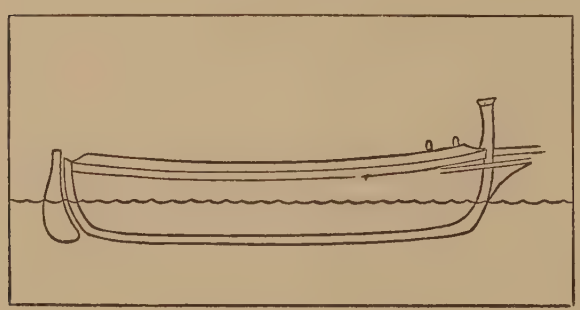
where they suddenly curve inwards; the most beautiful lines are those of a well-designed sailing yacht, provided that the beam is not too narrow, for then they become meagre.

The joining of the curved lines at the prow is a very great element of beauty, which is lost by a too thin, wedge-like entrance, such as we see in steamers and rowing-boats. The best examples are now to be found in rather old-fashioned yachts, where you get a true Gothic arch, scarcely less beautiful than the arches in Westminster Abbey, only laid down instead of being set up.

Square sterns are never beautiful, they arrest the lines too suddenly, and cut them off with an unpleasant abruptness. Pointed sterns, besides having the inconvenience of prolonging the vessel too far behind, are too much like the prow, and therefore they miss a very valuable opportunity for variety. The best sterns of all, from the artistic point of view, are nearly semicircular, as they bring the lines quickly together, without cutting them off, and afford a most agreeable contrast to the pointed arch of the prow. Many sterns are between the flat and the round, having a curve of which the flat end would be the chord; but even these, though less objectionable than the perfectly flat stern, are not so good as the round because they still present angles.

I have now to consider the effects of the stem and the sternpost on beauty.

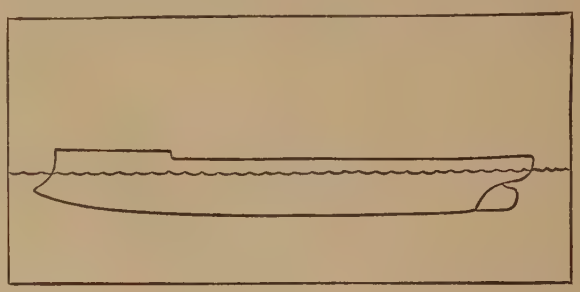
First, of the stem. Less is made of it in modern ship-building than might be. It is made to stop at the level of the deck, or at most, of the bulwark. No doubt with our present arrangements a high stem would generally be inconvenient, as it would often interfere with the jib or the foresail, but there are pleasure-boats at Cannes in which the stem rises high between the jib and the mainsail. It has an antique



A PLEASURE-BOAT AT CANNES.

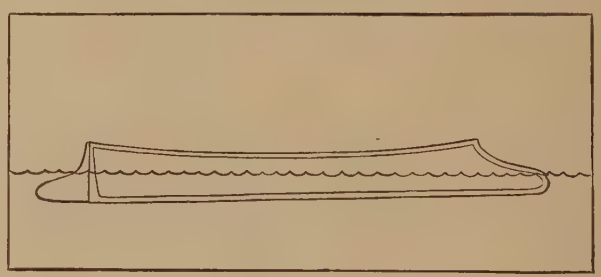
air, and looks well with the other details of the prow, evidently first arranged by some builder of artistic taste. It is simply a plain post, but cut quite judiciously, and being really the prolongation of the stem, is far superior to the barbarous adventitious ornament on the prows of Venetian gondolas. The tall stems of antique galleys were carved, and so they often were in the middle ages, with a head of some sort on the top of them, which is the origin of our figure-head.

The stem may either be vertical or curved in one of two directions, the curve may go under the vessel, as it generally does, or out in front of the vessel, as it does in war-ships that have rams. I learn from *Le*



THE POLYPHEMUS, RAM AND TORPEDO SHIP.

*Yacht** that there are fishing-boats at Lisbon that have a projection in front which in its outline is very like the spur of a war-vessel. The object is to get a very sharp entrance. The result, though strange, is



A LISBON FISHING-BOAT.

certainly not ugly, but there is more than common taste in the combination of the curve with the sheer of the boat and the curve of a lateen yard. The projecting spur in war-ships need not involve any loss of beauty, and it certainly expresses strength and majesty.

All that can be said of a straight stem is that there is no positive objection to it. A perfectly vertical stem has an expression of firmness, but that is all.

Other stems have either a hollow or a full curve. Of these, the hollow curve, arching over the water, is the more beautiful, and it is generally preferred in all vessels where elegance is an object. It is, in fact, one of the most beautiful points in a ship; and it seems to affirm not only that the waves can be vanquished, but that they can be vanquished with ease and grace. At the end of this arching curve the modern figure-head is situated, the last relic of former sculptural enrichments. I should be sorry if even the figure-head were quite finally abandoned. The beauty of it depends, of course, in every

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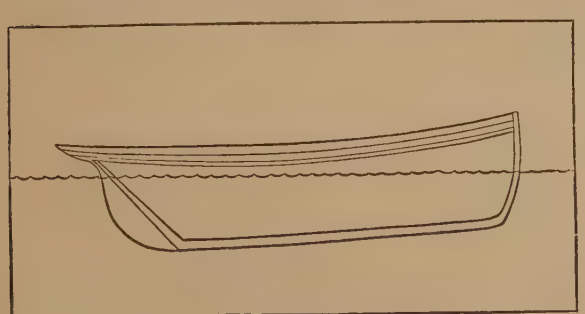
* In the volume for 1879, page 239. *Le Yacht* is a weekly French publication on yachting, &c., exceedingly well managed.

separate instance, on the taste and knowledge of the sculptor; but it certainly offers a charming opportunity. Besides this, it is poetical; the figure faces the sea with an impassibility which seems the ideal of calm courage. Lord Dufferin made the most of this in his beautiful poem, 'To the Figure-head of the *Foam*.'

The figure-head is often connected with the bows of the ship by curved and gilded ornaments. These require great delicacy and moderation, but the old custom of employing them is good if it is followed with taste. The ornaments should not be too massive, as that detracts from the lightness of appearance which should belong to the bows of a ship, and they should not finish abruptly, but die gradually in thin forms of low relief.

The barbaric splendour of Elizabethan times left its traces in the ships of the Nelson period chiefly about the stern, which rose gloriously with windows and balconies like a house, and plenty of carving and gilding. Hardly anything of all this has remained to the present day. The custom of stern-decoration lingers a little in merchant-ships, and there are slight traces of it elsewhere, but it is almost a dead custom now. It might, perhaps, be revived, if the revival were under the control of severe taste. Modern feeling is against decoration in naval architecture, and seeks beauty simply in the elegant proportions of useful parts; yet I am disposed to believe that the absolute rejection of ornament may be an error here, as it certainly would be in architecture on land.

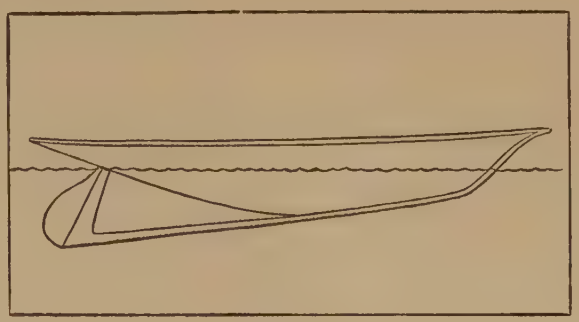
The sternpost may be vertical or inclined. If inclined, it generally slopes inwards towards the keel.



YACHT, WITH STERNPOST SLANTING INWARD.

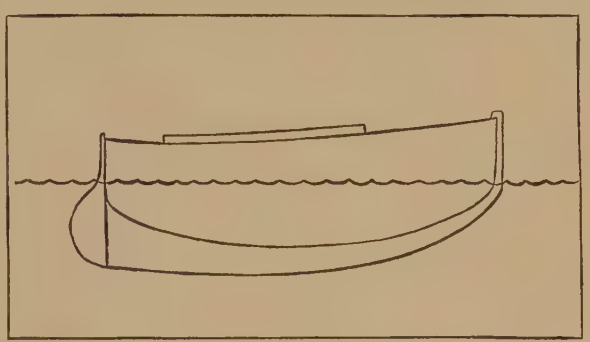
I only remember one single instance of an outward raking sternpost, and that is, the cutter *Carmen* built at Bordeaux in 1868 for Monte Video. The object was to obtain greater hold on the water at the stern without increasing the draught. It looks ungainly, and seems to require a stem-raking in the opposite direction to balance it. Besides this, it goes opposite to the slope of the counter, and produces an awkward angle.

Excessive inward rake of sternposts is more the result of regatta rules than of taste. The idea of a short keel and a long counter partly immersed is also a result of rules.



YACHT, WITH STERNPOST SLANTING OUTWARDS.

A moderate rake of sternpost is desirable for beauty when the stem curves inwards, because the two go well together. A vertical stem seems to



YACHT, WITH VERTICAL STEM AND STERN.

require a vertical stern. There is *composition* in these things as well as in the making of pictures. No part of a vessel should ever be considered without aesthetic reference to other parts. Stem and stern should answer each other like the two strokes in the letter V, or like those in the letter H, or lastly like those in the letter A.* In the Lisbon fishing-boats the projecting spur of the prow is answered by the rudder, which pleasantly repeats the same line in the other direction.

High freeboard is an element of beauty because it allows some form to be seen. Very high freeboard in ships of Nelson's time was a great element of majesty, as the reader may see at once in such a picture as Stanfield's *Victory towed to Gibraltar*. When the high freeboard sloped back towards a narrow deck it gave the idea of stability. Unluckily, in all ships the most beautiful forms of the hull are hidden under water, and we only guess at them; we fancy that we imagine them; yet the difference between our imagination and a sight of the reality is understood when we see a vessel in a dry dock. However well we may be acquainted with the forms

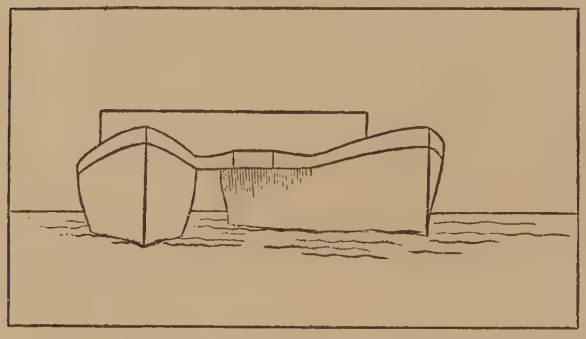
* Not quite mechanically—they should not be exactly at the same angle, but they should answer each other in direction as if there were really a correspondence between them.

of ships, a hull in the air is always more or less astonishing.

The influence of the keel on beauty is chiefly through imagination. The modern fashion in sailing yachts is to make keels rake downwards to the stern, and most of them are at the same time curved like rockers. Both these fashions are favourable to ideas of beauty, as well as being practically convenient for getting a good hold on the water in combination with facility for turning.

A hollow entrance on the water-line is an element of beauty if the forms of the bows are rather full above, and if the water-line itself becomes full towards the greatest breadth of the vessel. Mr. Scott Russell's wave-line is in itself one of the most beautiful of curves, but in steamers it encourages too meagre a plan of deck in the fore-part of the ship. It may, of course, be combined with rather a wide deck by a complex curvature in the upper works.

In double vessels like the *Castalia* and the *Calais-Douvres* it is a question whether the two hulls should



TWIN HULLS OF THE CALAIS-DOUVRES.

be two entire boats or two halves. From the artistic point of view, the question is very easily answered. Two boats, exactly like each other, do not compose one whole—they are always two things; whereas two halves *do* compose. A compromise has been effected by Mr. John Mackenzie, of Belfast, who built a double yacht in 1868, in which the hulls have a slight curve inside and a bold curve outside, so that they are right and left like a pair of shoes. In the *Calais-Douvres* and the American catamarans they are two boats, exactly alike. In the *Castalia* they are two halves. The *Castalia*, so far, is more artistic. The *Calais-Douvres* presents an unsatisfactory appearance fore and aft, where we see too plainly that she is two boats joined like the Siamese twins, not two parts like the halves of the human body. Unluckily she has two pairs of chimneys, so that there is nothing but the deck-house to give any structural unity. In the original savage double canoes, from which our modern double craft are all derived, one of the boats is often smaller than the other, quite without reason and a mere tradition from the balance-log outrigger. This has an awkward appearance unless we see at once that there is a great difference of function. If the larger boat carries the rigging the inequality is explained, but in all cases such a want of symmetry offends that classical taste which predominates in modern naval architecture.

Of all awkward arrangements, one of the most ungainly is the combination of two hulls, one above the other, in the Czar's yacht, the *Livadia*. If you take a model of an ordinary steamer, cut off what lies below the water-line, and put the rest on an inverted dish of the same length, you have something like Admiral Popoff's design. The error here is the want of a visible artistic relation between the two structures. They no more make one whole than a gentleman's carriage on a railway truck, or the elephant on the tortoise in Indian mythology. The constructional purpose could not be artistically attained without the very greatest critical prudence and caution, as the danger of incongruity was obvious.

P. G. HAMERTON.

THE WAYFARER.

DRY POINT. BY A. LEGROS.

THIS is an example of the abstract style in drawing, which Professor Legros understands better than most contemporary artists. The reader will observe that form and effect are carried together to about the same point, and that both are simplified, whilst local colour is omitted. Art of this kind is not properly called defective or imperfect art, but *limited*. There are abundant examples of such limitation in the drawings of the old masters, which Professor Legros has studied with the most intelligent interest and sympathy.

The wayfarer, bowed by age, and toiling along the weary road at his best speed, without looking to right or left, is a good type of poor humanity following its task without leisure to look around. Many a worker passes, metaphorically speaking, close to objects of interest, which lie on both sides of his path, and never perceives them, so intent he is on the mere path itself, and the distance still to be accomplished. Surely this is a mistaken and unfortunate way of living and travelling. A little pause now and then to think and observe delivers us from dulness and preserves the elasticity of the spirit. Even when the task is too great for the strength and the time, it may still be wise to take it rather easily, and not to be always plodding like this wayfarer.

THE AMAZONS IN GREEK ART.

I.

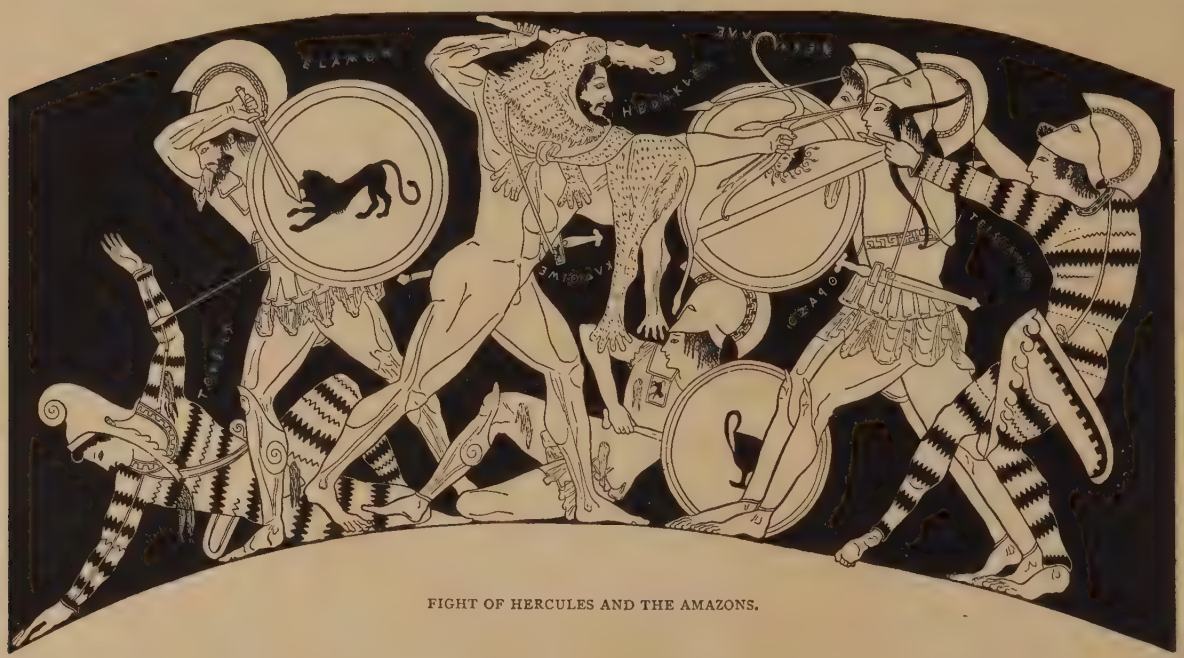
DURING the golden age of Greece, the age of Cimon and of Pericles, the thought uppermost in the mind of the Greek people, and pre-eminently in the mind of the Athenians, was the thought of their own prowess in repelling the invasions of the Persians. Once and again, in defiance of chances and of numbers, the men of Hellas had chased with slaughter from their fields and havens the sacrilegious hordes of Asia; the last time they had followed the fugitives across the sea, and in victory after victory had established and consolidated the independence of their kinsmen on all the coasts and islands of the Ægean. The battle which they had thus fought and won had been the battle of freedom against slavery, and of the human spirit against oppression and degradation; and they had fought it not blindly, from the mere instinct of self-defence, but advisedly, with a clear perception of the far-reaching issues which were at stake. They knew what their victory meant, and the knowledge caused their whole consciousness to kindle and dilate. In the years following the Persian wars a brighter day was felt to have dawned upon the Hellenic race; and not upon the future of the race only, but upon its past as well. In the eyes of the men of that time a new light was reflected from their own and their fathers' glory upon the deeds recorded of their ancestors in the days of old. The traditions of monsters and wild beasts subdued, of pollutions cast out, of violence chastised, and of invasions hurled back, by their ancestral heroes, assumed in this light a fresh colour and meaning, and seemed so many types prefiguring the great deliverance which they had themselves wrought against the Persians.

Of the heroic legends of the past in which, during the great age of Greece, this imaginative light was in an especial degree reflected, the principal were four in number. These four were the Gigantomachia, or warfare of the gods and giants, in which the greatest of Greek heroes, Hercules, had taken victorious part with the gods against their enemies; the invasion of Attica by the Thracians, children of the storm, under Eumolpos, son of the sea-god, and their discomfiture by Theseus; the various battles in which the heroes, and especially Hercules and Theseus, overthrew the savage Centaurs; and, lastly, the several encounters of the same heroes and of Achilles with the Amazons.

Among these four typical conflicts of Greek valour and Greek discipline against monstrous or barbarian foes, the legend of the gods and giants seems to have found comparatively late and partial acceptance; that of Theseus and the hosts of Thrace concerned the Athenians alone; while those of the Centaurs and the Amazons, on the other hand, were celebrated throughout all the Greek world from the earliest times. Accordingly, to the writers and the artists of the great age, but especially to the artists, these two legends in particular furnished themes which they were never tired of repeating, and of which, in whatever form they were presented to him, no Greek failed to appreciate the inner and symbolical as well as the outer and direct significance. The character of the two themes was such as to make each of them the most apt imaginative contrast and complement to the other. The Centaurs, embodiments originally of the devastating energies of the mountain-flood, were conceived as uncouth monsters, their human portions debased, grotesque, and semi-brutal, their strength and swiftness availing for purposes of ravage only, and for none of usefulness. The Amazons, on the other hand, though they were the representatives to the Greek mind of hostile races living under subversive and impious laws, were nevertheless imagined in lineaments of beauty, and surrounded with associations of romance. They were conceived as a community of fair and terrible strangers, daughters of the god of war, who had overthrown the sanctities of domestic life, and established a 'monstrous regimen' of women apart from men; and who, uniting the beauty and tenderness of their own with the strength and fierceness of the opposite sex, came riding out of the fabulous East and out of the frozen North, in the pride of their unwedded freedom and their unhallowed prowess, to do battle on equal terms with heroes, until the plain of Troy, and even the new-raised citadel of Athens herself, echoed and shook before their onset.

It does not fall within the scope of the present sketch to discuss either the origins of the Amazon myth, or its ascertainable relations to fact and history. Enough that its foundations are in all probability to be sought not among the appearances and operations of nature, on which are built so many of the popular fables of the Greeks, but among the phenomena of primitive society. There is good reason to believe that in the course both of their early settlements along the Asiatic shores of the Ægean, and of their colonising expeditions along the coasts of the Black Sea, the Greeks will have come into contact, and as a natural consequence into collision, with communities subject in some form or another to gynæcocracy; that is, to an ascendancy of women over men in the family, in council, and even in the field, such as has been proved actually to exist in a more or less developed form among primitive communities in the most

various parts of the world. The imagination of the later Greeks would seem to have taken possession of these early experiences of this race, and to have developed them into the consistent and universally credited group of stories concerning the Amazons. These Amazons were imagined as having been a formidable community of warrior women living apart under their own queens; holding no intercourse with men except in a single annual visit paid to the neighbouring tribe for the sake of the continuance of their race; killing or casting out all but female children; nourishing themselves on flesh instead of grain; practising themselves in the exercises of horsemanship and of war until they surpassed all adjacent nations in skill and hardihood; and by-and-by launching upon a career of conquest that threatened to engulf the whole ancient world until it was checked by the invincible heroes of Greece.



FIGHT OF HERCULES AND THE AMAZONS.

These traditions were associated with various different localities of the ancient world. According to one such tradition, the earliest Amazons of all were dimly recorded to have come from an island in the ocean, whence they landed in the western parts of Africa (thus reminding us of the female body-guards of royalty among the actual savages of Ashantee and Dahomey), and presently spread eastward, overrunning all Libya, and thence, from the south, coming into contact with the early

FIGHT OF THESEUS AND THE AMAZONS.

Hellenic civilisation of the coasts of Asia Minor. But a far more solid and constant tradition regarded the Amazons as from the first established on the shores of the Black Sea. They were supposed to have inhabited the plain about the mouth of the river Thermodon, towards the south-east angle of that sea, and to have had for their capital the town of Themiskyra. Ancient geography was but confused and conjectural as to all things and places lying beyond the narrow radius of Greek home traffic in the Mediterranean, and there seems to have been no sharp sense of contradiction between this, which was the regular and prevailing opinion as to the position of the Amazonian kingdom, and another opinion, which was adopted by the Athenians in particular, and which placed them not on the southern, but on the northern, shores of the Euxine, in the neighbourhood of the Mæotic Gulf, or, as we should say, the Sea of Azov, and the southern steppes of Russia. But whether the seat of the race was regarded as being on one shore or the other of the Euxine Sea, there was no dissent about the legends which told of the expeditions they had made to the western parts of Asia Minor. Immemorial tradition told of the battles they had waged and the cities they had founded there, and pointed to the barrows raised above their bones. Many of the Greek cities of these coasts had beautiful names of feminine form and termination, which the inhabitants believed to be the names of primeval Amazonian heroines; as Cymè, Thyateira, Myrinè, Smyrna. Sometimes such a heroine was supposed to have founded the city named after her; sometimes only to have sought asylum, or sometimes, again, to have fallen and been buried, there. Thus at Ephesus, one of the chief seats of Amazonian legend, there were three different accounts of the connexion of these warrior women with the worship and the temple of the so-called Artemis or Diana of the Ephesians. According to one account, Amazons had actually founded that famous temple; according to another, they had only deposited there, after its foundation, the ancient and revered wooden image of the goddess; according to a third and the most received account, they had not done this either, but had only come as fugitives after their defeat in battle by a Greek god or hero, Dionysus or Hercules, and sought and received the right of asylum within the temple precinct.

For such a brief and fragmentary sketch of the history of the Amazons in Greek art as we propose in the following chapters to undertake, it is only necessary to bear in mind four main points or episodes in the Amazon myth; first, that just mentioned of their recourse to the temple of Ephesus for asylum after defeat; and next the three great battles in which they were fabled to have been overthrown by the heroes of ancient Greece. These are severally illustrated in our to-day's text by three cuts reduced from typical Greek vase-paintings. The first is the fight of the Amazons against Hercules, when he was commanded by Eurystheus to go to their capital and bring home the girdle worn by their queen in battle. The second is their fight against Theseus, when in revenge for that hero having carried off another of their queens to be his bride, they rode over the frozen seas and the frozen rivers to Attica, and laid siege to him in his castle of the Acropolis, and after a desperate struggle were beaten off. The third is their fight against Achilles, when after the death of Hector the last of their queens, Penthesilea, led them to the succour of Priam, and they slew and put to flight his foes like sheep, until Achilles joined the fray, when their triumph was over in a moment, and Penthesilea in her turn lay gasping beneath the Grecian spear.

FIGHT OF ACHILLES AND THE AMAZON PENTHESILEA.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

ART CHRONICLE.

AN *édition de luxe* has been published by M. Quantin of the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini, translated by M. Leclanché. The volume is illustrated by nine original etchings from the needle of M. Laguillermie, and reproductions in the text of Cellini's works. M. Franco has supplied notes consequent on comparison of the translation with M. Camerini's new Milan edition after the original MS. in the Laurentian Library.

THE Annual Report of the National Portrait Gallery shows the number of visitors to the exhibition during the year 1880 to have been 76,109. Among donations received since July of last year may be noted a portrait-sketch of Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde, in pen-and-ink washed with colours, by Sir Francis Grant; and a bust of Thackeray as a boy. Among purchases are a life-size portrait of Charles the Second's Queen, Catherine of Braganza, as Cleopatra dissolving the pearl, by Henry Gascar; a curious picture, containing thirty-four portraits, by Peter de Angelis, wherein Queen Anne presides over a court ceremonial; and an unfinished oil-sketch by Kneller of the poet Gay. By purchase was acquired also a full-length portrait by Reynolds of William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland. The descriptive, biographical, and annotated catalogue is now issued; from time to time supplementary pages will be added, until sufficient accumulates to necessitate a fresh edition.

NEW and careful moulds of Michelangelo's statues of Giuliano and Lorenzo di Medici have been taken by Signor Lelli, a pupil of Bartolini. The first casts from these will be placed on either side of the *David* in the Academia delle belle Arti at Florence; South Kensington Museum acquires early casts, and it has also been permitted to unofficial persons to purchase replicas. Mr. Heath Wilson, writing recently from Florence to the 'Academy' about his opportunity for close observation of the original statues during the process of moulding, states that they have suffered terribly from oil-stains, rough handling, and other injuries incidental to previous careless mould-taking. Mr. Wilson is of opinion, after close examination, that the famous *Pensieroso* bears more marks than the Giuliano of the co-operation of Giovanni di Montorsolo, whom Michelangelo employed to help him on the Medicean monuments.

THE *Grand Prix de Rome* for painting of the French Fine Art Academy has been obtained this year by Louis P. E. Fournier, a pupil of M. Cabanel; the first secondary prize was awarded to M. Danger.

ON the burnt ruins of the Tuileries, between the Pavilions de Flore and de Marsan, it is decided to erect, in the style of Philibert Delorme, a new museum of modern art.

MR. POYNTER, R.A., has resigned his post of Art-Director of the South Kensington Museum and Schools, finding that the fulfilment of his official duties necessitated the neglect of his individual artistic aims. Mr. Poynter, on entering office, undertook the work for a series of five years which expired in 1880.

THE municipality of Berlin has had large photographic reproductions taken of the picture of the Berlin Congress by Professor Werner, and copies are presented to all the sovereigns who were represented at the Congress, and to the plenipotentiaries who conducted the proceedings.

THE Royal Archæological Institute held its Annual Meeting at the end of July in Bedford, which is a centre of antiquarian interest, from the Roman and Saxon remains in the neighbourhood, and the early architecture of the ecclesiastical buildings in and around the town. Mr. Magniac, M.P., was president of the inaugural meeting, and his fine-art collections at Colesworth House were visited by the members. The veteran, Mr. J. H. Parker of Oxford, did the honours of the Anglo-Saxon remains at Wing, Stevington, and Oakley churches, and also at Leighton Buzzard. The Annual Report of the Institute, adopted at the General Meeting, records that the Council joins the Society of Antiquaries in considering steps necessary for the preservation of Stonehenge; also, that it enters its strong protest against the destruction of the west front of St. Albans Abbey, 'which is still going on under the name of restoration.' An expedition was made to St. Albans, where the archæologists, not having been permitted entrance into the western portion of the nave, expressed their feelings freely outside, opposite the west front.

THE *Raising of Lazarus* by Sebastian del Piombo in the National Gallery has been cleaned. By order of the Directors the picture was exhibited without glass for a period during August, that its condition might be fairly judged of. The oldest coat of varnish is stated to have been left intact. The last annual Report of the Gallery recommends to the attention of Her Majesty's Treasury the expediency of remodelling the roof of Gallery VI., that contains chief works of Turner; under the present construction these noble pictures are remarkably ill lit. The early Flemish and German pictures, bequeathed by Mrs. J. H. Green, have been partially arranged in the small Gallery VIII., which is set apart for that purpose. Amongst the pictures which required re-lining last year was the *Vision of Ezekiel*, painted and bequeathed by the late P. F. Poole, R.A., and not yet twenty years old. The pictures most copied during 1880 were, in relative order, *Spaniels* by Landseer, *Head of a Girl* by Greuze, and Murillo's *Spanish Peasant Boy*. The *Portrait of Philip IV. of Spain* by Velasquez, and *Girl with an Apple* by Greuze, shared the honour of being copied thirteen times. Then comes Romney's *Parson's Daughter*, and next in degree pictures of Reynolds and Guido Reni seem most in request.

THE opening of Exhibitions of competitive designs for Christmas and other festival cards, certainly seems to have led to an improvement in the character of the art employed. During the first weeks of August Messrs. Hildesheimer and Falkner, publishers of these elegant trifles, opened an Exhibition in Suffolk Street Gallery, where no less than 1147 designs by English and Foreign artists, executed in oil, water-colour, Indian ink, &c., were hung, the larger number of 4000 having been rejected. A large proportion of the designs were German, including some charming mediæval fancy figures and careful studies of wild flowers. French productions were dainty in colour, and clever in adaptation of Oriental mannerisms. Japanese modes were also rife among English designs. Classic tastes were nowhere apparent. One notable set, more fit for use as casket or furniture-panels than complimentary cards, showed groups of brightly-clad, mediæval maidens in Boccaccio-like gardens, set within dead gold mounting decorated with flowers, into which, again, below the chief pictures, were inserted four quite beautiful studies of sky,—dawn, noon, evening, and moonlight effects. The high figure of the monetary prizes offered, amounting to 3500*l.*, has attracted into the competition artists of repute. No names appeared in the catalogue, the contributors being distinguished by initials and mottoes. The judges were, Mr. Millais, R.A., Mr. Marcus Stone, A.R.A., and Mr. G. A. Storey, A.R.A. It may seem a matter of regret that artists should be encouraged to work for such trivial ends as complimentary cards; but, on the other hand, it must be remembered that if graphic design is to be employed for such popular purposes at all—and it is useless to withstand popular whims of this kind—then it is undoubtedly better that the designs should have some artistic worth, and that objects which are sown broadcast by the million, and which really go to educate the eyes of children and uninstructed persons, should at any rate not teach vulgarity of colour and deformity of form, but serve a useful end.

BY command and under patronage of H.M. the Queen, the elder body of water-colour painters assumes the title of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours. The Princess of Wales has been elected an honorary member of the Society.

THE LOVE-LETTER.

DRAWN BY G. D. LESLIE, R.A.

MR. LESLIE'S drawing needs no commentary. Like the artist's graceful works in oil, it tells its own story. But it may not be uninteresting to say a few words about the peculiar method by which it has been reproduced; a method due to the inventiveness and great manipulative skill of M. Dujardin of Paris. The drawing is done in black-lead pencil, not on paper, but on a piece of finely ground plate glass. No photograph is taken, as in ordinary methods of photo-gravure; but by light transmitted through the drawing itself the necessary action is produced on the sensitive etching-ground which covers the copper-plate. The plate, when bitten, can of course be printed in ink of any colour that may be preferred. Our impressions are taken with an ink that renders the effect of a red-chalk drawing, and was selected by Mr. Leslie as giving the most agreeable result.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF LANCASHIRE.

X.—*The Old Churches and the Old Halls.*

CHRISTIANITY in Lancashire—so far, at all events, as concerns the outward expression through the medium of places of worship—had a very early beginning, the period being that of Paulinus, one of the missionaries brought into England by Augustine. In 625, the kingdom of Northumbria, which included the northern portions of the modern county of Lancaster, had for its monarch the celebrated Edwin—he who espoused the Christian princess Edilberga, daughter of the king of Kent—the admirable and pious woman to whom the royal conversion was no doubt as largely owing as to the exhortations of the priest who found in her court welcome and protection. The story is told at length by Bede. There is no necessity to recapitulate it. The king was baptized, and Christianity became the state religion of the northern Angles. Paulinus nowhere in his great diocese—that of York—found listeners more willing than the ancestors of the people of East Lancashire; and as nearly as possible twelve and a half centuries ago, the foundations were laid at Whalley of the mother church of the district so legitimately proud to-day of a memorial almost unique. Three curious stone crosses, much defaced by exposure to the weather, still exist in the graveyard. They are considered by antiquaries to have been erected in the time of Paulinus himself, and possibly by his direction; similar crosses occurring near Burnley Church, and at Dewsbury and Ilkley in Yorkshire. The primitive Anglo-Saxon churches, it is scarcely requisite to say, were constructed chiefly and often entirely of wood.* Hence their extreme perishableness, especially in the humid climate of Lancashire; hence also the long step to the next extant mementoes of ecclesiastical movement in this county, for these, with one solitary exception, pertain, like the old castles, to the early Norman times. The Saxon relic is one of the most interesting in the north of England; and is peculiarly distinguished by the mournful circumstances of the story which envelopes it, though the particular incidents are beyond discovery. At Heysham, as before mentioned, four miles from Lancaster, on the edge of Morecambe Bay, there is a little projecting rock, the only one thereabouts. Upon the summit formerly stood 'St. Patrick's Chapel,' destroyed ages ago, though the site is still traceable; fragments of stonework used in the building of the diminutive Norman church just beneath, and others in the graveyard, adding their testimony. That, however, which attracts the visitor is the existence to this day, upon the bare and exposed surface of the rock, of half-a-dozen so-called 'coffins,' excavations in reality adapted to hold the remains of human beings of various stature—children as well as adults. They tell their own tale. Upon this perilous and deceitful coast, one dark and tempestuous night a thousand years ago, an entire family would seem to have lost their lives by shipwreck. The bodies were laid side by side in these only too significant cavities, the oratory or 'chapel' was built as a monument by their relatives, with, in addition, upon the highest point of the hill, a beacon or sort of rude lighthouse, with the maintenance of which the occupants were charged. On this lone and peaceful little North Lancashire promontory, where no sound is ever heard but that of the sea, the heart is touched well-nigh as deeply as by the busiest scenes of Liverpool commerce.

The church architecture of the Norman times has plenty of examples in Lancashire. It is well known also that many modern churches occupy old Norman and even Saxon sites, though not a vestige remains of the original structure. The remains in question usually consist, as elsewhere, of the massive pillars

* Thus in conformity with their general practice, and as expressed in the Anglo-Saxon word for 'to build'—*getymbrian*.

always employed by the Norman architects for the nave, or of the beautiful arch which it was their custom to place at the entrance of the choir. Fine examples of Norman pillars exist at Colne, Lancaster, Hawkshead, Cartmel, Whalley, and Rochdale; the last-named, with the arches above, bringing to mind the choir of Canterbury Cathedral. At Clitheroe we find a noble chancel-arch; and at the cheerful and pretty village of Melling, eleven miles north-west of Lancaster, a handsome Norman doorway, equalled perhaps in merit by another at Bispham, near Blackpool. Chorley parish church also declares itself of Norman origin, and at Blackburn are preserved various sculptured stones plainly from Norman tools, and which belonged to the church now gone, as rebuilt or restored in the De Lacy times. The most ancient ecclesiastical building in Lancashire is Stede, or Styd, Chapel, a mile and a half north of the site of Ribchester. The period of the erection would appear to be that of Stephen, thus corresponding with the foundation of Furness Abbey. The windows are narrow lancet; the doors, though rather pointed, are enriched with Norman ornaments; the floor is strewed with ancient gravestones. In this charming little place divine service is still, or was recently, held once a-month.

Whalley Church, as we have it to-day—a building commemorative in site of the introduction of the Christian faith into this part of England—dates apparently, in its oldest portion—the pillars in the north aisle—from the twelfth century. The choir is a little later, probably of about 1235, from which time forwards it is evident that building was continued for at least 200 years, so that Whalley, like York Minster, is an epitome of architectural progress. The sedilia and piscina recall, in the most interesting manner, times antecedent to the Reformation. Every portion of the church is crowded with antiquities of the most fascinating character, many of them heraldic; the supreme ones are the stalls in the chancel, eighteen in number, transferred hither from the conventual church at the time of the spoliation. The luxuriant carving of the abbot's stall is in itself enough to repay an artist's journey; in the east window there is ornamentation quite in keeping. At the head of one of the compartments of the latter we have the Lancastrian rose; the titles of the various subjects are all in old black letter.

The history of Cartmel Church reads like a romance. The original building was of earlier date than the Conquest, but changes subsequently made bring it very considerably forwards—up indeed to the time of Edward III. It was then that the beautiful windows of the south aisle of the chancel were inserted, and painted as usual in that glorious art-epoch, as shown by the few portions which remain. Other portions of the coloured glass were probably brought from the priory when broken up by the unhallowed hands of Henry VIII., under whose rule the church was threatened with a similar fate, but spared, in answer to the cry of the parishioners, who were allowed to purchase it at an indulgent price, with the loss of the roof of the chancel. Thus laid open to the rain and snow, these were allowed to beat into it for eighty years, with results still plainly visible upon the woodwork. A partial restoration of the fabric was then effected, and within these last few years every part has been put in perfect order.

The ground-plan of this interesting old church is that of a Greek cross. The nave, 64 feet in length (Furness exceeding it by only a few inches), leads up through angular pillars, crowned with the plain abacus, to a choir of unusual proportionate magnitude; and here, in contrast to the pointed nave-arches, the form changes to round, while the faces are carved.

In one of the side chapels to which the chancel-arches lead, there is some fine Perpendicular work. Similar windows occur in the transepts; and elsewhere there are beautiful examples of late Decorated. The old priory-stalls, twenty-six in number, are preserved here, as at Whalley.

Externally, Cartmel Church presents one of the most curious architectural objects existing in Lancashire, the tower being placed diagonally to the body of the edifice, a square crossways upon a square, as if turned from its first and proper position half-way round.

The interior of the church is encrusted with fine monuments, many of them modern, but including a fair number that give pleasure to the antiquary. The most ancient belong to a tomb upon the north side of the altar, within a plain arch, and inscribed, upon an uninjured slab of grey marble, in Longobardic characters, *Hic jacet Frator Willemus de Walton, Prior de Cartmel.* Opposite this there will be found a magnificent record of one of the celebrated old local family of Harrington—probably the Sir John who in 1305, when Edward I. was bound for Scotland, was summoned by that monarch to meet him at Carlisle. An effigy of the knight's lady lies abreast of that of the warrior; the arch above is of pleasing open work, covered with the grotesque figures in which the monks delighted.

Had exact annals been preserved of early church-building in Lancashire in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, they would tell, most assuredly, of many important foundations. The beginning of Eccles Church, near Manchester, on the west, is referred by the archæologists, to about the year 1120, but probably it is one of the two mentioned in 'Domesday Book' in connexion with Manchester. The first distinct reference to Eccles occurs in the 'Coucher Book'

of Whalley Abbey, or about thirty years later than 1120. The Whalley monks held large estates in the neighbourhood, with granaries, &c.,— the modern 'Monton' is probably a contraction of 'Monks' town,' and the very name plainly indicates a church settlement. Two of the oldest local relics are the tower and chancel of the church of Walton-le-Dale, near Preston, the former of no great elevation, but very strong, buttressed and embattled. Placed in a skilfully chosen position, on the crest of a little hill near the confluence of the Darwen with the Ribble, the aspect of the old place is distinctly picturesque ; the locality at the same moment explaining the appellation of 'Low Church,' —the Anglo-Saxon *low* or *law* denoting an isolated eminence, as in the case of Cheshire Werneth Low and Shuttlings Low. The date assigned to this ancient tower is 1162; to about thirty years after which time the oldest existing portions of Samlesbury, a few miles distant, appear to belong, the relics of the original here including the baptismal font. Didsbury Church, near Manchester, represents a chapel built about 1235, originally for the private use of the lord of the manor and a few families of local distinction, but a century afterwards made parochial.*

There are numerous indications also of ecclesiastical energy, if not of enthusiasm, temp. Edward III., to which period seem to belong the choir of Rochdale church, with its rich window tracery, the choir, probably, of Burnley church, and perhaps the older portions of Wigan church. As happens with many others, the history of the last-named is very broken. A church existed at Wigan in 1246. The greater portion of the present pile belongs to two centuries later ; that it cannot be the original is proved by the monument to the memory of Sir Wm. Bradshaigh —*he* cross-legged, in coat of mail, and unsheathing his sword, and the unfortunate lady, his wife, who figures in the famous legend of Mab's, or Mabel's cross—veiled, with hands uplifted and conjoined as if in prayer. The deaths of these two occurred about the time of the Flemish weavers' settling in Lancashire, and of Philippa's intercession for the burghers of Calais.

Manchester 'old church,' since 1847 the 'Cathedral,' was founded in 1422, the last year of Henry V. and first of Henry VI.— that unhappy sovereign whose fate reflects so dismally upon the history of Lancashire faithfulness. The site had previously been occupied by an edifice of timber, and of this, it would appear, a good deal was carried away, and employed in the building of certain of the old halls for which the neighbourhood was long famous, the arms of the respective families (who, doubtless, were contributors to the cost of the new structure) being displayed in different parts. Choice of material was then not possible. The red and crumbling sandstone of the immediate vicinity, still plainly visible here and there by the riverside, has required no little care and cost to preserve, to say nothing of the injury done by the smoke of a great manufacturing town. There was a time when Thoresby's quotation from the Canticles in reference to St. Peter's at Leeds would have been quite as appropriate in regard to the Manchester 'Cathedral'—'I am black, but comely.' The style of the building, with its square and pinnacled tower, is the florid Gothic of the time of the celebrated west front and south porch of Gloucester Cathedral. The interior, in its loftiness and elaborate fretwork, its grand proportions, and ample windows, excites the liveliest admiration. The chancel-screen

* The existing church dates only from 1620, and in many of its details only from 1852 and 1855.

is one for an artist to revel in; the tabernacle-work is, if possible, more beautiful yet.

The second best of the old Lancashire ecclesiastical interiors belongs to Sefton, near Liverpool, a building of the time of Henry VIII., upon the site of a pre-Conquest church. The screen, which contains sixteen stalls, is singularly beautiful in its carved work. There is also a fine carved canopy over the pulpit, though time with the latter has been pitiless. Very striking architectural details are also present, and, in addition, some remarkable monuments of Knights Templars, with triangular shields. Sefton church is further distinguished as one of the few in Lancashire more than a hundred years old which possesses a spire, the favourite style of tower in the bygones having been the square, solid, and rather stunted—never in any degree comparable with the glorious ornaments of the Somerset churches, or with the circular towers that give so much character to those of Norfolk and Suffolk. A very handsome octangular tower exists at Hornby, on the banks of the Lune, built about the middle of the sixteenth century. Winwick church, an ancient and far-seen edifice near Warrington, supplies another example of a spire; and at Ormskirk we have the odd conjunction of spire and square tower side and side. Leland makes no mention of the circumstance—one which could hardly have escaped his notice. The local tale which proposes to explain it may be dismissed. The probability is that the intention was to provide a place for the bells from Burscough Priory, some of the monuments belonging to which were also removed hither when the priory was dissolved.

Many fine remains show that in Lancashire, in the time of Henry VIII., the spirit of church extension was again in full flow. Indications of it occur at Warrington, Burnley, Colne, and St. Michael-le-Wyre, near Garstang, also in the aisles of Middleton Church and in the towers of Rochdale, Haslingden, Padiham. and Warton, near Lancaster. Here, however, we must pause; the history of the old Lancashire churches treated in full would be a theme as broad and various as that of the lives and writings of its men of letters. There is one, nevertheless, which justly claims the special privilege of an added word, the very interesting little edifice called Langho Chapel, four miles from Blackburn, the materials of which it was built consisting of part of the wreck of Whalley Abbey. Sculptured stones, with heraldic shields and other devices, though much battered and disfigured, declare the source from which they were derived; and in the heads of some of the windows, which resemble the relics of others at the Abbey, are fragments of coloured glass, in all likelihood of similar origin. The date of the building would seem to have been about 1557, though the first mention of it does not occur until 1575. How curious and suggestive are the reminders one meets with in our own country, comparing the small with the great, of the quarrying of the Coliseum by the masons of mediæval Rome!

In old halls, mansions, and manor-houses, especially of sixteenth-century style, Lancashire abounds. A few are intact, held, like Widnes House, by a descendant of the original owner; or preserved through transfer to some wealthy merchant or manufacturer from the town, who takes an equal pride in maintaining the integrity of all he found—a circumstance to which we are indebted for some of the most beautiful archæological relics the county possesses. On the contrary, as would be expected, the half-ruined largely predominate, and these in many cases are now devoted to ignoble purposes. A considerable number, of stronger substance, have been modernised, often being converted into what are sometimes disrespectfully called 'farm-houses,' as if the home of the agriculturist were not one of the most honourable in the land;—now and then they have been divided into cottages. Still, they are there; attractive very generally to the artist in their quaintness and often charming accessories, and always profoundly interesting to the antiquary and the historian, and to all who know the meaning of the fond care which clings to memorials of the past, whether personal or outside, as treasures which once lost can never be recovered. They tell of a class of worthy and industrious men who were neither barons nor vassals, who had good taste, and were fairly rich, and loved field-sports—for a kennel for harriers and otter hounds is not rare,—who were hospitable, and generous, and mindful of the poor.

The history of these old halls is, in truth, very often, the history of the aboriginal county families. As wealth increased, and abreast of it a longing for the refinements of a more elevated civilisation, the proprietors usually deserted them for a new abode; the primitive one became the 'old,' then followed the changes indicated, with departure, alas! only too often, of the ancient dignity.

In the far north a few remains occur which point to a still earlier period, or when the disposition to render the manorial home a fortress was very natural. Moats, or the depressions they once occupied, are common in all parts, even where there was least danger of attack. In the neighbourhood of Morecambe Bay the building was often as strong as a castle, as in the case of the celebrated old home of the Harringtons at Gleaston, two miles east of Furness Abbey. These interesting ruins, which lie in a hollow in one of the valleys running seawards, are apparently of the fourteenth century, the windows in the lower storey being acutely pointed single lights, very narrow outside, but widely splayed within. Portions of three square towers and part of the curtain-wall connecting them attest, with the extent of the enclosure (288 feet by 170 where widest), that the ancient lords of Aldingham were alike powerful

and sagacious. To-day Gleaston Castle is charmingly picturesque, being mantled extensively with ivy, and well repays the artist's short railway trip from Grange. On the way thither, a little south of the village of Allithwaite, Wraysholme tells of similar times, though all that now remains is a massive, oblong, venerable-looking tower, the walls $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet thick as they rise from the sod. The roof, reached by a spiral staircase in the wall at the south-west corner, once had a broad parapet, the corbels of which present some of the very few examples of the occurrence of hewn stones in this remarkable and very interesting old structure, near which, it will be remembered, according to tradition and the ballad, the last of the English wolves was killed. The fine old tower of Hornby Castle, the only remaining portion of a stronghold commenced soon after the Conquest, is of very much later date, having been built in or about the year 1520. That without being originally designed to withstand the attack of a violent enemy, more than one of these substantial old Lancashire private houses held its own against besiegers in the time of the civil wars is matter of well-known history. Lathom House (the original, long since demolished) has already been mentioned as the scene of the memorable discomfiture of Fairfax by Charlotte, Countess of Derby, the illustrious lady in whom loyalty and conjugal love were never parted.

The Elizabethan halls, so termed, though some of them belong to the time of James I., are of two distinct kinds,—the half-timbered, black and white, or 'magpie,' and the purely stone, the latter occurring in districts where wood was less plentiful or more costly. Nothing in South Lancashire, and in the adjacent parts of Cheshire, sooner catches the eye of the stranger than the beautiful old patterned front of one of the former;—bars vertical and horizontal, angles and curves, mingling curiously but always elegantly, Indian ink upon snow, many gables breaking the sky-line, while the entrance is usually by a porch or ornamental gateway, the windows on either side low, but wide, with many mullions, and usually casemented. The features in question rivet the mind so much the more delightfully because of the proof given in these charming old half-timbered houses of the enduring vitality of the idea of the Gothic Cathedral, and its new expression when cathedral-building ceased, in the subdued and modified form appropriate to English Homes—the things next best, when perfect, to the fanes themselves. The gables repeat the high-pitched roof; the cathedral window, as to the rectangular portion, or as far as the spring of the arch, is rendered absolutely; the filagree in black and white, ogee curves appearing not infrequently, is a varied utterance of the sculpture; the pinnacles, and finials, the coloured glass, and the porch, complete the likeness. Anything that can be associated with a Gothic cathedral is thereby ennobled:—upon this one simple basis, the architecture we are speaking of becomes beautiful, while its lessons are pure and salutary.

Drawing near, at the sides of the porch, are found seats, usually of stone. In front, closing the entrance to the house, there is a strong oaken door, studded with heads of great iron nails. Inside are chambers and corridors, many and varied, an easy and antique staircase leading to the single upper storey, the walls everywhere hidden by oaken panels, grooved and carved, and in the daintier parts divided by fluted pilasters; while across the ceilings, which are usually low, run the ancient beams which support the floor above. So lavish is the employment of oak that when this place was built, surely, one thinks, a forest must have been felled. But those were the days of giant trees, the equals of which in this country will probably never be seen again, though in the landscape they are not missed. Inside, again, how cheery the capacious and friendly hearth, spanned by a vast arch; above it, not uncommonly, a pair of huge antlers, that talk of joy in the chase. Inside, again, one gets glimpses of heraldic imagery, commemorative of ancient family honours, rude perhaps in execution, but redeemed by that greatest of artists, the Sunshine, that, streaming through, shows the colours and casts the shadows. Halls such as these existed until quite lately, even in the immediate suburbs of Manchester, in the original streets of which town there were many black and white fronts, as to the present moment in Chester, Ludlow, and Shrewsbury. Some of the finest of those still remaining in the rural parts of Lancashire will be noticed in a future article. Our illustrations give, for the present, an idea of them. When gone to decay and draped with ivy, like Coniston Hall, the ancient home of the le Flemings, whatever may be the architecture, they become key-notes to poems that float over the mind like the sound of the sea. In any case there is the sense, when dismemberment and modernising have not wrought their mischief, that while the structure is always peculiarly well fitted for its situation, the outlines are exquisitely artistic and essentially English. It may be added that in these old Lancashire halls and mansions the occurrence of a secret chamber is not rare. Lancashire was always a stronghold of Catholicism, and although the hiding-places doubtless often gave shelter to cavaliers and other objects of purely political enmity, the popular appellation of 'priest's room,' or 'priest's hole,' points plainly to their more usual service. They were usually embedded in the great chimney-stacks, communication with a private cabinet of the owner of the house being provided for by means of sliding shutters. Very curious and interesting refuges of this character exist to this day at Speke, Lydiate, Widnes, and Stonyhurst, the latter the ancient seat of the Sherburnes.

LEO GRINDON.

THE AMAZONS IN GREEK ART.

II.

IN our brief preliminary survey last month, we glanced at the principal episodes of the Amazonian myth, and perceived how deep and how inspiring was its import for the Greek mind. We have next to learn under what lineaments the heroines of this famous myth were represented in the works of ancient art. The Greeks were capable of a full measure of imaginative sympathy for the defeated enemies of their race, and their artists took pleasure in creating types, the most adequate and the most expressive which could be devised, alike of the fictitious giants and monsters of mythology and of the actual Persians and Gauls of their historical experience. Among all the hostile and barbarous types thus embodied by Greek art, that of the Amazons is the most generously conceived, and presents the greatest attractions to the student. The modern sentiment, it must be remembered, which can barely on any terms endure the idea of blows exchanged with or wounds inflicted on a woman, did not exist in equal force among the ancients. The Greeks, moreover, relieved this legendary warfare of theirs from the reproach of unchivalrousness, by imagining the Amazons, so far from being feeble or unequal foes, as endued by nature and training with a strength superior to that of any but the very greatest heroes. Given this idea of a race of mighty and conquering maidens needing to be encountered and overthrown in fight, the task of the Greek artist, as he conceived it, was to embody the idea in forms uniting the utmost of heroic strength with the utmost of womanly charm. The Amazon had to be represented as one who, in putting away the weakness, yet by no means put away the power, of her sex. For all her valour she was still very woman, and had over her male antagonist this advantage, that, equal to him in the shock of battle, she was more appealing and more pitied in defeat. By the spell of beauty and by the sting of compassion together, she was able to vanquish her victor even in her dying moments.

Among the preserved remains of ancient art, this ideal of the warrior-woman, sometimes exulting in victory, sometimes pathetic and dignified in overthrow, and in either case beautiful alike, occurs in a great number of representations. The attention of scholars has long been attracted to the study of their characteristic features, and of their relations to literary tradition and to each other. We propose to deal with a very few typical monuments only among the many relating to the subject. It will be most convenient to classify these monuments according to the technical form of art to which they belong. And, first, let us take the class of statues properly so called, that is, of figures sculptured completely in the round. Such figures are scattered in considerable numbers through the various collections of ancient art in Europe. Among them are several which it is not within the scope of the present sketch to discuss; such are the two equestrian figures of Amazons wounded and falling from their horses, one in bronze and the other in marble, preserved at Naples and at Wilton House respectively; such, again, is the remarkable half-figure at the Borghese gallery, of a woman apparently being trailed along the ground, and usually identified as an Amazon; such are, finally, both the beautiful fragmentary statuette of the *Dying Penthesilea* at Vienna, executed apparently by a sculptor of the Roman period in imitation of an archaic original, and the small standing figure from Salamis, restored by Thorwaldsen and now in the gallery at Dresden. Dismissing these isolated or outlying examples, we proceed at once to the consideration of a numerous family of Amazon statues which are connected with one another by close and obvious resemblances. The examples composing this family are all in marble, and on a heroic, that is, a moderately superhuman, scale. In all an Amazon is represented standing at rest, bare-headed, and wearing, not any of those fantastic costumes, as of Scythian or Phrygian warriors, which are most commonly assigned to them in the works of painting, but the specifically Greek dress which is most becoming and most appropriate for sculpture; namely, the tunic of thin tissue fastened at the shoulders by clasps, and girdled round the waist by a belt. In the case of these Amazons, just as in statues of Artemis or Diana, the fleet and daring goddess of the chase, this garment is not allowed to fall to the ordinary feminine length, but is made rather to resemble the male tunic, by being drawn up to the knee for the sake of greater freedom of movement. An unseen cord passed just below the girdle confines the portion of the tunic thus drawn up, which falls over the cord in a fold some nine inches deep all round the body below the waist. In all the statues belonging to the family of which we speak, the tunic thus worn has come unfastened either upon one shoulder or the other, from the exertion, as we may suppose, of battle, and falls leaving the breast and shoulder bare upon that side.

Statues, or fragments of statues, answering to this general description, have long been known in con-

siderable numbers. As early as the sixteenth century a Roman antiquarian counted no less than eighteen of them collected in a single garden of the city. That number has since been increased by about a half. The greater part of these figures have been discovered in Rome itself, and a few

WOUNDED AMAZON. PROBABLY BY POLYCLETUS.

WOUNDED AMAZON. PROBABLY BY PHIDIAS.

others in outlying regions of the ancient Roman world; one, for example, at Treves. As is all but universally the case with ancient marbles, they were all in a more or less broken and fragmentary condition at the time of their first discovery. According to the nearly equally general rule, most of them have since been variously 'restored' or completed by modern hands; a torso having in many instances been fitted with a head which does not belong to it, and arms, extremities, and attributes being added according to the indications furnished, or supposed — and often erroneously supposed — to be furnished, by the original.

On a close examination and comparison of all the examples in question, considered only in their original portions, and without regard to the additions made by the restorer, it becomes apparent that the entire family divides itself again into three separate groups. Each of these minor groups consists of so many duplicates or repetitions of a single type. Let us call the three types which we find thus repeated severally type A, type B, and type C. Type A is illustrated in the first of the outline sketches in our text. In the statues of this class, as the reader may see by the sketch, the weight of the body is carried on the right leg and foot, assisted in some degree by

the left arm, which rests upon a pedestal or other object at the height of the elbow (in the original this object was probably the haft of a battle-axe). The left leg is at the same time thrown slightly back in an attitude of ease, the ball and toes only of the foot touching the ground. The head leans over to the left in a posture of despondency and fatigue; the right arm is thrown up, with the hand resting on the head, in a gesture of corresponding expression. The tunic has fallen open on the left side, which is bare to the girdle, while on the right side a wound close to the breast betrays the cause of the heroine's distress. Her frame is square and massive, her limbs powerful and large, but a perfectly feminine character is at the same time preserved in the flow and richness of the contours, and in the freedom of the surface from bony projections or sharp muscular definitions. Of this type there are eight or nine examples known; the two best are those in the Berlin Museum and in the collection of Lord Lansdowne. Several are preserved with a completeness which leaves no doubt concerning the true original attitude and disposition of the limbs and extremities, except in such minor matters as the exact arrangement of the fingers, and the nature of the object on which the left fore-arm reposes. The head of this type is that illustrated, from an example in the British Museum, on the left hand in our plate representing two heads of Amazons side by side.

Type B, of which the main lines are indicated in our second sketch, also represents an Amazon weary and wounded, but differs from type A in the following particulars. The weight is sustained on the left leg instead of on the right, which is in this instance held at ease. The figure is draped, in addition to the short tunic girded up at the waist, with a cloak fastened at the throat and falling down the back as low as to the knee. The tunic has fallen unclasped from the right shoulder instead of from the left; and the head, instead of leaning over to the left, is inclined downwards to the right (a little more than is indicated in our sketch), while the eyes glance down towards a wound in the right side below the breast. With her left hand the Amazon quietly removes the folds of her tunic from near this wound, while with her right arm somewhat raised she leans upon the shaft of a long spear. In all the extant examples, this right arm has been restored in a manner fatal to the effect of the statue—as held up, that is, in the air, with the fingers spread and the elbow thrust out at an ungainly angle; but its true position, nearly as shown in our sketch, is indicated by an engraved gem in the Paris collection representing the original statue in miniature. Of this type as many as fourteen examples are reckoned as having come down to us, of which the best are in the Vatican gallery at Rome, and another—the head and torso alone, without the lower limbs—preserved at Wörlitz in Germany. The head belonging to this type is illustrated, from an example wrongly fitted on to a body of type C at the Vatican, on the right hand side of our plate before referred to. The reader will at a glance perceive the differences between these two noble heads. Their general character and expression are to a great degree the same; those, namely, of strength and energy succumbing unwillingly to defeat and pain. But comparing the structure of the two, we find that in type A the oval of the cheeks is considerably more tapering and less square than in type B, while in a profile view the nose and jaw project at a considerably greater angle, in the former case than in the latter, in advance of a line drawn from the forehead to the chin. And comparing their details, we perceive that in type A the front masses of the hair are drawn back in waves over, and at an angle with, the rest, which is parted and brushed smoothly from the crown; while in type B the whole hair stands out from the head in the same dense wavy masses, the ends of which are knotted carelessly together at the back. Again, while the eyes in type B are directed downwards towards a special object, namely, the wound, those in type A look out vaguely and wearily into space; and while in type B the expression of pain and discomfiture about the mouth is given chiefly by the contraction of the muscles at either end, the lips themselves remaining closed, in type A the prominent, almost pouting, lips, are parted as if in the act of laboured breathing. And these differences remain constant, even down to the arrangement of minute locks of hair and the introduction of particular curves and dimples in the face, in all the good and authentic heads belonging severally to either type.

The statues of type C are better known, and to some persons at first sight more attractive, than those belonging to either of the foregoing groups. In them the proportions are slenderer, the lines of drapery more complicated, and the general forms less massive, than in the others. As in the statues of type A, it is on the right leg that the weight again reposes, while the left is in an attitude of ease; and it is the left side of the body which is again made bare by the falling open of the tunic at the shoulder. The left hand, which is held near the thigh, and the right, which is passed in front of and above the head, are both engaged in holding a single object. This is in several of the extant examples restored as a bow; but an ancient gem-engraving once more helps us to the right recognition of the attribute, namely, a spear-shaft or pole, as indicated in our third sketch. The arrangement of the drapery below the girdle presents in the statues of this type a marked variation from that in the two others. In type A, the overhanging fold about the hips has been pulled up highest at the middle, producing a series of straight fluted folds down the middle of the skirt, and draw-

ing lateral folds on either side into a series of partially symmetrical curves or loops (see the sketch). In this arrangement there is an almost primitive simplicity, but it is worked out with an extreme skill in the details and with an excellent effect. In type B, again, the folds of the skirt are simple but this time almost parallel, with just sufficient variations of depth and interval; and the only effect of richness obtained in the drapery is by its massing and crumpling above the girdle, where the Amazon removes it with her hand from about her wound. In type C, on the other hand, the folds both above and below the girdle are much more varied and multifarious, and the arrangement of the skirts is complicated by their having been drawn down under the cord, almost to their full length, at one point near the left knee, and by the end so drawn down having then been gathered up again, and tucked back for security over the girdle; with the result of leaving the left leg bare to a point higher above the knee than in either of the other types (see third sketch). Of the six or seven known examples of this third type, by far the most famous is that one in the Vatican known, from the name of its former owner, as *The Mattei Amazon.* But in this, as in most other examples, a false character has been given to the figure, which was without its own head, by fitting to it a head belonging to type B. In the real statue, the head, instead of inclining downwards and sideways like those of the other two types, was held erect with a straightforward glance. So, at least, we infer from the gem before mentioned, as well as from a beautiful example of the statue itself, the only one in which the head appears to be genuine, in the collection of Lord Leconfield at Petworth; besides, the figure bears no wound to account for the drooping carriage and the downward glance which are natural in the other two.

Now the three groups of marble statues which we have described bear to the student the unquestionable signs which mark them as being copies, executed in Roman times and for Roman amateurs, of famous masterpieces of Grecian sculpture; and of sculpture, according to all probability, in bronze. Do we possess any record whereby we can identify the originals which they severally repeat? So far as two of the types are concerned, namely A and B, we do apparently possess such means of identification. There is a well-known, though a somewhat obscure and corrupt, passage in Pliny telling of a number of statues of Amazons dedicated in the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, the work of the most famous masters of various ages (or, according to a probable emendation, of various states), in Greece. The respective merits of these statues, Pliny goes on, were once adjudged by a tribunal consisting of the sculptors themselves, when that one was declared the best which each sculptor admired next after his own; and the award fell on these terms to Polycletus; the second place being obtained by Phidias. Besides these great masters of the Argive and of the Attic schools respectively, other artists, such as Kresilas and Phradmon, are mentioned as having taken part in the competition. Now the motives illustrated in

AMAZON. PERHAPS BY STRONGYLION.

types A and B, motives of suffering and exhaustion endured with heroic dignity and patience, are precisely such as would most naturally be suggested by the legendary connexion of the Amazons with the Ephesian temple, as a place of sanctuary whither they had fled for refuge after their overthrow by Grecian heroes. Moreover type A is so strongly marked by the characteristic predilection recorded of Polycletus,—his predilection for 'squareness' of mould and general outline, and his predilection for

figures planted firmly on one leg, with the other leg disposed in free rest or movement,—that we should have strong reasons for assigning its invention to that master, even if still stronger were not supplied by its resemblance, alike in pose of limbs and in structure of head and face, to copies which we possess of other works assigned on good authority to his hand; namely, the Diadumenos and the Doryphoros. Provisionally, then (and in the science of classical archæology comparatively few hypotheses are for the present more than provisional), we may recognise in our various statues of type A so many Roman copies of the work with which the famous Argive master, Polycletus, was held to have defeated all competitors at Ephesus. Those of type B we may, with the like reservation, refer to the still more famous Athenian master whom he on this occasion defeated, Phidias. The Amazon of Phidias is recorded by another ancient authority to have been 'leaning on her spear;' the Paris gem gives that action as indubitably the true one in which the right arm of type B should be restored; the lofty simplicity and pathetic grandeur of the design (when once the ungainly raised arm of the restorer is got rid of), and the heroic dignity and beauty of the sorrowing countenance, as expressed even by the mechanical copyists of Rome, are entirely of a character to support the attribution.

In thus briefly stating the conclusions at which I have myself arrived on these questions, I necessarily pass over the voluminous discussions to which they have given rise, principally among the scholars of Germany; some of whom share the views here expressed, while others are opposed to them. A cause of much error in these discussions has been the mistaken importance assigned at first to the taking and popular, but essentially inferior, type C. I think it is unquestionable that the increased slenderness of build and complication of design in this figure indicates a later, if not a much later, date for its origin than for the origin of the other two. It seems to me that the sculptor of this statue has sought to compose, and has composed, an ingenious and striking *tertium quid* out of the data supplied by the other two. He has left out the circumstance of the wound, indeed, and set the head not droopingly, but erect; but for the rest he has followed type A, which we ascribe to Polycletus, in the disposition of the weight on the right leg, and in the baring of the left shoulder and side, and type B, which we ascribe to Phidias, in the attribute of the spear; only he has brought this spear round to the left side by a somewhat forced and affected action of the right arm above the head; adding further those complications of drapery on which we have already dwelt; lengthening also and reducing the proportions of the limbs; and using with an especial and somewhat ostentatious care the opportunity for displaying the beauty of the left knee and thigh which is obtained by the gathering up of the skirt, as already pointed out, on that side. It is this last particular which suggests a tempting hypothesis for the identification of the original author of the type. There was, we are told, a statue of an Amazon by a Greek artist named Strongylion, a pupil of Myron, and therefore younger by one generation than Polycletus or Phidias. This statue was especially celebrated for the beauty of its legs—*ob excellentiam crurum*—and was such a favourite with the emperor Nero that he was accustomed to have it carried about with him on his travels. It is at least possible that the repute of this work under Nero was the cause of its being frequently copied at Rome; just as the fame of Polycletus and of Phidias would naturally cause the Amazons of their designing to be also frequently copied there; and that some of these copies after Strongylion are preserved in the Amazons described under type C in our classification.*

SIDNEY COLVIN.

* The general views above put forward on the attribution of the three types A, B, and C, are in accordance with those advanced by the late amiable and learned archæologist, Dr. Klügmann; but I can by no means agree with Dr. Klügmann, nor with Ottfried Müller, whom he followed, in seeing in the attribute held by the Amazon of type C, not a spear, but a leaping-pole, or in believing that her attitude is that of a leaper preparing for the spring.

THE ELEMENTS OF BEAUTY IN SHIPS AND BOATS.

II.—*Spars.*

ALL kinds of masts, yards, gaffs, booms, bowsprits, &c., are called by the generic name of 'spars' in nautical language, and although in these papers we endeavour, as far as possible, to avoid technical terms, this one is too convenient and too necessary to be discarded. There is, indeed, outside of nautical language, not a single English word that could replace it.

A spar may be defined as any kind of a stick which carries or extends a sail.

The artistic effect of spars is of immense importance to the appearance of a vessel; so important, indeed, are they, that the names given to ships do not depend upon the shapes of their hulls, but on the arrangement of their spars. As the sails themselves have to conform to the spars, and the cordage also,

it may be fairly said that the vessel will be classed and named by the spars alone. The difference between a ship and a bark is determined by the nature of the spars on the mizzen-mast. A ship carries yards on that mast, a bark carries only gaffs.* So with brigs; the full-rigged brig carries yards on her main-mast, the hermaphrodite brig carries none. A top-sail schooner has yards on her fore-mast, a fore-and-aft schooner has gaffs on both masts.

The importance of spars to the appearance of a vessel may be seen at once by comparing a hull with a vessel of the same proportions, after it has been rigged. The hull may be of the most beautiful design, yet, in spite of that, it can never look either so elegant or so imposing as the rigged vessel. It is merely a thing for the water, the rigged vessel belongs to the air as well.

However much we know about the depth of the hull, and the weight of ballast carried, it is always wonderful to see what masts a vessel will bear, for the hull is down in the water and most of it is unseen, whilst the ballast lies hidden at the bottom, like a foundation buried in the earth, but the masts rise high in the air and show themselves. Their apparent importance is, therefore, out of all proportion to their real size and weight, big as they sometimes are.

A low free-board increases the relative consequence of the masts, a high free-board diminishes it. When a vessel's hull is entirely visible, as when she is left by the tide on the sea-shore, her spars lose importance wonderfully, being seen exactly in their true relation to her mass. Even then, however, the relation of weight is not explained by what is visible. The true secret of the stability of the masts, that which is to them what the earth clasped by the roots is to a tree, the heavy load of ballast, is not visible, but can only be calculated, and very imperfectly appreciated, by the mind. A first-class yacht of the present day will have in her keel 'a lead mine,' to use an expression which has become familiar, a weight of ballast equivalent to a cargo; and as modern yachts have a great deal of hull in the water, in proportion to their free-board, and are made to carry enormous sails, their spars always look surprisingly heavy and tall.

General principles of composition regulate the placing, the inclination, and the proportions of masts, as they do the situation and proportions of towers in a building. The ship-builder has the advantage that he can incline his masts in one direction or the other, whilst in stone structures inclination has very rarely been intentional, the leaning towers known to us being the result of accident.

The principal purposes which ship-builders have in view are not artistic, but utilitarian. The placing of the masts is not regulated by the desire to make a vessel look well, but to make her sail without much action of the rudder to stop her way, and so as to give facility in tacking. Nevertheless, there is hardly any department of utilitarian construction in which taste is more considered and consulted than in ship-building. The number of persons born with artistic talent and occupied in common pursuits must be very considerable in every civilised race, and they leave the impress of their superior natural gifts in the elegance of the work they produce. Very likely ship-builders may not have any very distinct idea of artistic principles in theory, yet they often carry them admirably into practice. The masts and other spars of a vessel give them one of their finest opportunities.

A mast is in itself a noble and stately object. Its height impresses us, its smoothness gratifies our love of finish, and its erectness has an expression of resistance to the wind. We know that it is a pine-tree shorn of its branches and its bark. It has lost one kind of poetry, that of a natural object, to gain a still higher kind of poetry, that of noble service to humanity, and it is one of the very best examples of that poetry in artificial things which Byron so strongly appreciated.

Something of poetic inspiration has been given by the love and study of masts to the minds of ship-builders. They feel that the mast is more than a mere stick of wood, and that its office is one of beauty as well as utility.

A clear proof of its artistic importance may be seen in the few instances in which it has been replaced by another arrangement. A very convenient way of using lateen sails is to hoist them between two spars which lean against each other like the legs of an easel. This is done in Algoa Bay (according to Mr. Dixon Kemp) with much practical success; but however convenient such an arrangement might be, our yacht-builders would never accept it, for artistic reasons, because one pole, whether supported by stays or not, has so superior an expression.

Masts bear artistic relation to each other in their height. It is wonderful how instinctively, in such a matter as this, the builders have commonly done exactly what sound art-criticism would have required. In a ship you have three masts and a bowsprit, the bowsprit rising at a considerable angle above the water-line. The three masts are of different heights; the foremast is high, the main-mast still higher, and the mizzen (near the stern, much lower than either. This is quite the best arrangement that could have been made, because a line drawn from the point of the bowsprit to the tops of the masts, and thence down to the stern, includes the whole in a good shape, which it could not have done if the little mast had been in the

* For readers not much acquainted with these matters, I may explain that a yard is a spar hung by the middle and carrying a square sail, whilst a gaff touches the mast at one end and carries a fore and aft sail.

middle or in front. In two-masted vessels the masts are very rarely of the same size; that near the stern is generally the taller of the two. This, again, is quite in obedience to artistic precepts, which enjoin us to avoid exact similarity in objects except when symmetry is required; and even then exact similarity is usually prevented by having them in rights and lefts, like the halves of animal bodies.

The bowsprit, the spar which hangs over the sea in front of the vessel, is really a mast very much inclined. It used to carry a square sail beneath it on a yard, just like the other masts; and when not employed for that purpose it served, in the ships of the middle ages, simply to extend the stay from a short foremast, which was put very far forward and carried one or two square sails.

The constant tendency of the bowsprit has been from the perpendicular (its original position as an ordinary mast) to the horizontal. In modern yachts it is generally either horizontal or slightly inclined in continuation of the line of the bulwarks, but of late years, especially in French boats, there is a tendency to draw down the bowsprit in a curve by means of a strong and tight bobstay.* All these directions have their own expression. An elevated bowsprit gives the idea of stateliness, of majestic riding over waves, and is suitable to ships, especially ships of war. With that instinctive taste which belonged to the naval constructors of Nelson's time, they invariably elevated their bowsprits at a high angle. At the same time, whilst an elevated bowsprit gives the ideas of state and majesty, it does not convey the notion of directness and speed, so that merely from artistic and expressional considerations yacht-builders do well to make bowsprits very nearly horizontal. As for the new fashion of bending the bowsprit down, all that can be said in its favour is that it gives the idea of grace and flexibility; but it is not quite free from objection, as it has an appearance of weakness. It is appropriate only to yachts of small tonnage.

The 'raking' or inclination of masts is, from the artistic point of view, one of the most important matters in connexion with the spars of a vessel.

Vertical masts give an impression of strength and stability, and are therefore suitable to large ships, and especially to war-vessels. Raking masts convey the idea of liveliness, of readiness for rapid motion, and are suitable to all light and swift vessels, especially when they are intended for racing.

In English vessels the rake is seldom forwards. A forward rake is usually met with only in the lateeners of Southern Europe, and even in them, when there are several masts, it is generally the foremast alone which leans forward.

The forward rake conveys the idea of onward motion from analogy with the human body, which leans forward in running and skating.

The backward rake, which is often carried to a great extent in English and American vessels, suggests the idea of wind, because the masts seem to lean back upon the wind, and really do so when it is a fair one. A backward rake is always lively-looking, but it is the more so to those who are aware that sails on such masts have a tendency to lift the vessel, whilst, if the masts raked forwards, they would depress it. There is an illustration to Lord Dufferin's Arctic book, called, *The Girls at home have got hold of the tow-rope*, in which his schooner, the 'Foam,' is rising up the steep side of a wave; here the rake of the masts adds considerably to the appearance of lifting.

Subtle differences in the degree of raking between different masts have a valuable artistic effect in some vessels. There are even instances of a foremast raking forwards (with a lateen sail), a mainmast vertical, and a mizzen raking backwards; this produces a radiating effect which is not without artistic significance. In our waters the differences of rake are usually between two masts—a foremast raking moderately, a mainmast raking rather more. All such differences tend to make the design of a vessel more interesting and lively.

The masts of large vessels are built of several pieces, usually of three, called respectively mast, topmast, and top-gallant mast, with the common prefix of *fore*, *main*, or *mizzen*, as the case may be. This is done for convenience in getting spars of the right size, and also for convenient replacing when a spar is broken. In the war-ships of Nelson's time such an arrangement was very necessary, as the masts were frequently shattered by cannon-balls.

From the aesthetic point of view this division into pieces is valuable in a certain way. It adds a strong picturesque element by breaking the too long and monotonous line of a tall mast. Many readers will remember the very tall piece of pine in Kew Gardens, which is erected as a mast upon a mound. This is uninterrupted by piecings, and affords a good opportunity for judging what the masts of ships would look like if they were made to resemble single pieces. The single stick looks terribly high, and the smoothness of it soon wearies the mind for want of a resting-place; the built masts of ships afford rest to the eye and a measurement of height by stages like the storeys of a building. In the mast these are marked by a platform (technically called a 'top'), which serves to spread the rigging, giving the stays of the mast above it an angle, and is a convenience to sailors. In smaller craft, and

* The bobstay is the rope which passes from the end of the bowsprit to the cut-water at a sufficient angle to resist the strain of the topmast stay and the jib halliards.

also higher up in the masts of ships, this platform does not exist, but there are cross-trees, which are fixed spars, used to extend the stays. The cross-trees also exist under the platform called the 'top,' which they support.

These platforms are the last survival of the cages on the masts in which archers and crossbowmen were put before the use of artillery, and which served for musketeers after it. The difference between the old cages and the modern tops is chiefly that there was a breastwork round the first, which protected the legs of the fighting-men, whilst there is none round the tops. Still, the old custom of fighting from them was maintained down to quite recent times. Nelson discountenanced it, but he met his own death by a ball from the mizzen-top of the *Redoubtable*.

The old cages or turrets of the middle ages were nearly, but not quite, at the highest point of the whole mast, in which they differ greatly from modern tops, which are only at the lower joint of a mast in three pieces, though technically they are considered to be at the top of a mast, as each piece is in nautical language a mast in itself. The mediaeval system had the artistic inconvenience of putting a bulky, and apparently heavy object very high; but this was of little consequence in those times, as the vessels themselves were clumsy and very much out of the water. Such a thing would look monstrously top-heavy on a modern yacht, though the yacht would carry it well enough with seventy tons of lead in her keel.

The primitive notion of sailing is to hang the sail on a yard which is swung by the middle on a mast and equally balanced. All early sailing vessels known to us by ancient drawings have yards. The gaff (a spar touching the mast by one of its extremities—the thick extremity) never occurs in old drawings. I do not know when it was invented, but it is a modern invention. Judging from the ways in which all non-nautical people still think about sailing — their only conception of it being sailing with a fair wind — it is quite natural that primitive sailors should have employed the yard, which on a single-masted vessel is the only spar able to spread the canvas equally on both sides. The first notion of sailing would be to use the wind when it blew in the direction of the vessel's course, but a little experience must have shown the early sailors that by hauling the yard to another angle with the vessel they could still go forward, even when the wind was not quite fair. They could do this, and even tack, at a later period, with sails hung from yards alone, so that there was no urgent reason for substituting gaffs. The ships used by Columbus tacked easily, and he had only yards.

The transition from the yard to the gaff may have been through lateen and lug yards, which differ from others in being hung at a place other than the middle, and in not hanging horizontally. The old rule about lug yards used to be that they should be hung at one-third of their length. As for lateeners, I am not aware that there has ever been any general rule; the point of suspension seems to depend on the height of the mast and on its inclination. In lateeners the yard is of greater importance than in any other kind of rig, on account of its enormous relative size, which is the reason why lateeners are so little used in English waters. This peculiarity makes lateeners very welcome to artists, because the great size of the yard gives it a fine bold expression and a graceful curve.

Curving, in spars of various kinds, is interesting, and often elegant. We have already mentioned the curve given to some modern bowsprits, which answers in a certain degree to the arch in the neck of a horse. I do not at present remember any instance in European waters of curving in what we call, strictly, masts; except that which occurs from wind-pressure, and which is very beautiful. There is, however, a kind of raft—a catamaran—used on the Brazilian coast, and called a 'Jangada,' which has a flexible mast that curves backwards very gracefully indeed. What this mast really does is to form in itself both mast and gaff, replacing the usual angle where the gaff touches the mast by a continuous curve. Strong curves have been recently introduced into some kinds of yards for boats. In French *houari* boats the sliding gaff often takes a considerable curve from wind-pressure and weight of sail, as it is thin and flexible.

Bowsprits are awkward things in narrow waters, especially with their great modern development, and I am not at all surprised that many attempts to do without them should have been made of late years. It has been found by experience that if the keel of the boat is rockered so as to allow her to turn round easily, and still more if she pivots on a centre-board, there is no real necessity for a jib, so that the bowsprit may be suppressed; but when this is done the foremast has to be stepped very near the stem of the vessel. This, in fact, is a return to the early practice of the days of Columbus, when a foremast (according to a drawing attributed to the navigator himself) was stepped on the forecastle, which in that vessel was a projecting platform just above the cut-water. Modern experience proves that even when there is only one mast it may be stepped as far forward as possible if there is plenty of sail behind it. The American 'Una' boats, and the numerous European copies of them, prove this very decidedly. Now, as to our present purpose, the question of appearance, what is to be said to this practice? I am afraid the clear answer must be that the loss of bowsprit and jib is a loss of beauty and interest—of

beauty, because the forward-reaching spar over the water is in itself beautiful and poetical (not to speak of the sail, of which we shall have much more to say in the next chapter) of interest because the bowsprit is entirely different from every other spar on the vessel. Nevertheless, the foremast stepped forward is not so objectionable as might have been expected. It is certainly not pretty, but it has a business-like, bold, decided, and determined appearance, which compensates by expression for the loss of prettiness.

It need hardly be observed that the tapering of all spars is very conducive to elegance. This is very generally understood, but the tapering has been a natural result of constructive experience rather than of taste. A yard, hung by the middle, is positively stronger for tapering to the ends, since it would break, if at all, at the middle in any case, and it is less likely to do so if lightened towards the extremities by the removal of wood. With regard to masts there has always been a natural desire to make them lighter towards the top that the ship might not be over-weighted.

Masts are often praised by poets and novelists for being slender, but there is a limit to the aesthetic beauty of slenderness when it passes into visible weakness. It is not at all a fault in a spar, from the artistic point of view, to be visibly strong enough for the work it has to do. Even yachts, which pretend more to elegance than other vessels, have good, strong poles, and small boats have them still stronger in proportion when they dispense with stays. In ships the strength of the mast is an important element of grandeur, showing that it has serious work to do, and is not a mere flag-staff.

It is curious that in discussing the beauty of a ship's spars we are talking about the beauty of a skeleton, for the spars are the bones of her wings, their cordage is the muscles, and the sails are the feathers. This is not a mere fanciful analogy, but one of the very closest analogies which exist between artificial and natural things; so close, indeed, is it that a thorough understanding of a ship's rigging is one of the best preparations for the study of animal anatomy. Perhaps if we were not deterred by the idea of death, ever repellent to our instincts, we should see beauty in the bones of a bird as we do in the spars of a vessel. The skeleton of a ship's sailing apparatus is always visible, and conveys no idea but that of well-adapted construction, the skeleton of a bird's wing is hidden till it can never be used again.

P. G. HAMERTON.

ART CHRONICLE.

THE number of Fellows elected into the newly-organized Society of Painter Etchers is seventy-three. The official staff includes the following gentlemen:—President, T. Seymour Haden, Esq.; Treasurer, Dr. E. Hamilton; Curator, Richard Fisher, Esq.; Hon. Sec., Sir Wm. Drake; Members of the Council, Messrs. Alma Tadema, E. W. Cope, E. George, P. G. Hamerton, H. Hardy, J. E. Hodgson, F. Holl, J. C. Hook, C. Hunter, A. Legros, W. E. Lockhart, R. W. Macbeth, H. S. Marks, E. J. Poynter, J. Tissot. The diploma etchings have been offered and accepted for exhibition at the South Kensington Museum.

THE Autumn Exhibition at the Walker Fine Art Gallery, Liverpool, has been this year of exceptional interest. Among other pictures has been lent the large and highly-finished work by Mr. Dante Gabriel Rossetti entitled *Dante's Dream*. The hard-and-fast rule by which Mr. Rossetti has hitherto refused to permit his pictures to enter into public exhibitions having been relaxed in this instance, it may be hoped that eventually the artist may allow his splendid colour and poetic imagination to exert that larger influence on the public taste which can only be exercised through open exhibition of his work.

THE question of the lighting of the National Gallery came forward in the House of Commons during last session. In the course of a few hours 190 members signed a petition in favour of the step. Great difficulties were urged on behalf of the Trustees; gas was said to be out of the question on account of its hurtful effects on the pictures, and the electric light declared to be as yet too uncertain a process. The new light must be proved not to be dangerous; furthermore, an increase of the staff and improved ventilation would be required. No decision was arrived at. *Apropos* of the question, it may be noted that the electric lighting of the Lord President's Court at the South Kensington Museum on the 'Brush' system has resulted in a diminution of the cost of lighting, as compared with the use of gas, of 218*l.* on the same period, or at the rate of about 420*l.* per annum; while further injurious deterioration by the gas fumes on Sir Frederick Leighton's fresco, which had been perceptible even during the progress of the painter's work, has been effectually prevented.

THE Castellani collection of gems has been purchased by Mr. Alfred Morrison.

THE Annual Report of the Science and Art Department shows the number of students receiving instruction in Art to have been 837,308, an increase of more than 41,000 over the number in the previous year. The expenditure during the financial year, exclusive of the vote for the Geological Survey, was 312,963*l.* 17*s.* 10*d.*

THE attention of the House of Commons was called late in the Session by Mr. Schreiber to the unfinished state of the Central Hall of the Houses of Parliament, the mural decoration of which stopped short in the year 1869 with the mosaic picture of St. George, from the design of Mr. Poynter. After some lively discussion—the main tendency of which was dissatisfaction with the mosaic work executed for the decoration of our public buildings, as in case of St. Paul's and in the solitary panel of the Hall, and entire distrust of the fresco process as exemplified in the works hitherto carried out—Mr. Shaw Lefevre stated that until more unanimous desire was expressed by the House as to the completion of the decoration under notice he should not ask for a vote of supply. The question is, therefore, again shunted to an indefinite future.

THE mosaics in the cupola of the Cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle have been restored, or, more properly speaking, replaced, by the new work of M. Salviati. A 'restoration' of the

Basilica, to include the rebuilding of the tower of the eastern façade according to the original designs, is threatened as the next German national architectural undertaking now that Cologne Cathedral is completed.

AN historical exhibition of engravings, old and modern, was held in Paris, at the Cercle de la Librairie, during August. The collection, to which Baron E. de Rothschild and the well-known collector, M. Eugène Dutuit, contributed, was of great value and interest. The catalogue, prepared by M. George Duplessis, illustrated by beautiful reproductions, and containing a sketch of the history of engraving, places on permanent record a noteworthy Exhibition, itself being a work of intrinsic value. Among the precious proofs of Rembrandt was that of the *Burgomaster Six*, which fetched 17,000 francs at the Didot sale the other day.

ANOTHER of Sir Christopher Wren's churches condemned to demolition is St. Matthew, in Friday Street. The records of the church date back to 1322. The original building was destroyed by the Great Fire in 1666, and the present structure erected in 1685. Some organized opposition has arisen to the destruction of the church by volunteer 'Protection' Societies and others.

THE comprehensive work on which M. Eugéne Dutuit has entered in his 'Manuel de l'Amateur d'Estampes' is hailed with high commendation by 'those who know.' The first instalment, which treats of the Flemish and Dutch schools alphabetically, running from Jean von Aken to Jan van Gayen, is to form Volume IV. of the completed work. Volumes I., II., III. will deal with the earliest known prints, with Block-books, Cards, Heiligen, Hours, Dances of Death, and so on; and sequent volumes upon that now published will complete the Flemish and Dutch schools, and enter on the early Italian masters of engraving. M. Dutuit bases his work on the 'Peintre-Graveur' of Bartsch, but his enumeration corrects that of his predecessor both by elimination and addition. The reliable connoisseurship of M. Dutuit renders especially valuable his comments on questions of authenticity and other moot points. The volume is illustrated by many beautiful reproductions in heliogravure.

THE September list of Mr. Ruskin's works, issued by his publisher, Mr. George Allen, of Orpington, indicates untiring labour and enthusiasm. Besides the eleven volumes of a revised series of already published books, and some fourteen volumes of letters, lectures, studies, and re-issues, the following series are in course of publication in numbers, as Mr. Ruskin finds time to carry them forward:—'Proserpina,' being 'Studies of Wayside Flowers' (six parts are out, with accompanying illustrations); 'Deucalion, Studies of the Lapse of Waves and Life of Stones,' also illustrated; 'The Laws of Fésole,' a treatise on the principles which guided the Tuscan masters in their drawing and painting (this is meant for school use, is illustrated, and will be accompanied shortly by an issue of selected larger plates by Mr. Ruskin himself and others); 'Love's Meinie, Essays on English Birds,' the third part; 'The Dabchicks,' with preface and appendix, is now out, and completes the volume; 'Our Fathers have told us,' sketches of the History of Christendom for Boys and Girls who have been held at its Fonts; Part I. is out to the extent of one chapter, Chapters II. and III., and an abstract of Chapter IV., which is especially appropriate for travellers at Amiens, are promised presently; this, one of the latest of Mr. Ruskin's publications, rejoices equally with the rest in such fancifully imaginative names as express to the author the gist of his discourse. Part I. is the 'Bible of Amiens,' and the first chapter runs under the heading, 'By the Rivers of Waters:' finally, 'Fors Clavigera' continues an interrupted but continued course.

Among the most recent undertakings of our indefatigable and versatile master in art criticism, is an edition of 'Selections from General Literature,' under the title 'Biblioteca Pastorum, the Shepherds' Library;' of this two volumes are out: 'The Economics of Xenophon' and 'Rock Honeycomb, Broken pieces of Sir Phillip Sidney's Psalter,' to be followed by another volume of like excerpts. Volume IV., a translation of the first two books of 'The Laws of Plato,' Mr. Ruskin is still revising.

THE Examining Committee on the old pictures in the magazines of the Florentine Galleries have discovered a painting on panel by Andrea Verrocchio—*A Madonna and Child with Saints;* and the picture is identified with that mentioned by Vasari as having been painted by Verrocchio for the nuns of Maglio, of which all traces had been lost.

THE recently published work by M. Théophile Roller on the Catacombs of Rome has a special value in the light which it throws on the transition symbolism of the earliest Christian art, and for the illustrations in facsimile of ornament and symbols which accompany the text. The publishers are Veuve A. Morel et Cie.

THE picture by M. A. de Neuville of the *Defence of Rorke's Drift*, which was shown for a considerable period at the Gallery of the Fine Art Society, has been purchased by the trustees for the Museum of that enterprising colony, Sydney, in New South Wales.

THE Exhibition of Antique Japanese Art held this summer at the monastery of Kaizensi, Asakusa, may be taken as one sign of revived pride in the characteristic excellences of the national art. Many nobles sent to the collection objects of priceless value; and it is hoped that a practical result of the interest aroused by the Exhibition may be that a stop will be put to the export of Japanese rarities into Europe, and, what is still more important, that the deleterious influence of popular European taste will be combated by the example of the best Japanese models, and a renewed demand for high-class work.

THE resignation of Mr. Poynter, R.A., as Art-Director at South Kensington, created a vacancy which the authorities appeared to find difficulty in filling up. After some months' doubt the official work was divided: Mr. Sparkes, Head Master of the Art Schools, was nominated Principal of the National Training School, while the post of Art-Director was bestowed upon Mr. Thomas Armstrong. Mr. Poynter, however, promised to act as visitor to the Training School, and thus to continue the influence which has during his tenure of office as Director proved of such high value.

The appointment of Mr. Armstrong would naturally arouse surprise in the large circles outside of that section of art-students or appreciators who have noted his progress and admired the result of his consistent labours. Mr. Armstrong is by birth a Manchester man; he had training in Paris, and was for a time a pupil of Ary Scheffer. His pictures drew the attention of the more observant and critical of on-lookers by certain individual qualities, which, in a short paper on the painter that appeared in the PORTFOLIO of 1871, Mr. Sidney Colvin sensitively and truthfully noted. Conscientious care and balance, tenderness and reserve, continuous effort to obtain style and pictorial charm, and to make every picture primarily a careful and calculated object of pleasure to the eye in the arrangement of its form and colour,—these are qualities and aims which Mr. Colvin marked in Mr. Armstrong's work up to the period of ten years ago. And the like features have continued to be distinctive of more recent performances, with perhaps an added definiteness of decorative purpose. To the figures and scenes of English life in last century, and to the pleasant pastorals which Mr. Armstrong chiefly chose as subject-matter for art treatment, he has of late added groups of directly decorative design; he has had some experience in mural painting, and has interested himself practically in technical processes. His picture in the Grosvenor Gallery last summer, *The Flight into Egypt—a Riposo*, obtained favourable notice in our columns; it indicated the amount and special direction of the painter's artistic faculty which, it may be presumed, obtained for him

this substantial recognition of the important office of Art-Director at South Kensington.

We have received from the Fine Art Society their large engraving executed by M. F. Joubert after the picture of *Atalanta's Race* by E. J. Poynter, R.A. The proportions of the composition—nearly thrice the width of its depth—however suitable in the situation for which it was painted, do not tell well for reproduction in black and white ; and the plate, with its ample margin, is of somewhat unmanageable size for wall or folio. M. Joubert's work is clear and precise, and contains many passages of careful delicacy. The comparative tone of the two principal figures, all important in determining their relative positions, on which the gist of the narrative situation turns, has been heedfully translated. The modelling of the 'great-limbed runner,' Milanion, is on the whole admirable, firm, and intelligent ; while the greater difficulties involved in the much-discussed figure of Atalanta, bowed upon herself, in a complicated poise of limb and relief of contour upon contour, have been overcome with a true mastery of the line-engraver's art. M. Joubert is not responsible for faults that lie in the painting ; but we venture to object that the unsatisfactory foreshortening of the legs in the Michelangelesque figure astride the palisade has been emphasised rather than mitigated in the engraving, while the head of the dark-haired man to the extreme left is projected disagreeably and unnecessarily forward. The publishers, in their prospectus of the engraving, state the work to have occupied M. Joubert 'uninterruptedly for four years ;' and they register an apprehension that the art of pure *line*-engraving, of which this print is a fine example, will be shortly extinct under the craving of the public taste for rapidity in production and change of style.

In recent numbers of the 'Gazette des Beaux Arts' M. George Guéroult has contributed papers on *Le Rôle du Mouvement des Yeux dans les émotions aesthétiques.* In the August number of the review he aims a side-blow at the modern 'impressionist' school. Pointing out the incompleteness of the facts ascertained by the physical vision at a given distance from the object, he demonstrates that the idea presented to the mind through the eyes is unconsciously made up of already and otherwise acquired knowledge about the object, and that the artist to present a faithful image must record this knowledge. Thus a master in the old schools, says M. Guéroult, after having traced the general form of the object, approached it in order to see nearer the details which seemed to him interesting. Thus he succeeded in expressing with precision the character, the expression of the physiognomy. Geometrically and logically Antonello da Messina or Leonardo da Vinci were in fault, for their pictures are made for two spectators placed at different distances from the subject ; but—the inference is—this fault becomes a virtue and a beauty, and presents a more complete truth. Your 'impressionist,' on the contrary, paints objects as they are presented to him by indirect, *i.e.* imperfect, vision ; such as one sees them when one does not find them sufficiently interesting to be observed closely. To transcribe purely and simply that which he sees, the impressionist-painter is logically led to suppress all the finesses of modelling, all the *nuances* of colouring ; for really, at a distance of a dozen metres, the greater part of the details of the modelling and the varieties of tone in face or drapery cease to be perceptible. If he be a landscape-painter, the impressionist, says M. Guéroult, 'sees from a distance a blot, and he paints a blot : whether that blot be a man, or a woman, or a beast, matters little to him.'

The Society of Dilettanti has published a fourth part of their work on the 'Antiquities of Ionia.' This latest issue gives the results of expeditions sent by the Society to the west coast of Asia for the purpose of exploring more thoroughly the Temple of Athenè Polias at Prienè, the Temple at Dionysus at Tros, and the Sminthium. Mr. Popplewell Pullan, who was associated with Mr. Newton by the Foreign Office in the Budrum expedition, was entrusted by the Dilettante Society with their mission; and he explored Teos in 1862, and in 1866 conducted the excavations at Prienè and the Sminthium. The plates in this volume, with the exception of the two by Mr. E. L. Falkener, are executed from drawings made by Mr. Pullan, or from photographs taken under his superintendence. The text is the joint work of four members of the Society—Mr. Newton, Mr. Jas. Fergusson, Mr. W. Watkiss Lloyd, and Mr. F. C. Penrose ; and it includes a full and most interesting architect's report by Mr. Pullan.

Mr. Fergusson's Introduction chiefly deals with his views on the origin of the Greek architectural orders, which, in opposition to the opinion of leading French architects and those who derive the Doric from wooden structures, refers the Doric to Egyptian, and the Ionic to Assyrian sources, citing the example of the Temple of Armachis, which stands alongside of the Sphinx, and dates some three thousand years before Christ, and the peripteral style of very early date in the class of temples called Mammeisi. The Corinthian order alone, which was hardly ever used by the Greeks as a temple order, is allowed by Mr. Fergusson to be of pure Greek invention. He descants on the magnificence of the great Ionic temple at Ephesus, the 'Universum Templum' of Pliny, with its thirty-six sculptured columns ; also on the Temple of Apollo at Branchidæ, with its yet more extensive columnar arrangement of one hundred and twenty pillars, higher by three feet than the columns of Ephesus. The temple at Sardis has not yet been much explored, but it is hoped that some historic data may be gathered from the excavation of the lower part, and from the minor surrounding ruins.

Mr. Newton describes the Temple of Athenè Polias at Prienè at the foot of the lofty mountains north of Mæander on the west coast of Asia Minor. The city of Prienè is said to have been founded by Aiphytos, the son of Nellus, one of the leaders of the Ionian migration in the tenth century B.C. Still can be traced the walls that surrounded the city and the terrace walls that bounded a central platform on which the Temple was raised. The ruins, when Mr. Pullan visited them, extended about one hundred and fifty feet in length, by one hundred in breadth, and were sixteen feet in height at the deepest point ; they consisted of drums of columns, wall stones and architrave stones, all heaped together and overgrown by grass and weeds. Through a gap made on the south side of the Temple, Mr. Pullan had the stones and earth removed from the interior, and found the pavement of the cella entire, and the foundation of a large pedestal at the west end, together with other objects of fresh import. The excavations for the Temple of Bacchus, at the Ionian city of Teos, on the south side of the isthmus connecting Karaburnon with the mainland, were begun in April 1862, and completed by July. Mr. Pullan is of opinion that this Temple of Bacchus was rebuilt in Roman times, for he found traces of a Roman Doric colonnade, and other remains which conduce to the same opinion. The arrangements of the building are similar to those at Prienè, but the Teian Temple is of contracted dimensions, and must comparatively have presented a mean appearance. The ruins of the Temple of Apollo Smintheus, near the sea-shore, to the south of the ruins of Alexandria, were first discovered by Admiral Spratt in 1853, when conducting an Admiralty survey in the Troad. But to Mr. Pullan belongs the credit of ascertaining the exact site, and the account of his exploration is full of interest. The main walls of the Temple were eventually laid bare. The date Mr. Pullan places between those of the Temple at Prienè and of Artemis at Magnesia ; the ruins indicate variations in plan and detail from any other known example of an Ionic Temple.

Two appendices are furnished, the one on the proportions of the Ionic Temples at Prienè, Teos, and the Sminthium, by Mr. Watkiss Lloyd, and the other by Mr. Penrose, on the entasis and height of the columns at Prienè. The manner in which this volume is brought out does honour to the work which the Society of Dilettanti has so nobly undertaken : among the plates are details of Ionic ornament, than which it is impossible to conceive anything more pure and beautiful in style—more perfectly ordered in proportion.

'IN SUMMER WOODS.'

ETCHED BY C. P. SLOCOMBE.

THIS etching was done directly from nature in a wood at Eastbury, near Watford. The material is of a kind that may be found in abundance in most English woods; but though in a certain sense commonplace, it is perennially interesting to all lovers of nature. Mr. Slocombe has contrived to give it some artistic arrangement by making one tree predominant in importance, and by opening a vista of distance. Our readers will appreciate, without further comment, the artist's lightness of hand, and the manner in which he explains to us that sunshine finds its way through the leaves. Many attempts to render woodland scenery by etching fail through opacity and blackness, whilst, with the best intentions, a tree is often drawn in heavy, uninteresting outline, quite different from the real nature of the living trunk and branches, which Mr. Slocombe has studied with fidelity.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF LANCASHIRE.

XI.—*The Old Halls.—Continued.*

ALTHOUGH the few perfect remaining examples of the old timbered Lancashire halls are preserved with the fondest reverence by their owners, the number of those which have been allowed to fall into a state of partial decay diminishes every year, and of many, it is to be feared, not a trace will soon be left. Repairs and restorations are expensive; to preserve them needs, moreover, a strong sense of duty, and a profounder devotedness to 'reliquism,' as some author terms it, than perhaps can ever be expected to be general. The duty to preserve is plain. The wilful neglect, not to say the reckless destruction of interesting old buildings that can be maintained, at no great cost, in fair condition, and as objects of picturesque beauty, is, to say the least of it, unpatriotic. The possessors of fine old memorials of the past are not more the possessors in their own right than trustees of property belonging to the nation, and the nation is entitled to insist upon their safe keeping and protection. Architectural remains, in particular, when charged with historical interest, and that discourse of the manners and customs of 'the lang syne,' are sacred. Let opulence and good taste construct as much more as they please on modern lines. Every addition to the architectural adornment of the country reflects honour upon the person introducing it, and the donor deserves, though he may not always receive, sincere gratitude. Let the builder go further, pull down, and, if he so fancies, reconstruct his work. But no man who calls himself master of a romantic or sweet old place has any right, by destroying, to steal it from the people of England; he is bound not even to mutilate it. There are occasions, no doubt, when to preserve is no longer practicable, and when to alter may be legitimate; we refer not to these, but to needless and wanton overthrow, such as unhappily has had examples only too many. There was no need to destroy that immemorial mansion, Reddish Old Hall, near the banks of the Tame, now known only through the medium of a faithful picture;* nor was there excuse for the merciless pulling to pieces of Radcliffe Old Hall, on the banks of the Irwell, a building so massive in its under-structure that the utmost labour was required to beat it down. We need not talk of Alaric, the Goths and the Vandals, when Englishmen are not ashamed to behave as badly.

Of the venerated and unmolested, Speke Hall is, perhaps, the oldest in South Lancashire that remains as an example of the 'magpie,' or black-and-white half-timbered style. It stands upon the margin of the estuary of the Mersey, a few miles above Liverpool, with approach, at the rear, by an avenue of trees from the water's edge. As with all the rest of its class, the foundations are of solid masonry, the house itself consisting of a framework of immensely strong vertical timbers, connected by horizontal beams, with diagonal bracings, oak in every instance, the interstices filled with laths, upon which is laid a peculiar composition of lime and clay. The complexion of the principal front is represented in our drawing, but no pencil can give a perfect idea of the exquisite repose, the tender hues, antique but not wasted, the far-reaching though silent spell with which it catches and holds both eye and fancy. Over the principal entrance, in quaint letters, 'This worke,' it is said, '25 yards long, was wolly built by Edw. N., Esq., Anno 1598.' The N. stands for Norreys, the surname of one of the primitive Lancashire families, still represented in the county, though not at Speke. A baronial mansion belonging to them existed here as early as 1350, but of this not a vestige remains. A broad moat once surrounded the newer hall, but, as in most other instances, the water has long since given way to green turf. Sometimes, in Lancashire, the ancient moats have been converted

* In the Chetham Society's 42nd vol., p. 211.

into orchards. Inside, Speke is distinguished by the beauty of the corridors and of the great hall, which latter contains some very curious old carved wainscoting brought from Holyrood by the Sir Wm. Norreys who, serving his commander, Lord Stanley, well at Flodden, A.D. 1513, got leave to despoil the palace of the unfortunate monarch there defeated. The galleries look into a spacious and perfectly square central court, of the kind usually pertaining to these old halls, though now very seldom found with all four of the enclosing blocks of building. The court at Speke is remarkable for its pair of aged yew-trees, one of each sex, the female decked in autumn with its characteristic scarlet berries—a place for trees so curious that it probably has no counterpart. Everywhere and at all times the most imperturbable of trees, yews never fail to give an impression of long inheritance and of a history abreast of dynasties, and at Speke the association is sustained perfectly.

Near Bolton there are several such buildings, all in a state of more or less perfect preservation. In the time of the Stuarts and the Republicans they must have been numerous. Smithills, or Smethells, is one of these—a most beautiful structure, placed at the head of a little glen, and occupying the site of an ancient Saxon royal residence. After the Conquest, the estate and the original hall passed through various successive hands, those of the Ratcliffes included. At present it is possessed, fortunately, by one of the Ainsworth family above mentioned (p. 62), so that, although very extensive changes have been made from time to time, including the erection of a new east front in stone and the substitution of modern windows for the ancient casements, the permanency of all, as we have it to-day, is guaranteed. The interior is extremely rich in ancient wood-carving. Some of the panels are emblazoned in colours. Quaint but charmingly artistic decoration prevails in all the chief apartments; everywhere, too, there is the sense of strength and comfort. In the quadrangle, open on one side, and now a rose-garden, amid the flower-borders, and in the neighbouring shrubberies, it is very interesting to observe how the botanical aspect of old England is slowly, but surely, undergoing transformation, through the liberal planting of decorative exotics.

Speke suggests the idea even more powerfully than Smithills. At each place the ancient Britons, the oak, the hawthorn, and the silver birch — trees that decked the soil in the days of Caractacus — wonder who are these new comers, the rhododendrons and the strange conifers from Japan and the antipodes. As at Clitheroe, the primæval and the novel shake hands curiously:—we are reminded at every step of the good householder 'which bringeth forth out of his treasure things both new and old.'

Hall i' th' Wood, not far off, so called because once hidden in the heart of a forest containing wild boars, stands on the brow of a precipitous cliff, at the base of which flows the little river Eagley, while from above there is a delightful prospect. Hall i' th' Wood, with its large bay window, may justly be pronounced one of the most admirable existing specimens of old English domestic architecture—that of the franklins, or aboriginal country gentlemen, not only of Lancashire, but of the soil in general, though some of the external ornaments are of later date than the house itself. The oldest part seems never to have suffered 'improvement' of any kind:—in any case, Hall i' th' Wood is to the historian one of the most interesting spots in England, since it was here, in the room with the remarkable twenty-four-light window, that Crompton devised and constructed his cotton-machine. The magnificent old trees have long since vanished. When the oaks were put to death, so large were they that no cross-cut saw long enough for the purpose could be procured, and the workmen were obliged to begin with making deep incisions in the trunks, and removing large masses of the iron-like timber. This was only a trifle more than a century ago.

Turton Tower, near Bolton, a fine old turreted and embattled building, partly stone, partly black-and-white, the latter portion gabled, originally belonged to the Orrells, afterwards to the Chethams, the most distinguished of whom, Humphrey Chetham, founder of the Chetham Free Library, died here in 1653. The upper storeys, there being four in all, successively project or overhang, after the manner of those of many of the primitive Manchester houses. The square form of the building gives it an aspect of great solidity; the ancient door is of massive oak, and passing this, we come, once again, upon abundance of fine wood-carving, with enriched ceilings, as at Speke. Turton has, in part, been restored, but with strict regard to the original style and fashion, both within and without.

The neighbourhood of Wigan is also celebrated for its noble old halls, pre-eminent among which is Ince, the ancient seat of the Gerards, and the subject of another of our sketches. Ince stands about a mile to the south-east of the comparatively modern building of the same name, and in its many gables, surmounting the front, and long ranges of windows, is not more tasteful as a work of art than conspicuous to the traveller who is so fortunate as to pass near enough to enjoy the sight. Lostock Old Hall, black-and-white, and dated 1563, possesses a handsome stone gateway, and has most of the rooms wainscoted. Standish Hall, three and a half miles N.N.W., is also well worth a visit; and after these, time is well given to Pemberton Old Hall, half timbered, two miles W.S.W., Birchley Hall, Winstanley Hall, and Haigh Hall. Winstanley, built of stone, though partly

modernized, retains the ancient transom windows, opposing a quiet and successful resistance to the ravages of time and fashion. Haigh Hall, for many ages the seat of the Bradshaigh family (from which, through females, Lord Lindsay, the distinguished Lancashire author and art-critic, descended), is a venerable and stately mansion of various periods—the chapel as old apparently as the reign of Edward II. Placed upon the brow of the hill above the town, it commands a prospect scarcely surpassed by the view from Billinge.

The old halls of Manchester and the immediate neighbourhood would a century ago have required a chapter to themselves. It has already been mentioned that a great portion of the original town was 'black-and-white,' and most of the halls belonging to the gentry, it would seem, were similar. Those which stood in the way of the fast-striding bricks and mortar of the eighteenth century, and the beginning of the nineteenth, if not gone entirely, have been utterly sacrificed. To-day there is scarcely a fragment left of Garratt Hall, in the fields close to which partridges were shot only seventy or eighty years ago. Hulme Hall, which stood upon a rise of the red sandstone rock close to the Irwell, overlooking the ancient ford to Ordsall—once the seat of the loyal and generous Prestwich family—is remembered by plenty of the living as the point aimed for in summer evenings by those who loved the sight of hedges covered with the white bells of Galatea's lovely convolvulus. Workshops now cover the ground; and though Ordsall Hall, its neighbour across the water, not long ago a mile from any public road, is still extant, it is hall only in name. Happily, it is in the possession of a firm of wealthy manufacturers, who have converted the available portions into a sort of institute for their work-people.* Crumpsall Old Hall; Hough Hall, near Moston; Ancoats Old Hall; Barton Old Hall, near Eccles; Urmston Old Hall, and several others, may be named as examples of ancient beauty and dignity now given over to the spirit of change. Leaving them as irrecoverable, it is pleasant to note one here and there among the fields still unspoiled, as in the case of 'Hough End,' a building of modest proportions, but an excellent example of the style in brick which prevailed at the close of the reign of Elizabeth; the windows square-headed, with substantial stone mullions, and transomed. This very interesting old mansion, now partly draped with ivy, was originally the home of the Mosleys, having been erected by Sir Nicholas Mosley, Lord Mayor of London in 1600, 'whom God,' says the old biographer, 'from a small and low estate, raysed up to riches and honour.' One of the prettiest of the always pretty 'magpie' style

DARCY LEVER, NEAR BOLTON.

* Messrs. R. Haworth & Co., whose 'weaving-shed,' it may be added, is the largest and most astonishing in the world.

is Kersal Cell, so named because on the site of an ancient monkish retreat or hermitage founded temp. Henry II. Another very interesting example of 'magpie' is found in Worsley Old Hall, though less known to the general public than the adjacent modern Worsley Hall, the seat of the Earl of Ellesmere, one of the most imposing edifices of its character in South Lancashire. With the exception of Worsley Hall, Manchester possesses no princely or really patrician residences. The Earl of Wilton's, Heaton Park, though well placed, claims to be nothing more than of the classical type so common to its class.

When relics only exist, they, in many cases, become specially interesting through containing some personal memorial. Barlow Hall, for instance, originally a grand old black-and-white, with quadrangle, now so changed by modernizing and additions that we have only a hint of the primitive aspect, is rich in the possession of an oriel with stained glass devoted to heraldry. One of the shields, parted per pale, apparently to provide a place for the Barlow arms, not inserted, shows on the dexter side those of Edward Stanley, third Earl of Derby, in seventeen quarterings — Stanley, Lathom, the Isle of Man, Harrington, Whalley Abbey, Hooton, and eleven others. The date of this is 1574.

The country immediately around Liverpool is deficient in old halls of the kind so abundant near Bolton and Manchester. This, perhaps, is in no degree surprising when we consider how thinly that part of Lancashire was inhabited when the manufacturing south-east corner was already populous. Speke is the only perfect example thereabouts of its particular class, the black-and-white; and of a first-class contemporaneous baronial mansion, the remains of the Hutte, near Hale, furnish an almost solitary memorial. The great stone transom of the extant window, the upper smaller windows, the stack of kitchen chimneys, the antique mantel-piece, the moat, still perfect, with its drawbridge, combine to show how splendid this place must have been in the bygones, while the residence of the Irelands. It was quitted in 1674, when the comparatively new 'Hale Hall' was erected, a solid and commodious building of the indefinite style. Liverpool as a district is correspondingly deficient in palatial modern residences, though there are many of considerable magnitude. Knowsley, the seat of the Earl of Derby, is eminently miscellaneous, a mixture of Gothic and classical, and of various periods, beginning with temp. Henry VI. The front was built in 1702, the back in 1805. Croxteth Hall, the Earl of Sefton's, is a large stone building of the negative character indicative of the time of Queen Anne and George I. Childwall Abbey, a mansion belonging to the Marquis of Salisbury, is Gothic of the kind which is recommended neither by taste nor by fidelity to exact principles. Lathom, on the other hand, is consistent, though opinions vary as to the amount of genius displayed in the detail—the very part in which genius is always declared. Would that there existed, were it ever so tiny, a fragment of the original Lathom House, that noble first home of the Stanleys which had no fewer than eighteen towers, without reckoning the lofty 'Eagle' in the centre—its outer walls protected by a fosse of eight yards in width, and its gateway one that in nobleness would satisfy kings. Henry VII. came here in 1495, the occasion when 'to the women that songe before the Kinge and the Quene,' as appears in the entertaining Privy Purse Expenses of the royal progress that pleasant summer, there was given 'in reward, 6*s.* 8*d.*' So thorough was the demolition of the old place that now there is no certain knowledge even of the site. The present mansion was built during the ten years succeeding 1724. It has a fine rustic basement, with double flight of steps, above which are rows of Ionic columns. The length of the northern or principal front, including the wings, is 320 feet; the south front overlooks the garden, and an abundantly wooded park. An Italian architect, Giacomo Leoni, was entrusted with the decoration of the interior, upon the whole very deservedly admired.

Ince Blundell is distinguished, not so much for its architecture, as for the very precious collection of works of art contained in the great entrance-hall, a model, one-third size, of the Pantheon. The sculptures, of various kinds, above 550 in number, are chiefly illustrative of the later period of Roman art, though including gems of ancient Greek conception; the paintings include works of high repute in all the principal Continental schools, as well as English, the former representing, among others, Paul Veronese, Andrea del Sarto, and Jan Van Eyck. This beautiful collection is certainly without equal in Lancashire, and is pronounced by connoisseurs one of the finest of its kind in the country.

The neighbourhood of Blackburn is rich in the possession of Hoghton Tower, five and a half miles to the W.S.W., a building surpassed only by Lancaster Castle and the abbeys in its various interest; in beauty of situation little inferior to Stirling Castle, and as a specimen of old baronial architecture well worthy of comparison with Haddon Hall. The estate was in the possession of the Hoghton family as early as temp. Henry II., when the original manor-house, superseded by the Tower, stood at the foot of the hill, by the river-side. The existing edifice dates from the reign of Elizabeth, having been erected on its airy and commanding site by the Thomas Hoghton whose departure from 'merry England' is the theme of the pathetic old ballad, 'The Blessed Conscience.' He was one of the 'obstinate' people who, having been educated in the Catholic

faith, refused to conform to the requirements of the new Protestant powers, and was obliged, in consequence, to take refuge in a foreign country, dying an exile at Liege, June 3rd, 1580.

* * * * *

'Oh! Hoghton high, which is a bower
Of sports and lordly pleasure,
I wept, and left that lordly tower
Which was my chiefest treasure.
To save my soul, and lose the rest,
It was my true pretence;
Like frighted bird, I left my nest,
To keep my conscience.

HOGHTON TOWER.

Fair England! now ten times adieu!
And friends that therein dwell;
Farewell, my brother Richard true,
Whom I did love so well—
Farewell, farewell, good people all,
And learn experience;
Love not too much the golden ball,
But keep your conscience.'

The 'Tower,' so called, occupies the summit of a lofty ridge, on its eastern side bold and rugged, steep and difficult of access, though to the north and west sloping gently. Below the declivity flows the Darwen, in parts smooth and noiseless, but in the 'Orr,' so named from the sound, tumbling over huge heaps of rock, loosened from the opposite bank, where the wall of stone is almost vertical. In the time of its pride, the hill was almost entirely clothed with trees, but now it is chiefly turf, and the extent and grandeur of the prospect, which includes the pretty village of Walton le Dale, down in the valley of the Ribble, are enjoyed perfectly. The ground-plan of the building presents two ample courts, the wall with three square towers in front, the middle one protecting the gateway. The outer court is large enough for the easy movement of 600 men; the inner one is approached by a noble flight of steps. The portion designed for the abode of the family contains noble staircases, branching out into long galleries, which lead, in turn, to the many chambers. One of the rooms, called James the First's, is richly wainscoted. The stay of his Majesty at Hoghton for a few days in August, 1617, has already been referred to. It is this which has been so admirably commemorated in Cattermole's best picture, now in the possession of Mr. John Hargreaves, Rock Ferry. With a view to rendering this fine picture, containing some fifty figures, as historically correct as might be possible, the artist was assisted with all the records and portraits in existence, so that the imagination has little place in it beyond the marshalling. Regarded as a semi-ruin, Hoghton Tower is a national monument, a treasure which belongs not more to the distinguished baronet by whom it has lately been in some degree restored after the neglect of generations, than, as said above, to the people of England, who, in course of time, it is to be hoped, will rightly estimate the value of their heirlooms.

Stonyhurst, now the supreme English Jesuit College, was originally the home of the Sherburne family, one of whom attended Queen Philippa at Calais, while upon another, two centuries later, Elizabeth looked so graciously that, although a Catholic, she allowed him to retain his private chapel and domestic priest. It was under the latter that this splendid edifice took the place of one more ancient, though he did not live to complete his work. The completion, in truth, may be said to be yet barely effected, so many additions, all in thorough keeping, are in progress. Not that they interfere with the stately original, its lofty and battlemented centre, and noble cupolas. The new is in perfect harmony with the old, and the general effect is no less fair and imposing to-day than we may be sure it was three hundred years ago. The interior corresponds; the galleries and apartments leave nothing to be desired: they are richly stored, moreover, with works of art, and with archaeological and historical curiosities; so richly that whatever the value of the museums in some of the Lancashire large towns, in the entire county there is no collection of the kind more inviting than exists at Stonyhurst. The house was converted to its present purpose in 1794, when the founders of the College, driven from Liege by the terrors of the French Revolution, obtained possession of it. They brought with them all they could that was specially valuable, and hence, in large measure, the singular interest of what it contains. In the philosophical apparatus room there is a fine *Descent from the Cross*, by Annibale Caracci. Elsewhere there are some carvings in ivory, and a *Crucifixion*, by Michelangelo, with ancient Missals of wonderful beauty, a copy of the Office of the Virgin which belonged to Mary, Queen of Scots, and antiques of miscellaneous character innumerable, those of the Christian ages supplemented most pleasingly by a Roman altar from Ribchester. A curious circumstance connected with Stonyhurst is, that the house and grounds occupy, as nearly as possible, the same area as that of the famous city which once adorned the banks of the Ribble.

A pilgrimage to that charming neighbourhood is rewarded by the sight of old-fashioned manor-houses scarcely inferior in manifold interest to those left behind in the south. Little Mitton Hall (so named in order to distinguish it from Great Mitton, on the Yorkshire side of the stream) is an admirable example of the architecture of the time of Henry VII. The basement is of stone, the upper storey of wood; the presence-chamber, with its embayed window-screen and gallery above, and the roof ceiled with oak in wrought compartments, are singularly curious and interesting. Salesbury Hall, partly stone and partly wood, once possessed of a quadrangular court, now a farmhouse, was originally the seat of the Talbots, one of whom, in 1580, was Keeper of the Records in the Tower of London. Salmesbury, so splendidly monographed by Mr. James Croston, dates from the close of the fourteenth century,—a most fascinating old place, the inner doors all without either panel or lock, and opened, like those of cottages, with a latch and a string. Towneley Hall, near Burnley, with its glorious park, one of the most ancient seats in the county, is rich not more in pictorial than in personal history. The banks of the Lune in turn supply examples of the ancient mansion such as befit a valley picturesque in every winding, Hornby Castle and Borwick Hall counting as chief among them.

The halls above noticed may be the most interesting, but the list could be very considerably enlarged. Scarisbrick and Rufford, near Ormskirk; Yealand Redmayne, nine miles north of Lancaster; Swarthmoor, Extwistle, and many others, present features of singular though very various interest, and in the aggregate supply materials for one of the most delightful chapters still to be written for the history not only of Lancashire but of England.

LEO GRINDON.

THE ELEMENTS OF BEAUTY IN SHIPS AND BOATS.

III.—*Sails and Cordage.*

ONE of the most curious facts about everything on ships is that the infinite variety of forms is a mere illusory appearance. In strict reality, both forms and arrangements are exceedingly limited; and they are so because, so soon as you develop a form, or an arrangement, in any particular direction, it surprises you by passing out of its own category into another by becoming some other thing, and that not a new thing at all, but a provokingly familiar one, known quite well to everybody who is acquainted with nautical matters. For example, how limited are the inclinations of masts! A mast never leans to right or left (except accidentally under wind-pressure), but always forwards or backwards. If it leans forward beyond a certain degree it ceases to be what we call a mast, and becomes a bowsprit; it cannot lean *very* far back, but it may be bent, and then the upper part of it really becomes a gaff. Sails are exceedingly various in cut, but there are really only two kinds of sails after all, the triangular and

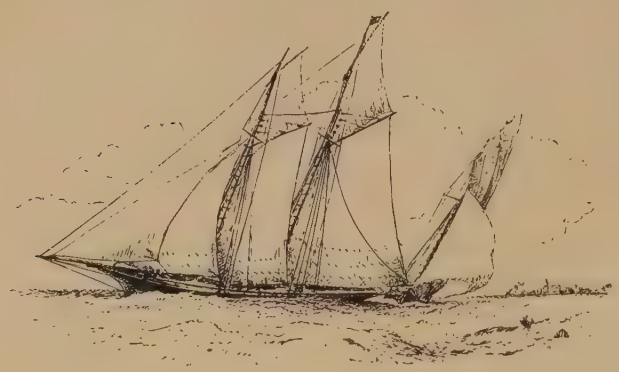
the quadrangular. A jib is a lateen-sail differently fixed; a jib with a boom differs from a lateen-sail without one simply in the position of a spar, and its consequences. The regular square sail is hung from the mast by the middle of the yard; hang it at one-third from the end, and raise the sail at the other end to an acuter angle, and your square sail has become a lug; put the end of the yard and one edge of the sail against the mast, and you have a fore-and-aft sail, like that of a sloop. The lug is, in fact, the intermediate term between the square and the fore-and-aft sails.

The transformation of a quadrangular into a triangular sail is very curiously illustrated by the transition from the ordinary fore-and-aft sail to the three-cornered one. We begin with a sail with four sides, hung from a large gaff. The gaff, and, of course, the upper edge of the sail at the same time, become shorter and shorter as the sail is carried higher, till at last we reach the Bermuda gaff, which is so short as to appear nothing but a mere survival, or reminiscence of the original. Finally, even the miniature gaff disappears, and nothing remains, except to complete the triangle by carrying the sail up to a point, as in the leg-of-mutton sail, or the sliding gunter, which is the same thing. Another change from four-cornered to triangular sails may be traced through those which are hung from a yard. First you have the regular square sail, hung in the middle, then the lug, hung at one-third, or less, of the yard, with the luff shorter than the leech.* If you make the luff shorter and shorter in proportion, you arrive, by gradual conversion, at the xebec sail, which is so near the true lateen that it becomes a lateen by simply doing away with its short luff, and bringing head and foot together to an angle. I have myself actually converted a xebec into a lateen sail in this way, and with very little trouble.

These changes in the shapes of sails can never be effected without directly influencing their beauty in one way or another. A sail generally becomes beautiful in use because the wind makes it assume very delicate curves on all those parts which are not attached to a spar, but it is possible to cut sails so as to make them ugly. The great majority of sails are beautiful, more or less, the ugly ones being generally found in out-of-the-way places on the Continental coasts, and they are of so little importance that they need not occupy our space or attention. The danger to which educated Englishmen and Americans are exposed is not so much that of ugliness in the sails themselves as that of an unfortunate putting together of sails that do not compose well on the same vessel. Even here, however, as in most other matters connected with ships and boats, the wonder is how much artistic taste and judgment we find where it is little to be expected. Downright incongruities are comparatively rare, and it generally seems as if nautical men were guided by an artistic instinct which saves them from serious error. There are, however, very wide differences of delicacy in the sense of composition. In some vessels, especially in the most elegant yachts, the sails make a charming whole, each exactly taking its place in a well-ordered arrangement; in others, it seems as if the arrangement had been sufficiently well conceived at first, but afterwards imperfectly carried out, or temporarily forgotten. It is very difficult to make some sails go well together; for example, you can hardly ever make a lug-sail, a xebec, or a lateen, look as if it agreed properly with a jib; however careful and studious may be the arrangement, there is likely to be a contradiction in their lines, and the jib will have a straggling air, as being too far from the mast, whereas in a sloop or cutter the jib and mainsail agree quite well together. Again, there is nothing more difficult than to put a topsail on a lateener in such a way that it shall not look like an odd scrap of cloth. It requires a mast which is ungracefully tall for a lateen sail, and it only fills up *one* of the two triangles produced by the mast and the yard. Even in cutters there may be an awkwardness about topsail arrangements quite sufficient to interfere seriously with the artistic perfection of the whole. When the canvas is simply triangular it is difficult to go wrong, for it just fills up the space between the gaff of the large sail beneath and the topmast, but when the topsail is hung from a yard, like a lug-sail, then there may be an awkwardness both from the forward projection of the yard and the angle taken by the luff of the sail itself, to which nothing answers in the other sails. Such topsails are, in fact, lugs hung very high, and when there are no other lug-sails on the vessel they may have an incongruous look, unless designed in great moderation. There is a difficulty of a similar kind, from the artistic point of view, in the use of a square sail on the foremast only when a vessel has two or three masts. I believe it may be accepted as a general rule that, if you have a particular kind of sail on one mast you require either the same kind of sail, or one very nearly related to it, on the others. For example, the full-rigged brig is a more consistent conception than the hermaphrodite, because the full-rigged has square sails on both masts, and for the same reason the topsail schooner is not quite so consistent as the fore-and-aft schooner, though here the evil is less because the topsail schooner has a large fore-and-aft sail to her foremast. There is a wood-cut of the famous 'Sunbeam' yacht under full sail in Lady Brassey's

* However desirable it may be to keep out technical terms, it cannot be done altogether. The luff is that edge of a sail which is nearest to the mast, the leech that which is farthest away from it. The head is the upper edge, and the foot the lower.

book; and although one sees at once that the vessel is admirably designed for service, it is evident that, from the artistic point of view, there is something wanting. The difficulty was to design the sails of a three-masted vessel so as to avoid sameness on the



one hand and incongruity on the other. This was done with perfect success in full-rigged ships of the old style, because all the masts had square sails, and the mainmast was rightly predominant, both in itself and by what it carried. In the 'Sunbeam' only the foremast carries yards, and the mainmast is less important than the mizzen, so that a special kind of sail is put at one end of the ship and the biggest sail of another kind at the other, the middle being the least important, which contradicts the degrees of importance in the different parts of the hull.*

A good rule for harmony seems to be to keep, as much as possible, to one kind of sail in one vessel, but if various kinds are admitted they should be related as nearly as possible. For example, the Lowestoft lateeners have a lateen sail on a mast stepped far forward, and a little mizzen on the counter, like a yawl; the little sail could not have been a lateen on account of the inconvenience of its point, so a lug was substituted, and very properly, as a lug is much nearer to the lateen in degree of family relationship than any form of sail with a gaff. There are very many pretty arrangements of sails for boats in which, either exactly the same kind of sail is repeated in a different size, or else there is a variety in kind not going beyond family limits.

If two sails of the same kind are used upon a vessel, they ought not to be of the same size, because uniformity of size, in a case of this kind, loses the only opportunity for a little variety. This principle has been generally acted upon in schooners where the mainsail is made larger than the foresail, and in old-fashioned square-rigged ships there is abundant variety in the sizes of the sails as well as minor variations in their form. If the sails were hung out at the same part of the ship, and on each side of her, then symmetry would require them to be of the same size, and they are so in the studding-sails of a square-rigged ship going before a breeze, but when one is behind the other, as the mainsail of a schooner is behind the foresail, there is no reason why both should be exactly alike. It is well, on the other hand, that the difference should not be excessive, because when the sails are set like wings, right and left in a fair wind, they then require some appearance of bird-like symmetry, like what may be seen in the lateeners on the Lake of Geneva, which, though mere

vessels of burden, little better than canal boats in form of bulk, look like poesy made visible when they spread their 'white wings' over the clear blue waters.

The general principle usually followed in single-masted ships which carry bowsprits, is to arrange the sails so that the profile may take a pyramidal form, and this is sometimes done very closely indeed when the jib is large and the main-sail triangular, as in the sliding gunter arrangements. In ships (square-rigged, three-masted vessels) the profile outline is an arch rather than a pyramid; but in both it may be taken as certain that if the ideal outline is either not pretty nearly reached, or else much exceeded on any one point, the result will be more or less unsatisfactory. I do not mean to say that this ideal outline is strictly adhered to, but in all vessels which strike us by their elegance, it is just as much suggested to the mind as are the imaginary connecting lines in a picture.

The jib has been exceedingly favourable to this outline by preventing an abrupt vertical termination of the sail arrangement in the fore part of the vessel; and so it happens that almost all vessels, which are arranged with some regard to elegance, have jibs. The only sails which make jibs superfluous, from the artistic point of view, are lateen sails, as they come to a point of their own. The value of the jib, for beauty,

* The hull of a ship is more like a fish than a dumb-bell. If it were like a dumb-bell it would be quite appropriate to put the important-looking sails at the two ends.

may be seen at once from the effect of its absence in the American cat-boat which carries one sail with a

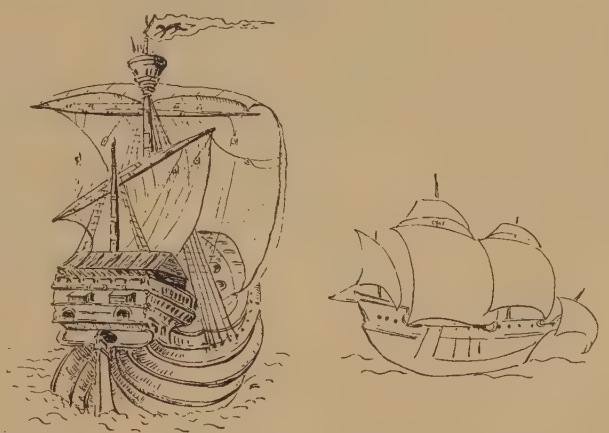
gaff. These boats are convenient because they can be managed easily by one man, and they have a saucy expression, but they can never be beautiful.

There are absolute differences of beauty in sails themselves, quite independently of their effects in composition. For example, the lug is certainly the least beautiful of the well-known forms, and in some fishing-boats, especially on the coast of France, it reaches positive ugliness. The xebec, which is intermediate between the lug and the lateen, is very much better; and the true lateen (which is the lug developed into a triangle by the final abolition of the luff) is really a very beautiful sail. Square sails are deficient in beauty when their sides are parallel, but with the usual slanting leeches they are less objectionable. The curved foot of modern sails in the *voilure de luxe* is a beauty, though it contradicts the idea of tension, which, after all, is the true idea.*

Whatever may be said about the beauty of sails in themselves, there are still indescribable shades of elegance in cut which a good and tasteful sailmaker will observe as much as he can in every description of sail he has to make, the ultimate difference between good and bad sail-making being quite as great as that between elegant and vulgar tailoring. You may make a design for a suit of sails and two tracings of it, precisely alike, sending one tracing to a first-rate maker, such as Lapthorn or Charles Ratsey, and the other to a common maker—the result will be that the first will show many a point of elegance that the second will miss completely. In fact, it seems scarcely possible for a maker of taste to turn out a quite inelegant sail, for, however much he may be hampered by the original design, he will put minute beauties into it which in the aggregate give pleasure.

The modern ideal of sails is to have them perfectly flat, as flat sails go best to windward, and it might

be thought that this flatness would produce a stiff appearance very different from the bellying sails of mediaeval times; but in actual use what we call flat sails are never really flat, they still have curvature, which is only more moderate, and therefore more



refined, than that of the old-fashioned wind-bags. The reader may judge of this for himself by the illustrations to the present chapter.

It is very remarkable that the ideas of mankind about the expression of sails should have undergone such a great change since the days of our not very remote ancestors. From all their drawings of ships it is perfectly evident that, in their notions, a great bag puffed out with air was very expressive of bold seamanship and of speed. To us it gives the idea of bad and slow sailing, and our conception of smartness and swiftness is associated with tight sails, as nearly like flat boards as we can make them. Mere nautical knowledge has a great deal to do with these impressions, quite independently of any inherent expressiveness in the thing itself, just as a locomotive engine conveys the idea of swiftness to a civilised man, though it is, in reality, one of the heaviest and most lumbering concerns ever contrived by human ingenuity, and not half so expressive of swiftness, in mere appearance, as a bicycle.

Sails are beautiful not only when stretched by wind, but when they are hanging to dry or half-furled in festoons from the yards. Artists know this, and

* The curve is a sort of arc, and the tension is really along the chord of the arc which is in the canvas, generally in the direction of its woof. A bolt-rope along a straight foot explains the nature of the work done better than a curved foot, but it is not so elegant.

make a great deal of sails in these conditions when vessels are beached or lying at anchor. There is a

world of various artistic interest in the effects of light and colour on sails in port, especially in a fishing place. Yachtsmen do not tan their canvas, but rejoice in its whiteness, which they lovingly compare to

clouds and the wings of sea-birds in their writings; but although white sails give the idea of cleanliness and purity, and are delightfully brilliant against a blue sky in summer, the tanned canvas of the fishing-smack is more manageable and more useful in a picture. Many a modern artist has revelled in its rusty browns with their invaluable warm darks in the shadowy creases and folds, and their russet gold in the hot sunshine.

In mediaeval times the love of bright colours made people decorate their sails with armorial bearings and painted fanciful figures, turning them, in fact, into something like banners; but this custom has absolutely died away amongst the great serious peoples of the earth, and is now observed only by humble folks about Venice and some other places. This is a part of the great general movement towards seriousness and severity in nautical matters which has resulted from modern taste. The picturesque in

shipping is now hardly ever designed purposely, as it was in the Tudor times; in ours it is the result of chance or of decay. It is just possible, though not likely, that painted sails may be revived amongst fastidious people if the modern love of decorating houses should ever extend itself to ships; but it would be a most perilous indulgence of artistic fancy; and the present white canvas escapes a thousand difficulties. If done at all, sail-painting would have to be done on the most strict principles of decoration, without any imitative copyism of natural objects, and the colours employed would have to be only a thin stain, like those used in painting tapestry.

We have spoken only of sails as fully exhibited in fair weather; but to anyone who knows their meaning the partial use of them in gales and storms is ten times more expressive. Double or treble reefs tell their own story, and so do a storm jib and a trysail. When a cutter's topmast is lowered, her bowsprit drawn in, and her canvas reduced everywhere, she is like a man in adverse circumstances, who has given up thinking about appearances, and has nothing to do but to contend against the sternest of realities. So a ship under topsails only is in one way more expressive than the same vessel under full canvas with her studding sails out. But of all the expressions of sails, there is nothing like the terrible ragged canvas torn

out of the bolt-ropes by the fury of tempest and flying useless, a mere signal of distress.

The narrow limits of my space have prevented me stays. Wire rigging is screwed up tighter, but it would not do to represent any kind of rigging with ruled lines.

from saying much about the beauty of cordage, but it ought not to be omitted altogether; so I will briefly indicate the most important qualities of it, from the artistic point of view.

Every rope on a vessel is either stretched tight or else it hangs in some kind of festoon, but the tightness of hempen ropes is not like that of a violin string

—there is generally a slight subtle curve in it, which gives a certain elasticity, as in the shrouds* and other

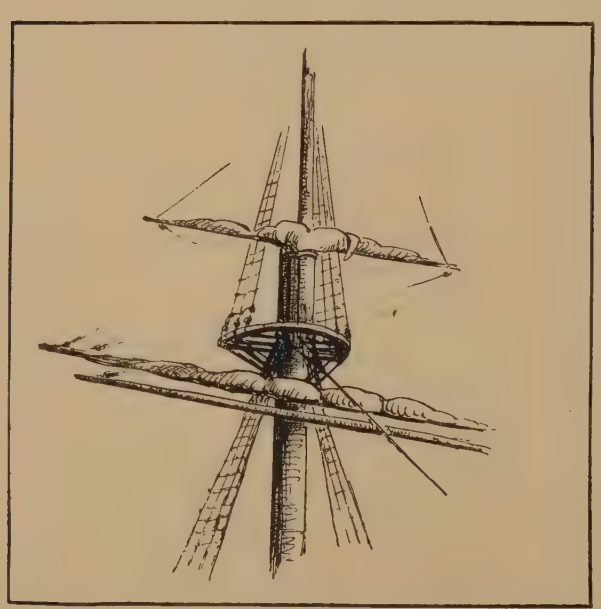
The ropes used about a ship are curious examples of the extreme apparent intricacy which results from the application of simple principles in slightly different ways when the eye can see the different applications

at the same time. The real reason why the rigging of ships looks so much more intricate than other things, is that the ropes do not hide each other very much, but let us see other ropes between them. In other things—in animals, for example, the anatomy is

* Shrouds are the fixed ropes that go from a mast to the side of a ship, to prevent the mast from breaking. I beg the nautical reader's pardon for this explanation, which is not intended for him.

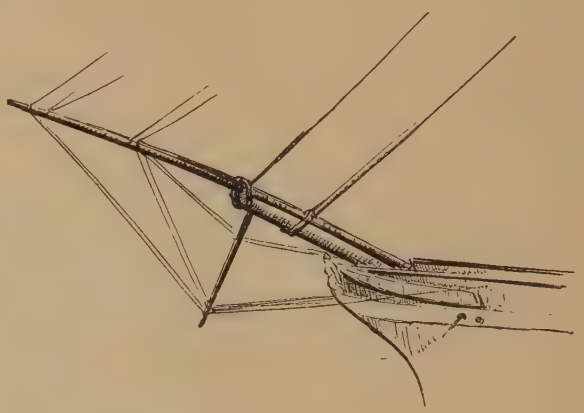
hidden; in ships, not only is the anatomy of the vessel nearest you entirely visible when her sails are furled, but you can see that of other vessels through it. Imagine the intricate effect which would be produced on the Speaker's eye in the House of Commons if he could see not only all the bones, muscles, and sinews of the Prime Minister but those of the Secretary for Ireland through them, and those of the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster through both. This is what actually happens with regard to ships in all

the docks and harbours in the world. Many modern artists have delighted in this puzzling entanglement, which is entirely opposed to the simplicity-loving



classical spirit. Of all artists those who delight most in the intricacy of cordage are the marine etchers, because it so happens that an etched line is remarkably analogous in its character to a rope. It is of the same thickness throughout, it will perfectly indicate the most subtle curve, it projects a little from the paper, so as almost to suggest modelling, and the biting of the copper happily prevents the edge of it from being too sharp and clean.

Sailors divide the cordage of a ship into two classes, the standing and the running gear. The standing rigging is that which keeps masts from breaking off short under strong wind-pressures; the running is that which raises yards and gaffs, or turns them and keeps them to certain angles. The whole elaborate tackle of a ship, which looks so hopelessly intricate, is very easily analysed; and is, in fact, a



great deal simpler than the common problems of elementary geometry, but it *looks* very mysterious;

and, therefore, is highly favourable to the purposes of a modern artist. Everything that lessens this intricacy is distinctly an evil from his special point of view.

For example, as in sails many simplifying moderns have abolished the jib, so in cordage they have abolished shrouds by having exceedingly strong masts,* which (as in cat-boats and sharpees) are stepped so far forward that there is no room for shrouds if the builder were inclined to use them. It would be an incalculable artistic loss if shrouds were abolished altogether. The effect of them on old-fashioned ships is excellent in various ways. Not only are they poetical by the effect of the strange narrowing ladder afforded by the rat-lines, but they connect the masts with the body of the ship, in the happiest manner, so as to make one whole of both; and besides that they prevent us from perceiving the awkward right angle between the mast and the deck.

In leaving this part of the subject, I may observe that the beauty of the *ship*, the three-masted sailing-vessel, was fully developed in Lord Nelson's time and has been declining ever since; but the beauty of cutter and schooner yachts has been developed more recently, and reached its perfection in the decade between 1850 and 1860. Since then, speed has been so much the object that sailing gear has lost its picturesque interest in the navy, where steam has taken its place; and amongst sailing yachts there has been a constant tendency to narrowness of hull and height of sail, which are unsatisfactory to the eye. The best material for artists is to be found now in what remains of the old-fashioned merchant service, and in the fishing-fleets; and the reason for the superiority of that material is that the sources of strength, stability, and buoyancy, such as breadth of beam, strength of stays, height of free-board, are *visible* in these vessels. Drawing deals with the visible, it cannot explain the distinction between a lead keel and a wooden one, between an iron mast and a smooth stick of pine of the same thickness. 'There is nothing like wood and hemp,' said an old sailor; there is nothing like wood, hemp, and canvas, the painters think, because these materials show and explain themselves.

P. G. HAMERTON.

* This has only been done hitherto, I believe, in boats of comparatively small dimensions, but it might be done in larger ones by having hollow iron masts which are already introduced.

THE AMAZONS IN GREEK ART.

III.

THE method of these chapters, as was explained last month, is to divide the various ancient representations of Amazons according to the technical form of art to which they belong, and to devote a separate chapter to the consideration of each division. We began with the class of statues properly so called, or figures of Amazons sculptured completely in the round. To-day we come to the class most nearly allied to this, the class of figures sculptured not in the round but in relief.

The general name, relief sculpture, is commonly and justly given to all those varieties of handicraft which copy the organic forms of nature in solid substance — not, however, as the maker of statues copies them, by fashioning detached masses of such substance into figures possessing the roundness and solidity of nature itself, but by fashioning portions of such substance, which remain attached to or engaged in a background, into figures merely suggesting the roundness of nature by means of a partial measure of projection or 'relief.' The form of art thus generally defined is one practised in many different materials, and on many different scales, by a great variety of artificers. To it belong the majority of all our extant remains of ancient workmanship. Ancient relief sculpture includes, in stone, the friezes which decorated alike the walls and entablature of the temple, and the sides of the sarcophagus and the funereal urn. It includes, in bronze, the beaten and chased enrichments of the shield, the helmet, the cuirass, the shoulder-guard, the mirror-case, and the cup, as well as those embossed and historied plaques or panels which were nailed in primitive times on furniture and door panels and chamber walls. It includes, in the precious metals, the embossed adornments of plate and jewellery, and the stamped images on coins and medals; and in the precious stones, the delicate raised or sunk work of the gem-cutter or engraver in cameo and intaglio.* Lastly, relief sculpture includes, in baked clay or terracotta, the moulded or stamped figures adorning a hundred varieties of vase and lamp for use, of frieze and slab for decoration, and of coffin or urn for burial. To exhaust the illustrations of any one among the greater and more popular myths of Greece occurring in this generic form of art, it is necessary to search through all these various classes of remains. But our present purpose is less extensive. Leaving out of view the materials relating to the Amazonian myth which are offered by the works of relief sculpture in its multifarious minor uses, I propose to speak of two examples only, drawn from its highest and

* As the effect of a relief to the eye depends entirely upon the distribution and gradation of shadow upon its shaded side and of light upon its illuminated side, and as intaglio or recessed work shows one side shaded and one illuminated no less than cameo or raised work, so the former is essentially only a reversed or inverted kind of relief.

most important use; I mean its use for the decoration of sacred edifices with scenes and histories in marble.

Such scenes and histories, as the reader knows, occur habitually in the form of friezes. The usual place for a sculptured frieze in the decoration of a temple was either along the entablature over the colonnade, or else, like the frieze of the Parthenon, round the upper external portion of the cella wall. From several of the famous temples of Greece, the friezes have been preserved to us comparatively intact. They form, along with the sculptured groups from a few pediments, the principal original remains which we possess of Greek art during its flourishing periods. The reason why they have been spared to us, is that these accessory enrichments of a temple were left in their place, when the statues dedicated within its shrine or about its precinct were carried off by the plundering generals or the dilettante Emperors of Rome. Hence it is that of the famous Amazon statues dedicated in the temple of Artemis at Ephesus, we possess, as appeared in the course of our last month's study, nothing but Roman copies, from the beauty of which we have to infer as best we may the tenfold greater beauty of the originals. But among Amazon reliefs wrought as architectural decorations, we have got, in a more or less partial and defaced condition, the true originals themselves of those from the temple of Apollo at Phigaleia, from the Mausoleum or tomb of Mausolus at Halicarnassus, and again from the temple of Artemis at Magnesia on the Maeander. In naming these, I have named the three great extant monuments of ancient relief sculpture, as applied to its highest use in the decoration of buildings, of which the subject consists wholly or in part of the warfare of Amazons and Greeks. The last of the three, the frieze of the temple of Magnesia on the Maeander, is at the Louvre. It is of prodigious extent, but not of corresponding merit, and dates from two different periods in the decline of ancient art, the later portions probably even from an advanced period of the Roman empire. With it, therefore, we concern ourselves no farther. The two illustrations given in our plate are drawn from the other two of the three friezes I have mentioned; the upper one from the frieze of the temple of Apollo 'Epikourios,' that is Apollo the Helper or Healer, at Phigaleia in Arcadia; the lower from the frieze of the tomb erected at Halicarnassus by the Carian queen Artemisia in honour of her husband and brother, Mausolus. Both of these friezes, the former much more completely preserved than the latter, are in the British Museum, and are very familiar to students of ancient art. They represent two different periods of good Greek workmanship.

The temple of Apollo at Phigaleia was built in gratitude to the god for the exemption of the district in which it stands from the pestilence that ravaged the rest of Greece during the years 329–328 B.C. The district in question is a beautiful mountain valley, high up among the slopes of Kotylion in Western Arcadia; and its exemption from the epidemic of the time reminds us of that virtue, in checking the growth and dissemination of disease germs, which modern medical science has discovered in the air of the higher valleys of the Alps. The temple was planned and built by an Athenian architect, Ictinus, the same who was associated with Phidias in the construction and adornment of the Parthenon at Athens. Its colonnade stands almost intact amid the solitary valley to this day. The sculptured frieze of the temple, along with masses of architectural remains, were excavated by a joint party of German and English antiquarians in 1812. It is not an external frieze, but adorned the interior of the building, running round the upper part of the cella, above the internal colonnade (an unusual situation), and receiving light from the roof. The whole plan of this temple was indeed irregular. Its length ran from north to south, instead of from east to west; and the presiding statue of the god was erected, not, as usual, in the cella or central chamber, but in a chamber to the rear of this and communicating with it. The regular entrance to this rearward chamber was by a separate door on the east. Passing in by this, the spectator found himself face to face with the statue of the god. In that position, it seems, if he glanced upwards to the right, he would at the same time see through the opening into the cella; within which his glance would rest upon the frieze of which we have spoken, and upon that particular point of it where Apollo was again figured, this time as riding forth beside his sister Artemis, on a car drawn by stags, to succour the Greeks against their enemies. The enemies with whom the Greeks were shown contending were of two kinds. From one side of the slab carved with the figures of Apollo and Artemis on their car, there ran a series of reliefs representing a desperate fight of Greeks against Centaurs; from the other side there ran, to meet these, another series representing an almost equally desperate fight of Greeks against Amazons. We saw in our first chapter what was the accepted typical significance for the Greek beholder of these tremendous legendary conflicts: they were types of the equally tremendous historical conflicts that were still fresh in his mind. It is not a little singular to find them employed in the adornment of a building like this, of which the purpose was to commemorate, not victory in war, but exemption from disease. Their meaning, it would seem by this, must have been extended so as to apply to any signal and triumphant intervention of the preserving and purifying gods of Hellas on behalf of their people. Or else the subjects must have already become stock subjects of decorative art, of useful and convenient application

without reference to their appropriateness in any particular instance.

Among Athenian artists it would seem as if this were indeed the case, so partial do they show themselves to the repetition of these familiar themes. But then it is by no means certain that the frieze of Phigaleia is really the work of artists from Athens. It contains some motives which we find repeated in other works of art certainly or presumably Athenian, and an Athenian architect planned the temple which it adorns. But for the peculiar distinction, the peculiar refinement, of Attic art in these the days of its perfection, we shall in the frieze of Phigaleia look in vain. Compared with the faces of the Parthenon frieze, those of the Phigaleian are commonness itself. Relative thickness of limb and shortness of proportion are characteristic in general of this age of the earlier maturity of Greek art; the figures of which acquire a gradual increase of slenderness from the days of Myron and Polycletus to the days of Lysippus, say from about B.C. 450 to 330. But the combatants of this Phigaleian frieze are thicker and shorter than any other Attic figures of the time with which we can compare them. Not refinement, in truth, and not distinction, are the characteristics of this surprising work; its characteristics are movement, invention, and energy. Its figures are extraordinarily dramatic in motive, and extraordinarily vehement in action. Relief sculpture from its material conditions, from the support and connexion supplied to its figures by their background, can afford to be dramatic and vehement to a degree which sculpture in the round, with its detached and self-supporting figures, cannot possibly, or at least not with propriety, afford. Of this freedom the Greek relief sculptors took full advantage. The idea that paramount serenity and inviolable repose were the great characteristics of ancient sculpture was an idea formulated by Winckelmann, and adopted by those who followed him, from a study of Greek statues, or copies of Greek statues, only. The idea will not hold good in the presence of Greek sculpture in relief. Of the freedom, and more than the freedom, the turbulence, which the sculptors in relief allowed themselves, this Phigaleian frieze had been the most striking example known, until the recent discovery by the Germans of the frieze of the great altar at Pergamus, a work of more than two centuries later date, revealed an example of a wilder energy and a more unbridled daring still.

This is not the place to debate the question, which is still an open one among archaeologists, whether the frieze of Phigaleia is in truth the work of Athenian or of native Arcadian artists. Its spontaneous energy and complete unity of style seem to me incompatible with a third theory, which supposes it to have been carried out by the native workmen of Arcadia from motives suggested by the famous compositions, and particularly the wall-paintings, in which these same patriotic themes had lately been commemorated by the chief masters of Athens. Neither is it necessary that we should pause in order to describe the frieze in detail. The reader, if he is not already familiar with it, can study it for himself in the British Museum, and will find it full of interest and incident, of bustle and impetuosity. Leaving out of consideration those portions of the work (somewhat less than half) which represent the *Centauromachia*, or warfare of Greeks and Centaurs, and attending only to those which represent the *Amazonomachia*, or warfare of Greeks and Amazons, he will see with what violent and headlong action, what grappling of heroic limbs, what hurtling of shields and heaving-up of sword-arms, what straining, tossing, and whirling of draperies, what onset and retreat, what clashings and startings asunder, the Greeks and their women-enemies wage battle. On one slab a Greek champion seizes by the hair a fallen Amazon, and tries to drag her off, she resisting with a thrust of her outstretched arm against his chest, while near by a wounded or wearied sister, seated on the ground, is protected from the onset of her enemy by the shield of one who stands over her unhurt. Next, the same action, of the vanquisher with his hand in the hair of the vanquished who tries in vain to thrust him from her, is repeated with little variation, while the adjoining group consists of a Greek fallen on one knee and casting up his shield to ward off the death-stroke that a victorious Amazon is dealing him. Elsewhere an Amazon, who tenderly supports under the arms the sinking body of her companion, turns her head to watch the issue of the struggle that is being waged on equal terms between another Amazon and a Greek. Or again, an Amazon rushes up to the rescue of a mounted comrade, but too late, for a Greek has already dragged her from her seat by the hair, in spite of the desperate endeavour of her extended arm to thrust him from her,—an action which is here for the third time repeated. On another slab two central combatants are engaged; a mounted Amazonian queen rides over the body of a prostrate Greek to assail a hero whom the attributes of the lion's skin and club designate as Hercules; in the background another Amazon starts aside, while a third is dragged from her falling horse by the foot and shoulder, in an ungainly enough action, by a Greek, who gazes at her at the same time with a look of pity. A fallen Amazon stretches out her hand to crave for mercy from a Greek youth advancing to deal her the death-blow; from behind her a comrade at the same time aims a stroke at the conqueror, while one of his own comrades seems to intercede with him to spare her. In general, the issue of the fight is favourable to the Greeks; and on one slab—the last, as it would seem, of the series—an Amazon seems to be abandoning

her shield, while on the one side a Greek gently helps a wounded companion to totter off the field, and on the other one already dead is carried off upon the shoulders of his comrade; thus indicating that it is the Greeks and not their enemies who are left in possession of the field of battle.

Between the design and action of these various scenes there is little continuity or connexion. Each, as wrought upon its separate slab, generally forms an independent and complete group. The slab reproduced by M. Dujardin's process at the top of our plate is one of the best preserved of the frieze, and at the same time one of the most interesting; not, indeed, by the special qualities of energy and force of action, but by beauty of design and dramatic expression. Nothing can be more just or full of feeling than the action by which the Amazon on the right, who has sunk wounded on her knees, is sustained under the arms by her companion. A Greek near by is still more completely overcome; like hers, his head falls forward; he supports himself feebly on his left hand, and throws up his right with a gesture of surrender and despair; the Amazon over him is in the act of dealing the death-blow, when another more pitiful steps impetuously forward with outstretched arms, and pleads with her to spare his life.

Of the character of the heads and figures of the Phigaleian frieze this slab, as reproduced in the engraving of M. Dujardin, gives an adequate and faithful idea. The costume of the warrior women, as the reader has perceived, is still the same as we found it in the Ephesus statues,—the plain, short tunic, generally still farther shortened by being drawn up into a full fold about the waist. To this is sometimes added a light cloak, which in the scenes of medley is generally treated as flying in coiling folds thinly carved upon the background. Most of the Amazons are bareheaded; a few wear the Phrygian cap. The crescent-shaped shield, *lunata pelta*, which is their regular weapon of defence, is here represented as almost circular, with only a small part of its circumference notched out. Some wear quivers at their sides; but bows, arrows, axes, spears, and swords, were generally added in bronze, for the attaching of which perforations are still visible in the marble. The Greeks on their part are some helmeted and some bare-headed, with their bodies either nude, after the manner of ancient heroes as habitually conceived by Greek art, or else clad with a short flying cloak fastened about the neck. The treatment of the drapery is full of invention and animation, and though conventional in the loosely flying coils, yet where it covers the body gives perfect expression to the shape and action of the limbs. The relief is high, casting strong shadows, and the incidence of shadow and light generally agreeable; for amid all the turbulence of the scene there is preserved a fine sense of sculptural law, and the masses are carefully arranged, even in the realisation of the most violent action, so as to produce that 'pleasing bossiness of surface' on which Mr. Ruskin justly insists as the first and most essential characteristic of good relief sculpture. There is at the same time more crowding of figures and interlacement of limbs, more bringing of one personage in front of another on a nearer plane, than is usual in good Greek work of the time; as the figure of the fallen maiden in our illustration is brought in front of the lower limbs of her friend, and as that of the fallen Greek is brought in front of those of the two confronting Amazons.

The illustration which occupies the lower part of our plate, for the sake of comparison with this, is drawn from a different and a later series of reliefs. It represents a slab of the second of the two famous friezes of which we have spoken—the frieze of the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus. This also, so much of it as has been preserved, is the property of the English nation in the British Museum. No two buildings could be more unlike in their purposes and in the circumstances of their erection than the temple amid the mountains of Arcadia and the tomb on the promontory of Caria. That, as we have seen, was built and adorned to commemorate the lovingkindness of Apollo towards his people in a mountain district devoted to his worship in the heart of Greece. This was built some three generations (seventy to eighty years) later to immortalise the memory of a crafty and conquering half-barbarian despot on the coast of Asia Minor, and of the widow who mourned inconsolably for his loss. The most illustrious artists of the younger Attic school were summoned to take part in the work. The architect was one Pythis; the sculptors, Scopas, Timotheus, Leochares, and Bryaxis, each of whom undertook the decorations of one of the four faces of the building. The monument, apart from its approaches, out-flankings, and dependencies, consisted of a lofty quadrangular sub-structure of masonry, enriched probably with sculptured friezes, and sustaining a cella, or walled chamber, enclosed by a rich colonnade; above the entablature of which colonnade arose the roof, in the shape of a lofty pyramid of steps, surmounted at the apex by a chariot in marble, in which rode the colossal figure of Mausolus. The fallen and shattered fragments of this famous structure had long been dispersed or buried until, as every one knows, they were recovered by Mr. Newton and his assistants during the excavations undertaken by the nation at the time of the Crimean War. Among these fragments were found portions of as many as four or five different friezes sculptured in relief. It is impossible to be sure of the place originally occupied by each or any of these friezes in the decoration of the building. The subject of the most important and

COPYRIGHT IN WORKS OF ART.

WE have received an excellent little 'handy-book' on 'The Law of Artistic Copyright' by Mr. Martin Routh,* in which the writer applies his legal and literary ability to the charitable purpose of making us understand the condition of the law and the reason for its amendment. The most important chapters in the book consist of three very readable and intelligible dialogues,—one on the copyright of paintings done for sale but not commissioned; a second on that of paintings commissioned; and a third on photographs.

In the first dialogue the essential point is that the artist, in conformity to the Act of Parliament, is obliged to reserve his copyright formally, if he intends to keep it, and that just at the very moment when the intending purchaser is nibbling at the bait and the slightest thing is enough to frighten him away. The arguments between the artist and buyer are founded upon the buyer's instinctive and natural (though mistaken) feeling that he is being robbed of something because he is asked to authorise the retention of the copyright by the artist. If the law had simply left the copyright with the artist until he sold it there would probably have been no such feeling.

'*Artist.* I reserve the copyright.

'*Buyer.* But that goes with the picture, does it not?

'*Artist.* Only in the case of commissioned work, which this is not. The Act says that if there is no written agreement signed by the purchaser, vesting the copyright in the artist, or by his agent authorised in writing vesting the copyright in the purchaser at the time of the first sale, and before the transaction is completed, the copyright falls to the ground and is irredeemably lost. In such a case any one who obtains access to the picture could pirate it in any way he pleased. I, therefore, must request you to sign this document, which will vest the copyright in me, before I deliver you the picture.

'*Buyer.* But I do not care for half a picture; I want the whole thing or nothing at all. Not that I have any particular use for the copyright myself, but I don't want any interference on the part of any one in my property.

'*Artist.* What you appear to want is a picture and a half; but you forget that the copyright is a distinctive and valuable property, recognised by the law, which at present belongs to me. Yet you express no desire to buy it as such. At the same time you refuse to comply with a form which will enable me to retain what ought to be, and is, my own. Such a property ought surely to be secured to one of us, and not be thrown to the winds. It is the old story over again, and you are no exception to the general run of unprofessional buyers. They invariably raise difficulties the moment the subject of copyright is mentioned, insomuch that a young painter, who dare not jeopardise a sale, prefers to let drop the copyright altogether and trust to no harm coming of it, while the man of experience in his profession sells to dealers who will sign, and the purchaser buys the picture without the copyright from the dealer at an enhanced price.'

The dialogue continues with the usual exclamations on the part of the purchaser that the copyright should go with the picture. He admits the existence of two properties, but argues that because he has bought the one he ought to have the other. The artist, on his part, argues that having created two properties which the law recognises as distinct, he ought not to be deprived of the one because he sells the other. He also argues that his retention of copyright is a protection to the owner of the picture, because he has the original oil-sketch of it, and a highly finished design of the same subject in water-colour; and if the copyright is allowed to fall to the ground, the purchasers of them would be able to reproduce them in any form they liked. On this the buyer naturally suggests that the copyright should be assigned to himself; but the artist says that in that case he would have to destroy his original sketch and the water-colour study.

It would be highly imprudent in a layman to venture into any sort of legal argument with a lawyer, and we are not going very far in that direction; but really we do not quite see the necessity for this destruction if the purchaser of the picture did not insist upon it. If no agreement were made, the owner of the original sketch could reproduce it; but not if the copyright were vested in the buyer of the picture. The artist soon abandons this idea of the necessity for destruction, and argues that the buyer must take all three pictures. We do not see the necessity for this, either. He might be quite content to have the picture, and let the studies go elsewhere.

Without any agreement (the copyright having fallen to the ground in consequence of the absence of an agreement) the purchaser could still publish an engraving of it; but if he sold the picture he would thereby afford an opportunity to others to do the same, or bad copies might be made.

There would be a copyright in the *engraving* even if there were none in the picture; but that would not prevent another engraver from engraving the picture itself again, if he had the opportunity.

Then we come to the point about replicas. If the artist has the copyright, what is to guarantee the owner of the picture against replicas? The answer is, that his reputation would suffer like the reputations of other artists who have done the same thing; but as this would afford insufficient protection, the artist might be asked to sign an agreement to the effect

* 'The Law of Artistic Copyright; a Handy-book for the Use of Artists, Publishers, and Photographers. With Explanatory Dialogues.' By Martin Routh, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Remington & Co. 1881.

that he would altogether abstain from making replicas of the work.

We now arrive at a very important matter—the popular error that the possession of the copyright imports a power of access to the picture. Mr. Routh is careful to tell us that it does nothing of the kind. The owner of the picture, by a common-law right which is quite distinct from copyright, can 'hide his picture from the sight of man if he likes.' He could take legal proceedings against the owner of the copyright if he copied it without permission. If a third person copied the picture, the two owners, the owner of the picture itself and the owner of the copyright, could both proceed against the copyist, the first at common-law for damages for copying his property, the second for infringement of copyright.

An engraver, who buys the right to engrave a picture, cannot sell photographs of his own engraving without infringing copyright, because the right he has purchased is strictly a protection to his own work as an engraver, and does not permit him to spread about the painter's design by other means.

With regard to copying a picture when you have access to it but not the copyright of it, you can do it, but not for 'sale, hire, exhibition, or distribution.'

When the artist has the copyright he has a means of tempting the owner of the picture to lend it for purposes of engraving. He can offer him (or the publisher can do so) a sum of money for the loan, or, what in many cases would be more likely to be accepted, a certain number of proof-impressions from the plate.

The duration of copyright is unsatisfactory—the lifetime of the artist, and seven years after his death.

Buyer. 'That seems a very short and uncertain time.

Artist. 'Yes; especially as an artist's reputation and popularity are usually of slow growth. Besides, it often takes three or four years to engrave a picture, so that a copyright is of very little value to the artist's widow. In any future legislation there is little doubt that the term will be for the life of the artist, and for thirty years after his death.'

We find, accordingly, that in the Copyright Bill of 1881 it is proposed to carry this into actual legislation :—

'44. Copyright in every original painting and work of sculpture shall endure for the life of the painter or sculptor and for *thirty years* after his death; and in the case of any such work executed by and belonging to two or more persons jointly, the copyright therein shall endure for the life of the longest liver, and for *thirty years* after his death.'

There is an interesting passage in Mr. Routh's first dialogue concerning piracy, especially that form of it which depends upon successful importation from foreign countries :—

'*Buyer.* What are the chief forms of piracy now-a-days?

'*Artist.* To begin with, I suffer much from imported works. Lithographs are made abroad—generally in Germany—from prints which have been published over here from my pictures. These lithographs are then imported into this country, and hawked about, or sold by the inferior print-sellers, at an exceedingly cheap rate. Vulgar and distorted things they are, too, as a rule.

'*Buyer.* Then the proprietor of the engraving suffers as much as you do?

'*Artist.* Yes.

'*Buyer.* But is there no remedy?

'*Artist.* There is the tenth section of the Fine Arts Act, which absolutely prohibits the importation, and gives power to the Custom House officers to detain any copies declared by the owner of the copyright to be piratical; but the rubbish gets smuggled in, and then the difficulty is to prove guilty knowledge in the party selling, so that prosecutions hardly ever occur.'

ART CHRONICLE.

A BRISK storm of controversy has been raised during the past two months over the authenticity of the *Entombment*, by Michelangelo, in our National Gallery. Mr. J. C. Robinson, the well-known expert, some time Superintendent of art-collections at South Kensington, and recently appointed Keeper of her Majesty's pictures, writes to the 'Times' that he had long since come to the conclusion that this picture has 'in every part the style of design and personal peculiarities' of Baccio Bandinelli, an opinion arrived at through intimate acquaintance with the drawings of that master. Aroused to further investigation of the point by reading an able criticism upon the picture published by Signor Frizzoni, in essays on 'L'Arte Italiana nella Galleria Nazionale di Londra,' the tendency of which is to class the *Entombment* as an early, authentic work of Michelangelo, quite unattractive, but especially interesting and characteristic, Mr. Robinson opened his Vasari at the life of Bandinelli, and found his opinions confirmed, very much as theologians betake themselves to Holy Writ, and never fail to find their previous convictions therein approved. Vasari states that Baccio Bandinelli had a commission, in 1526, to paint for the church of Cestello 'a very large panel picture,' and that he made for it 'a very beautiful cartoon, in which was the dead Christ and the Marys around, and Nicodemus, with other figures, but he never painted the panel,' for reasons set forth afterwards. Furthermore, that Baccio made another cartoon of the *Deposition*, with Nicodemus, the Mother, and Angels, and set to, to paint this quickly, and exhibited it at a certain goldsmith's shop, expressly to get the opinion of the public thereupon, but more especially of Michelangelo, whom, after the fashion of the frog and the bull in the fable, he hoped to rival. Michelangelo's judgment proved severe upon the painting, as crude and graceless, unworthy of the excellent draughtsmanship of the artist; and he added that painting was not an art fit for Baccio. Though mortified, Bandinelli was convinced of the truth of this judgment, says Vasari, and so bethought him to get his pictures painted for him by some one who could manage the colours better, and for this purpose took into his studio a young fellow, Agnolo Bigio, brother of the excellent painter, Francia Bigio, recently dead. 'To this Agnolo he (Baccio Bandinelli) wished to give the execution of the Cestello picture, but it remained unfinished, owing to the disturbance of affairs after the year 1527, when the Medici left Florence after the sacking of Rome,' etc. So far Vasari, and upon the strength of this passage Mr. Robinson sets

forth the statement that the *Entombment* ascribed to Michelangelo is no other than the picture designed for Cestello by Bandinelli, which that artist intended to get painted for him by the youth, Agnolo Bigio, who may be presumed to have received his training in the same school as his brother, the school of Del Sarto. Thereupon Mr. Poynter takes up the cudgels, and he points out that Mr. Robinson omitted in translating from Vasari the description of the Cestello commission as for a *very* large picture ('tavola assai grande'), also the strict wording that Baccio *desired* to give Agnolo Bigio the picture to paint, not that he did actually do so. Mr. Poynter comments that the *Entombment* in the National Gallery would not, considering the large scale of pictures painted at that time, have been called very large, and that the passage as to the execution of the picture might fairly be read to mean that Baccio intended to entrust his apprentice with the painting, but that the work was never carried out at all ('a questo Agnolo desiderava di far condurre la tavola di Cestello, ma ella rimase imperfetta'). Also that the description of the composition given by Vasari is too general in application to the ordinary treatment of the subject to be especially applicable, and that it would have been strange if Vasari had failed to observe upon the noble figure of St. John. As to internal evidence, Mr. Poynter calls attention to the fact that Agnolo was an obscure painter, pupil of his brother, Francia Bigio, who was a pupil of Del Sarto; that in our Gallery is a portrait (hanging opposite to the *Entombment*) by Francia Bigio, the handling of which is heavier, darker, and less masterly than that of Del Sarto, yet obviously in the large, loose manner of that master. 'Is it likely,' asks Mr. Poynter, 'that an obscure pupil of Francia's, as Agnolo was, should have gone back from this method to the clear, precise, and luminous, though somewhat careful and hard style which we see in the *Entombment*,' having all the characteristics of tempera painting from which Andrea had emancipated himself? Further, the drawings of Bandinelli, very numerous, are, in Mr. Poynter's eyes, lifeless caricatures of Michelangelo, no feeling for nature in them, his figures turgid, meaningless, graceless, while the *Entombment* displays highly-studied and nervous precision, profound and subtle knowledge. The Cestello picture was painted, if at all, in 1526 or 1527, when the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel had been finished fifteen years; if Bandinelli had desired to imitate and rival Michelangelo would he have imitated the early, dry manner apparent in the *Entombment*? Mr. Poynter then goes into the beauties, and also immaturities, of this picture, which to him, as a close and earnest student of Michelangelo, are evidence of its handiwork in the earlier periods of the master's career.

Mr. Burton, Director of the National Gallery, writes to the 'Times' a letter in accord with the statements and opinions of Mr. Poynter, adding the argument in favour of authenticity to be drawn from the fine red chalk drawing by Michelangelo, in the Albertina Library, at Vienna, which is a composition closely resembling the picture, especially as regards the position of the dead Christ. That the drawing is in a somewhat later manner than the picture, Mr. Burton allows; but none the less accepts it as an evidence that the design of picture and drawing are from the same hand, and that hand certainly not Bandinelli's. Mr. Robinson's assertion that the *Entombment* picture is painted in oil, and therefore unlikely to be by the master who seldom used oil, Mr. Burton waives; inasmuch as it is not clearly ascertained whether the process used be oil or tempera. In the catalogue the picture is entered as 'partly, if not entirely, in tempera.'

More correspondence followed, in which Mr. Robinson and Mr. Poynter reassert their statements and opinions without additional arguments of weight. Mr. Robinson sets forth the merits of Bandinelli's best drawings, the high esteem in which they were held by his contemporaries, and by collectors and experts, that they have been constantly mistaken for the handiwork of Michael Angelo, and other great masters, and so forth. Mr. Poynter is of the same opinion still, and modestly observes that though it be true that Mr. Robinson may have been acquainted with Bandinelli's drawings, as stated, before Mr. Poynter was born; yet, that he, Mr. Poynter, may have qualifications in which he holds the advantage. Mr. Robinson casts a passing slur upon the Albertina drawing; he asserts positively that the National Gallery picture *is* painted in oil, and he says, that though he fully shares Mr. Poynter's admiration of it as a work of art, at the same time he is not at all surprised that it should be so excellent as coming from Bandinelli by right of design when about thirty-nine years old; and—Mr. Robinson does not add *here*—painted by the skilful tiro Agnolo Bigio. As a parting fling the question is thrown out, Why, if Michelangelo painted this picture, did Vasari not mention it? The critic of the *Athenæum* answers that Vasari says, Michelangelo left many unfinished works. This writer holds to the side of Mr. Burton and Mr. Poynter, as to internal and circumstantial evidence of authenticity; adding that *if* not by Michelangelo, he would attribute the picture to Buonarotti's master, Domenico Ghirlandajo. Dr. J. P. Richter wrote to the *Academy* in favour of the evidence of Michelangelo's mode of drawing and individuality of style to be found in the picture. Mr. Heath Wilson, who has been a student of the great master, especially in his Sistine *capi d'opera*, does not believe the *Entombment* to be from Michelangelo's hand, and sees no evidence in it of the 'full, rich, noble form' of his early work, yet allows it may be by a pupil from a cartoon drawn at a *late* period. Mr. Wilson also pertinently remarks that if Mr. Robinson's account of young Agnolo Bigio's share in the work be correct, we should properly call it a masterpiece of Agnolo Bigio, not of Bandinelli, just as we call the great *Raising of Lazarus* a masterpiece of Sebastian del Piombo, although the design be by Michelangelo. And here, when we went to press, the controversy stopped, having drawn out much matter of permanent interest to all admirers of the great Florentine master, and also having curiously exemplified how the practical artist and the student of style, as a personal individual expression, approaches the question of the authenticity of a work of art by a mode wholly differing from that of the expert and *connoisseur*. Among the results of such differing modes the 'critic' must with carefulness select and construct, while the untrained amateur has no choice but to wander in bewilderment, unless, indeed, as is a usual resource for the untrained, he have elected to himself a pope in art matters, and hold his convictions second-hand.

A HISTORICAL Catalogue of the pictures in Hampton Court Palace has been prepared carefully by Mr. Ernest Jones, and published by Messrs. Bell and Sons.

THE Fine Art Society has issued a short biography of the painter J. F. Millet, with illustrations; the letterpress by Mr. Henley.

A BOOK, which may for some reasons be classed among curiosities of literature, is published in Paris; namely, a story written by a French journalist to link together reproductions of the motley collection of drawings by the late John Leech, bequeathed by him to his sisters. This ingenious enterprise is prefaced by the essay on Leech, written by M. Ernest Chesneau in 1867.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & Co. announce the second volume of 'Lectures on Architecture,' by the late M. Viollet le Duc, translated by Mr. Bucknall.

A NEW popular magazine, entitled 'Art and Letters,' is brought forward by Messrs. Remington. It is proposed to give much space to the 'various forms of artistic production, ancient and modern, and to add the attraction of a serial tale.' The illustrations are to be borrowed from 'L'Art.'

YET another painter has tried his power over line and mass in the art of sculpture. M. Legros has modelled a group, life-size, of a French fisher-woman and her babe, seated on a rock waiting for her husband's boat. Also M. Legros has in hand another plastic work, the design of which is suggested by his own *Death and the Woodcutter*.

MR. J. A. SYMONDS' work on the Renaissance in Italy is now completed by the issue of the fourth and last section, which deals with Italian literature.

OAKS IN SHERWOOD FOREST.

ETCHED BY R. S. CHATTOCK.

THE pictorial interest of a scene like this depends entirely upon the trees, as there is nothing in the land itself but the mere recession of level ground. There is, however, a romantic and historical interest in Sherwood Forest besides the pictorial. It is Robin Hood's ground, and there are trees there still under which he may have stayed to rest himself with his merry men. Most of us in boyhood have thought of that careless, active, physical life as the very ideal of human existence, the life that Shakespeare understood so well and described in song and play with such hearty sympathy and enjoyment. Scott was another lover of 'the good green wood,' but in quite a different sense from that of modern painters. To Scott and Shakespeare the woodland was good ground for merry hunting life, careless of the morrow; to our painters it is a place for studying Nature, a kind of study which, however pleasant it may appear to outsiders, is often extremely fatiguing. Perhaps if we could get back to the Robin Hood state of mind it would be well for us, but unfortunately we cannot.

THE AMAZONS IN GREEK ART.

IV.

LAST month, we first glanced rapidly over the multifarious varieties of ancient handicraft which justly come under the common designation of relief sculpture, and then selected, in order to illustrate the Amazon myth, two examples of this form of art as applied to its noblest use,—to the adornment, that is, of sacred edifices with scenes and histories in marble. We have now for our present purpose done with sculpture, and pass on to the embodiments of the Amazon myth which occur in the works of the graphic art or painting.

This art, also, was among the ancients of many kinds. Its two chief divisions were into monumental and portable paintings, the former executed generally on the prepared surfaces of walls, and corresponding, therefore, to the fresco paintings of the mediaeval and modern schools; the latter generally on wooden panels, and corresponding, therefore, to the altar-pieces and easel-pictures of mediaeval and modern art; though large panels let into the wall were sometimes employed also on monumental work, instead of the surface of the wall itself.

Of ancient monumental pictures, those produced during the best days and by the central schools of Greek art have all perished, and doubtless irrecoverably. On the other hand, a number of such pictures showing the influence of Greek example have been discovered in the cemeteries of Etruria, both on the walls of sepulchral chambers, and on the sides of marble coffins and sepulchral urns. While examples of the Greco-Roman style of mural painting in use for ordinary household decoration towards the downfall of the Roman republic, have been unburied, as every one knows, by hundreds among the ruins of Rome itself, and by thousands among those of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

Another important variety of ancient painting was the encaustic variety, in which the colours were fixed by firing; a method of which we have no certain or satisfactory knowledge, nor any preserved example, unless we take into account the more than problematical one of the so-called *Muse of Cortona*. Another variety was mosaic, which was, however, little in use until the Roman period except for purely decorative purposes. Then, also to be regarded as belonging to the graphic art, or art of painting, were the innumerable figured tissues in use for hangings or for wearing apparel, whether in the form of tapestry, or embroidery, or painted cloth. Of these there now remain to us only a few shreds and fragments, found principally in the tombs of a single outlying Greek colony—that of Panticapaeum (now Kertch), in the Crimea. Again, we must include under this form of art those representations which we find incised in outline—as distinguished from those embossed in relief—on certain favourite objects in bronze, and principally on the sides of toilet-caskets and on the backs of hand-mirrors; the former are of somewhat rare, the latter of extremely frequent occurrence, both being found principally in Etruria. Last comes the extensive class of vase-paintings, consisting of designs outlined by hand and coloured in one, two, or more flat colours by the potter or the draughtsman in his employ, on the unbaked surface of his wares, and afterwards fixed in the firing. This is the variety of ancient graphic art of which the most abundant examples have come down to us. The number of Greek painted vases preserved in museums has been computed at twenty thousand, and is probably larger. The cause of their preservation is the fortunate habit which prevailed among the ancients of causing wares of this kind to be buried with them in their tombs.

Corinth in early days, Athens both then and afterwards, were central seats of the manufacture; and it is probable that from the potteries of Athens were exported a large proportion of the wares which have been discovered in the various cemeteries of Etruria. At all events, there is hardly to be found a burial-place belonging to any considerable Greek population, or population holding commerce with the Greeks, in which there have not been discovered, in more or less abundance, wares belonging to one phase or another in the development of this Greek art of vase-painting.

THESEUS CARRYING OFF ANTIOPE. FROM A VASE IN THE LOUVRE.

These being the main varieties or applications of graphic art among the ancient Greeks, to which of them shall we turn in order most readily to find materials for our study of the Amazonian myth? The monumental pictures of the great age, as we have said, are gone. Among them have perished the works in which the masters of the early, heroic, school of the fifth century, Polygnotus and Micon, represented, with the overthrow of the invading Persians in their minds, that other overthrow of the invading Amazons by Theseus under the walls of the Acropolis. Two such representations existed at Athens, one in the series of pictures illustrating the exploits of Theseus, painted by Polygnotus and Micon together in the temple of that hero; a second by Micon alone, in the *Stoa Poekilè*, or public Painted Gallery of the city. And in another famous series of paintings done in the generation next succeeding this, but done for the enjoyment of all Greeks alike, and not for the honour and glory of Athenian prowess exclusively, there was represented another episode of the Amazon story—the romantic and popular episode of Achilles and Penthesilea. This was one of the scenes painted by Panaenus, under the eye of Phidias, to decorate the outside of that low screen or railing which enclosed the cunningly enriched throne whereon the great gold and ivory statue of Zeus was seated in majesty in the midst of his temple at Olympia. Since, however, the Temple of Theseus at Athens has lost its ornaments, or as some think no longer exists at all, and the Painted Gallery has utterly disappeared, and of the gold and ivory statue of Zeus and its appurtenances not a splinter or vestige has been unburied among the ruins of his temple, it is vain to talk of works which we can never hope to see. The most that can be done towards reconstructing in the mind's eye some image of these vanished pictures is by a minute comparison of such fragmentary copies or far-off repetitions of them, or of particular motives contained in them, as it may be possible conjecturally to recognise among our extant remains belonging to minor and later forms of art. But this would be an inquiry too technical and too discursive for our present purpose.

THESEUS AND AN AMAZON. FROM A VASE IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

If, on the other hand, we were to speak of still extant paintings of this monumental class, in which the Amazonian myth is illustrated, we should only have two examples of any importance to choose from. One is the painted sarcophagus of Corneto, now in the Etruscan Museum at Florence, a ruined, but still beautiful example of the very best kind of work that was done by Greek artists in Etruria, or if by native artists, than by native artists completely imbued with the Greek spirit, about the end of the third or

fourth century B.C. Both sides and both ends of this sarcophagus are covered with painting, the figures along the sides being relieved on a ground of vivid lilac, those at the ends on a ground of black. Amid much that has disappeared from time and damp, we can descry two Amazonian chariots, whirled along by teams of four white horses each; the horses are full of life and fire; their eyes are painted blue; so are the shields, swords, and spear-blades of the combatants, while their helmets, spear-shafts, and the rims of their shields seem to be of gold or brass. The Amazons mostly wear short tunics, and tight-fitting trousers, red or blue; the armour of the Greeks is painted or embroidered with colours. The flesh of the warrior maidens is very fair, that of their antagonists tawny to redness. Every here and there a face and a gesture remain perfectly preserved, as where one fierce-eyed, fierce-mouthed Amazon on horseback heaves up her falchion to strike at a Greek who threatens her with spear-arm and shield-arm both extended. The bronzed and bearded face of the man in this group is one of the most realistic and expressive pieces of ancient painting that have come down to us. In other parts of the composition we find the usual actions, as that of the vanquished maiden throwing up an arm for mercy while her conqueror clutches her by the hair, and the like; and here and there we see the slender, girlish form of an Amazon, already stripped of her armour, trailing naked and pitiful among the feet of the combatants. The other preserved Amazon picture to which allusion has been made is the well-known wall-painting, after the usual manner of Pompeian art, in the so-called House of the Tragic Poet at Pompeii. It would have been pleasant to illustrate this chapter with either of these examples; but neither of them, and less of the two the Corneto sarcophagus, which is also far the more interesting, can be at all appreciated apart from its colouring. And to reproduce the true colours of a ruined ancient fresco was a task too difficult to be here undertaken.

Turning to other forms of the graphic art—neither mosaics, nor engraved *cistae* nor mirrors, nor the fragments of ancient figured draperies, afford any important illustrations of our myth. We pass, therefore, to the last and incomparably the most numerous class of the remains of ancient painting, the class of painted vases. And here our materials at once become only too unmanageably abundant.

Representations of the Amazon occur in almost all phases and periods of the art of vase-painting. The small number of examples, to which it is possible here to draw attention, are taken neither from the Early, Rigid period of the art, which lasted down to about the age, say of Cimon, in the second quarter of the fifth century B.C., nor from its Late or Rich period, which set in about, or soon after, the age of Alexander, at the close of the fourth century. During the first or Rigid period, the figures on vases were marked in

BATTLE OF THE AMAZONS AGAINST THE GREEKS UNDER THESEUS. FROM THE VASE IN THE MUSEUM AT NAPLES.

with sharply incised outlines; their attitudes were stiff and constrained to grotesqueness, their composition

often crowded and uncouth; and they were painted black, the intervening spaces being left of the natural colour of the clay, or of its natural colour heightened with a tint of yellowish red. During the last or Rich period, the vases, often of very large size, are decorated with several superimposed bands or groups of subjects, the figures being numerous, and accessories and ornaments abundant. Figures and ornaments are now left light, in the natural red colour of the clay, variegated with markings in gold, white, and colour, while the spaces between them are filled in with black. The drawing is free and swift, but with the relaxed freedom and the careless, relatively vulgar, skill of a time of decadence; the compositions are loose and scattered, the attitudes tending to a limp gracefulness, the character of the lines flaccid and round. Our illustrations, then, are drawn from the wares of neither of these periods, but from those of the intervening or Perfect period, say from about 460 to 320 B.C. At the beginning of this period the figures on vases began to be left of the natural red of the vase, and the intervals to be filled up in black. The drawing, still severe and often stiff at first, becoming gradually more assured and free, is, in the good examples, noble and simply expressive; the compositions open, clear, and orderly; the gestures generally restrained. Accessories are indicated in the slightest possible manner; foreshortening, and even the drawing of faces in full front, is generally avoided: the system is one of pure profile design, in which all action has to be circumscribed within strict limits, and figures have as a rule to be conceived as either following or facing each other on a single plane.

Much of the charm of the original vase designs is, of course, lost in our small reproductions, which have been obtained by reduction from large-sized diagrams used in lectures. These white figures, which have to stand for the red figures of the original vases, are not without a certain effect of dazzle upon the black ground; and, moreover, a design originally drawn on a rounded, curving surface, necessarily loses part of its character when it is transferred upon the flat. Nevertheless, they will serve well enough to exhibit both the decorative principles of the Greek vase-painters of the good time, and their manner of telling a story under the conditions which their art imposed upon them.

Let the reader, then, first remember the three main episodes of the myth, as briefly stated in our introductory article in September; namely (1), the defeat of the Amazons by Hercules, when he sailed to the river Thermodon to seize the girdle of their queen Hippolytè; (2) their defeat by Theseus when they marched to Athens to be avenged on him for carrying off another of their queens Antiopè, sometimes also called Hippolytè; (3) their defeat by Achilles when Penthesilea led them to succour the Trojans after the fall of Hector. The first of these subjects was a favourite one with the vase-painters of the Early period, but became comparatively rare afterwards. By far the finest example in which it occurs is that of the magnificent vase at Arezzo, figured in our September number. If the reader will look back to the figure in question, he will perceive that there is here still a good deal of the constraint, at least of the precise carefulness, of the primitive draughtsman; but the actions are full of daring and power, and the composition perfectly intelligible, though still somewhat crowded. Hercules, heroically nude but for the lion's skin about his head and shoulders, strides forward with his bow held out in his extended left arm, and his club lifted in act to strike at the three Amazons who confront him, two advancing foot to foot under cover of their shields, the third somewhat in the rear preparing to draw her bow. At his feet lies another Amazon wounded; behind him his faithful comrade Telamon, wearing a tunic and breast-plate, greaves, and helmet, and with the cognizance of a lion upon his shield, turns round to deal the death-stroke to a fallen enemy behind him. It had been a peculiarity of the archaic treatment of these themes that neither the sex nor the costume of the Amazons was marked in any-way to distinguish them clearly from their Grecian enemies. Here the same usage is so far maintained, as that their figures are scarcely feminine at all. But while some of them wear the ordinary Greek armature, of helmet, greaves, short tunic, and breast-plate, the two at the extremities of the design are dressed in garments which cling close to their limbs, and are quaintly barred with zig-zag markings. These are intended to represent tight-fitting coats of skin, as worn by the people of Thrace or of Phrygia. In the one case, this costume is accompanied by a Greek helmet, in the other by the Phrygian or Scythian cap of skin, with its high curling peak and falling ear-pieces. The axe which is the peculiar weapon of the Amazons is wanting, and they carry either bows and arrows (see the outlandish quiver of the right-hand Amazon, with its leather cover) or else short swords and round shields.

Far more frequent, during the central period of Greek vase-painting, is the subject of Theseus and the Amazons. To glorify the deeds and the memory of this hero had been a special point of policy with Athenian statesmen in the age following the Persian wars; and the consequence of their efforts we may read to this day reflected in the wares fashioned and decorated in the potteries of the Athenian Cerameicus. One moment in the Theseus and Antiopè story is illustrated quaintly enough, although on a vase of very finest period and most precise draughtmanship, in the design which stands first in our to-day's illustrations. It adorns the back of a famous vase in the Louvre, on the front of which is

represented Crœsus on the pyre. We see Theseus and his friend Peirithous in the act of eloping with Antiopè from the gates of the Amazonian city of Themiscyra. The hero has seized the maiden round the body and is carrying her off; she wears the tight striped dress of skins, and has in her left hand her axe; she looks back towards the city, presumably in hopes of a rescue; Theseus and Peirithous with their heads in like manner reverted, in fear of the same rescue, make off with their prize, taking prodigious strides with an air of extreme stealthiness.

ACHILLES SLAYING PENTHESILEA. FROM A VASE IN THE COLLECTION AT MUNICH.

This is an unusual representation; the next is one of a numerous group or family. Theseus, with shield and spear advanced, stands with one foot on a rock awaiting the onset of a mounted Amazon, who bestrides her charger, wearing her striped and spotted garb of skins, and swinging her axe at her shoulder. This example, taken from the British Museum, represents the simplest form of the design. In other instances Theseus, always represented as fighting on foot, is supported against his mounted enemy by a companion-in-arms, as by Phorbas in that fine example from St. Petersburg which we gave in the September number. The variations on this same motive, all drawn in the same good style of somewhat advanced freedom, are so numerous that it is natural to suppose that the motive may have been originally copied from one of the monumental paintings of the great Athenian masters.

ACHILLES AND PENTHESILEA. FROM A VASE IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Besides this family of vases in which the subject is thus simply treated, there are many others in which the *Amazonomachia* of the Greeks under Theseus is set forth in a complicated design of many figures. One of the richest, and by far the choicest of these is the vase found at Cumae, and now in the Museum at Naples, which comes third in the order of our to-day's illustrations. The combatants are represented fighting in two tiers; the rocks below the Acropolis, whereon the battle was supposed to have raged, being indicated by slight lines beneath their feet. There are six Greeks against seven Amazons, the two tiers of six combatants each being at once interrupted and bound together by the figure of a single Amazon, 'Klymenè,' who at an intermediate level defends herself with her shield, half raised and half resting on the ground. The actions in this scene are extraordinarily spirited and varied, the figures vehement in design, but their composition at the same time admirably distinct and lucid, in a style closely analogous to that of the reliefs of the Mausoleum. The drawing is to a quite unusual degree correct and studied. Theseus, the hero prominent towards the left of the upper tier, has for his allies the eponymous heroes of various demes of

Attica, Phaleros, Phylakos, Monychos, Teuthras, and so forth. Except in one instance, the Greeks have the advantage, though often not much the advantage, in the combat. Of the Amazons, two wear heroic armour; the remainder, the outlandish trouser and coat of skins.

We come next to the third and most moving of the great episodes of the Amazon story, that of the death of Penthesilea by the hand of Achilles. The moment of the story depicted by Panaenus at Olympia, when Achilles was compassionately supporting the dead or dying body of his beautiful foe, is represented, perhaps after that famous original, on several extant sarcophagus reliefs and gems, but scarcely at all in vase-paintings. The simplest and most typical treatment of the theme is that which we gave in September from the fragments of a beautiful, rather early, vase in the Louvre.* Achilles stands over the body of Penthesilea in the act of dealing her the death-stroke while she stretches out her hand for mercy. A much more elaborate treatment of the same motive is to be found in the design on the inside of a very large and rich cylix at Munich, a reduction of which stands fourth in the order of our illustrations to-day. This time it is with the sword, and not with the spear, that Achilles despatches his enemy. She kneels before him with her right hand and her beautiful face upraised in supplication; he thrusts his sword perpendicularly into her chest, his gesture and countenance seeming to express the dawn of remorse within him at the very moment of the act. In the background on the right another Amazon lies dead or wounded, with her arms thrown back over her head; while on the left a warrior, who should naturally be the Telamonian Ajax, starts aside with a fierce and threatening air. At first sight this design, with its great richness of detail—all the bosses of the armour, for instance, being raised and gilded—has a very attractive appearance. But it is not really in the best Greek manner; the unfilled intervals are not agreeably contrived or balanced, some of the gestures are angular, and some of the drawing eccentric, and the artist has obviously had great difficulty in disposing of the legs of his personages so as to fit them into the round field of the vase.

Another group of Penthesilea vases represents an earlier stage of the action between her and Achilles, when she has not yet received any mortal blow from him, but is retreating and defending herself as she retreats. Our illustration of this group is taken from an example at the British Museum, in which Penthesilea, represented with thick lips, and wearing the barbarian cap and trousers, has dropped her bow, and retreating to the left at the same time as her horse, lifts up her axe for a double-handed blow against her gigantic enemy, who bears the cognisance of a panther on his prodigious shield, and presses close upon her with falchion raised.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

* The restoration of this vase, as given in our cut, was founded on an almost exactly corresponding design of Theseus vanquishing a Centaur, from a cylix of nearly the same style and period at Munich.

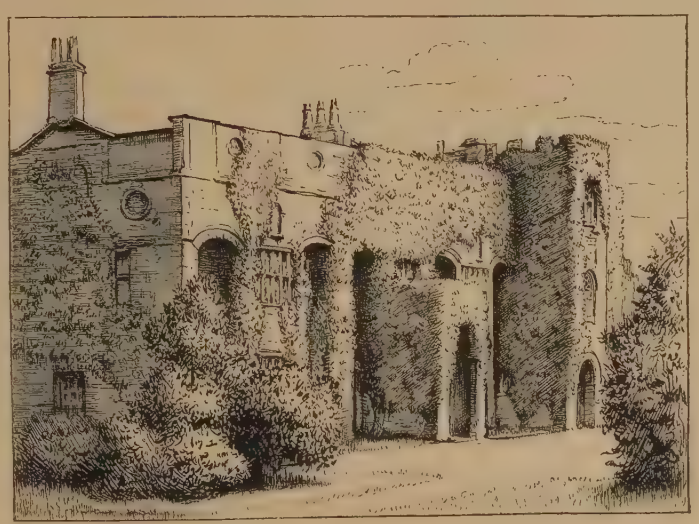
ILLUSTRATIONS OF LANCASHIRE.

XII.—*The Natural History and the Fossils.*

AN extended account of the flora of Lancashire, or of its fauna, or of the organic remains preserved in the rocks and the coal strata, is impossible in the space now at command: it is not demanded either by pages which profess to supply no more than general hints as to where to look for what is worthy or curious. A sketch of Lancashire, its contents and characteristics, would nevertheless be incomplete without some notice, however brief, of the indigenous trees and plants, the birds ordinarily met with, and the fossils. The zest with which natural history has been followed in Lancashire, for at least a century, has resulted in so accurate a discrimination of all the principal forms of life, that the numbers, and the degree of diffusion of the various species, can now be spoken of without fear of error. In those departments alone which require the use of the microscope is there much remaining to be done, and these, in truth, are practically inexhaustible.

Being so varied in its geology, and possessed of a hundred miles of coast, Lancashire presents a very good average flora, though wanting many of the pretty plants which deck the meadows and waysides of most of the southern counties. The wild clematis which at Clifton festoons every old thorn is sought in vain. In Lancashire no cornfield is ever flooded, as in Surrey, with scarlet poppies; the sweet-briar and the scented violet are scarcely known; even the mallow is a curiosity. Many flowers, on the other hand, occur in plenty, which, though not confined to Lancashire, are in the south seldom seen, and which in beauty compare with the best. Mr. Bentham, in his 'Handbook of the British Flora,' describes 1232 native flowering plants, and 53 of the cryptogamia—the ferns and their allies—or a total of 1285. Of these the present writer has personally observed in Lancashire more than 500. In the remoter corners another score or two, without doubt, await the finding. In any case, the proportion borne by the Lancashire flora to that of the entire island is, in reality, much

higher than the figures seem to indicate, since quite a sixth part of the 1285 consists of plants confined to three or four localities, and thus not entitled to count with the general vegetation of the country. It is not, after all, the multitude or the variety of the species found in a given spot that render it enviable. The excellent things of the world are not the rare and costly ones, but those which give joy to the largest number of intelligent human beings; and assuredly more delight has arisen to mankind from the primrose, the anemone, and the forget-me-not, than from all the botanist's prizes put together. Better, moreover, at any time, than the possession of mere quantity, the ceaseless pleasure that comes of watching manners and customs, or a life-history—such, for example, as that of the Parnassia. Not to mention all that precedes and follows, how beautiful the spectacle of the milk-white cups when newly open, the golden anthers kneeling round the lilac ovary; then, after a while, in succession rising up, bestowing a kiss, and retiring, so that at last they form a five-rayed star, the ovary now impurpled. In connexion with the dethronement of the natural beauty of the streams in the cotton manufacturing districts, it is interesting to note that, while the primroses, the anemones, and the forget-me-nots, that once grew in profusion, here and there, along the margins, have disappeared, the 'azured harebell' holds its own. Even when the white-thorn stands dismayed, the wood hyacinth still sheets many a slope and shelving bank with its deep-dyed blue.



HALE HALL.

On the great hills along the eastern side of the county, and especially in the moorland parts, the flora is meagre in the extreme. Acres innumerable produce little besides heather and whortle-berry. When the latter decreases, it is to make room for the empetrum, or the Vitis Idæa, 'the grape of mount Ida'—a name enough in itself to fling poetry over the solitude. Harsh and wiry grasses and obdurate rushes fill the interspaces, except where green with the hard-fern. Occasionally, as upon Fo'edge, the parsley-fern and the club-moss tell of the altitude, as upon Pendle the pinguicula and the cloud-berry. The hills behind Grange are in part densely covered with juniper, and the characteristic grass is the beautiful blue sesleria, the colour contrasting singularly with that of the hay-field grasses. The choicest of the English green-flowered plants, the truelove, *Paris quadrifolia*, is plentiful in the woods close by, and extends to those upon the banks of the Duddon. Everywhere north of Morecambe Bay, as these names go far to indicate, the flora is more diversified than to the south; here, too, particular kinds of flowers occur in far greater plenty. At Grange the meadows teem with cowslips, in many parts of Lancashire almost unknown. Crimson orchises—Ophelia's 'long-purples,' the twayblade, the fly-orchis, the lady's tresses, the butterfly-orchis, that smells only after twilight, add their charms to this beautiful neighbourhood, which, save for Birkdale, would seem the Lancashire orchids' patrimony. The total number of orchideous plants occurring wild in the county is fourteen; and of these Birkdale lays very special claim to two—the marsh epipactis and the *Orchis latifolia*. In the moist hollows among the sand-hills, called the 'slacks,' they grow in profusion, occurring also in similar habitats beyond the Ribble. The abundance is easily accounted for; the seeds of the orchids, of every kind, are innumerable as the motes that glisten i' the sunbeam, and when discharged, the wind scatters them in all directions. The orchids' Birkdale home is that also of the parnassia, which springs up less frequently alone than in clusters of from six or eight to twenty or thirty. Here, too, grows that peculiar form of the pyrola, hitherto unnoticed elsewhere, which counts as the Lancashire botanical specialty, looking when in bloom like the lily of the valley, though different in leaf, and emulating not only the fashion but the odour. It would much better deserve the epithet of 'Lancashire' than the asphodel so called, for the latter is found in bogs wherever they occur. Never mind; it is more than enough that there is whisper in it of the 'yellow meads,' and that in high summer it shows its bright gold, arriving just when the soft white cotton-grass is beginning to waft away, and the sundews are displaying their diamonds, albeit so treacherously, for in

another week or two every leaf will be dotted with corpses. No little creature of tender wing ever touches a sundew except under penalty of death. Only two other English counties—York and Cornwall—lend their name to a wild-flower, so that Lancashire may still be proud of its classic asphodel.

No single kind of wild-flower occurs in Lancashire so abundantly as to give character to the county, nor is it marked by any particular kind of fern. The most general, perhaps, is the broad-leaved sylvan shield-fern (*Lastrea dilatata*), though in some parts superseded by the amber-spangled polypody. Neither is any one kind of tree more conspicuous than another, unless it be the sycamore. Fair dimensions are attained by the wych-elm, which in Lancashire holds the place given south of Birmingham to that princely exotic, the *campestris*—the 'ancestral elm' of the poet, and chief home of the sable rook—a tree of comparative rarity, and in Lancashire never majestic. The wild cherry is often remarkable also for its fine development, especially north of the sands. The abele, on the other hand, the maple, and the silver willow, are seldom seen; and of the beautiful group of hedgerow ligneous plants which includes the spindle-tree, the wayfaring-tree, and the dogwood, there is scarcely an example. They do not blend in Lancashire, as in the south, with the crimson pea and the tendrilled bryony. When a climber of the summer, after the bindweed, ascends the hedge, it is the Tamus, that charming plant which never seems so much to have risen out of the earth as to be a cataract of foliage from some hidden rill above. Wood-nuts are plentiful in the northern parts of the county; wild raspberries abound in the southern, as good in flavour and fragrance as the garden ones, wanting only in size. Bistort makes pink islands amid hay grass that waits the scythe. Foxgloves as tall as a man adorn all dry and shady groves. The golden-rod, the water septfoil, and the lady's mantle, require no searching for. At Blackpool the sea-rocket blooms again towards Christmas. On the extremest verge of the county, where a leap across the streamlet would plant the feet in Westmoreland, the banks are dotted for many miles with the bird's-eye primula.

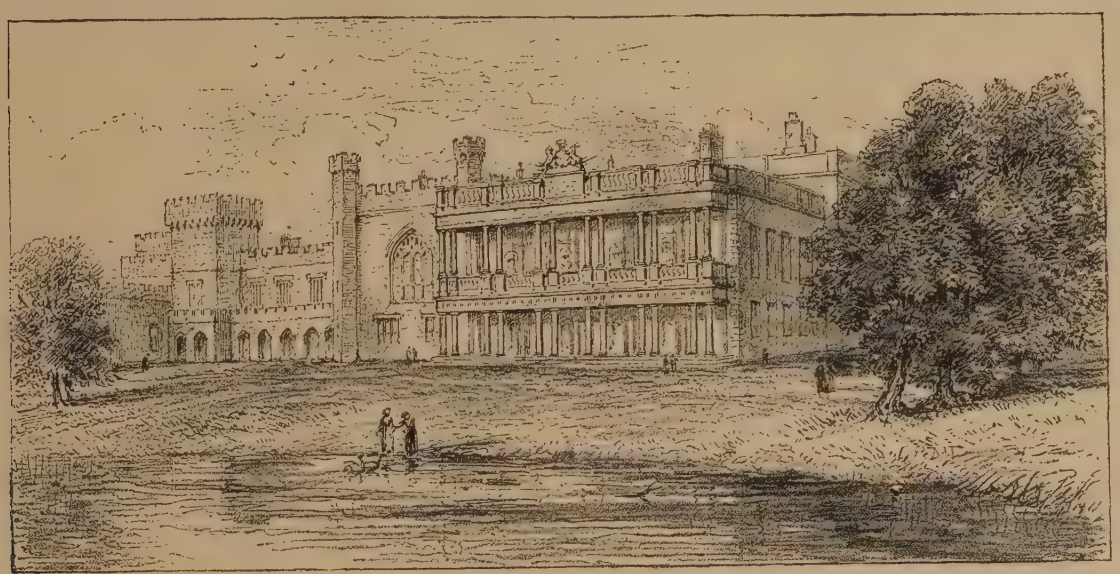
THE BIRDS.*

WITH the Lancashire birds, as with the botany, it is not the exhaustive catalogue that possesses the prime interest. This lies in the habits, the odd and pretty ways, the instincts, the songs, the migrations, that lift birds, in their endless variety, so near to our own personal human nature.

Adding to the list of birds known to be permanent residents in Great Britain, the names of those which visit our islands periodically, either in summer or winter, the total approaches 250. Besides the regular immigrants, about a hundred others come occasionally; some, perchance, by force of accident, as when, after heavy weather at sea, the Stormy Petrel is blown ashore. In Lancashire there appear to be, of the first class, about seventy. The summer visitors average about thirty; and of winter visitors there have been noticed about a score, the aggregate being thus, as nearly as possible, one-half of the proper ornithology of the country. The parts of the county richest in species are naturally those which abound in woods and well-cultivated land, as near Windermere, and where there are orchards and plenty of market-gardens, as on the broad plain south-west of Manchester, which is inviting also in the pleasant character of the climate. Here, with the first dawn of spring, when the catkins hang on the hazels, the song-thrush begins to pipe. The missel-thrush in the same district is also very early, and is often, like the chief musician, remarkable for size, plumage, and power of song. Upon the sea-side sand-hills it is interesting to observe how ingeniously the throstle deals with the snails. Every here and there in the sand a large pebble is lodged, and against this the bird breaks the shells, so that at last the stone becomes the centre of a heap of fragments that recall the tales of the giants and their bone-strewed caverns. This, too, where the peacefulness is so profound, and where never a thought of slaughter and rapine, save for the deeds of the thrushes, would enter the mind. The snails are persecuted also by the blackbirds—in gardens more inveterately even than on the sand-hills—in the former to such a degree that none can refuse forgiveness of the havoc wrought among the strawberries and ripening cherries. Both thrush and blackbird have their own cruel enemy—the cunning and inexorable sparrow-hawk. When captured, the unfortunate minstrel is conveyed to an eminence, sometimes an old nest, if one be near, and there devoured. In almost all parts of Lancashire, where there are gardens, that cheerful and harmless little creature, the hedge-sparrow or dunnock, lifts up its voice. Birds commence their song at very various hours. The dunnock usually begins towards sunset, first mounting to the loftiest twig it can discover that will bear its weight. The sweet and simple note, if one would hear it to perfection, must be caught just at that moment. The song is one of those that seem to be a varied utterance of the words of men. Listen attentively, and the lay is as nearly as may be—'Home, home, sweet, sweet home; my work's done, so's yours; good night, all's well.' Heard in

* Condensed in part from the chapter on Lancashire Birds in *Manchester Walks and Wild-flowers*, 1858, long since out of print. I am indebted also to Mr. Charles E. Reade, of Stretford, for many interesting personal observations.

mild seasons, as early as January, the little dunnock sings as late as August. It rears a second brood while the summer is in progress, building a nest of moss, lining it with hair, and depositing five immaculate blue eggs. The robin, plentiful everywhere in the rural districts, and always equal to the production of a delightful song, never hesitates to visit the suburbs even of large and noisy towns, singing throughout the year, though not so much noticed in spring and summer, because of the chorus of other birds. The country lads still call it by the old Shaksperean name.



KNOWSLEY HALL.

* * * * 'The ruddock would,
With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.'—*Cymbeline*, iv. 2.

The great titmouse is almost as generally distributed as the robin, and in gardens never a stranger, being busy most of its time looking for insects. Were coincidences in nature rare and phenomenal, instead of, to the contemplative, matter of everyday delight, we should think more of its note as the token of the blooming of the daffodils. Making the oddest of noises, as if trying to imitate other birds, poor innocent, it only too often gets shot for its pains, the fowler wondering what queer thing can this be now? The blue titmouse, like the great, would seem to be very generally diffused. Exquisite in plumage, it attracts attention still more particularly while building, both the male and the female working so hard. The meadow pipit, or titling, loves the peat mosses, those decked with the asphodel, upon which the nests are often plentiful, a circumstance the cuckoos, when they arrive, are swift to take advantage of. No bird that builds on the ground has more work to do for the 'herald of summer.' From the end of April onwards—the cuckoo arriving in the third week—the titlings, whether they like it or not, get no respite. The young cuckoos are always hungry, and never in the least anxious to go away. How pretty the fondness of the cuckoo for its mate! Though apparently void of affection for its offspring, no bird, not even the turtle-dove, is more strongly attached to the one it has taken 'for better and worse.' Where either of the pair is seen, the other is sure never to be far away. Greenfinches and chaffinches are plentiful, the song of the former sweet, though monotonous, the latter rendered liberally, and always welcome. The chaffinch becomes interesting through choice of materials so very curious for its nest. One has been found—where but in Lancashire could it occur?—constructed entirely of raw cotton. The nest-building and the choice of abode constitute, in truth, a chapter in bird-life more charming even than the various outflow of the melody. The pied wagtail goes to the very localities that most other birds dislike—rough and stony places, near the water and under bridges; the tree-sparrow resorts to aged and hollow oaks, rarely building elsewhere; the long-tailed titmouse constructs a beautiful little nest, not unlike a bee-hive, using moss, lichens, and feathers; while the redpole prefers dead roots of herbaceous plants, tying the fibres together with the bark of last year's withered nettle-stalks, and lining the cavity with the glossy white pappus of the coltsfoot, just ripe to its hand, and softer than silk. The common wren—a frequent Lancashire bird—a lovely little creature, sometimes with wings entirely white, and not infrequently with a few scattered feathers of that colour, is one of the birds that prefigure character in man. When the

time for building arrives the hen commences a nest on her own private account, goes on with it, and completes it. Her consort meantime begins two or three in succession, but tires, and never finishes anything. Among the Lancashire permanent residents, and birds only partially periodical, may also be named, as birds of singular attractiveness in their ways—though not perhaps always tuneful, or graceful in form, or gay in plumage—the skylark, that 'at heaven's gate sings;' the common linnet, a bird of the heaths and hedgerows, captured, whenever possible, for the cage; the magpie, the common bunting, the yellow-hammer, the peewit, and the starling or shepster. The starlings travel in companies, and lively parties they always seem. The 'close order' flight of the peewit is well known; that of the starling is, if possible, even more wonderful. The sudden move to the right or left, of thousands perfectly close together upon the wing, the rise, at a given signal, like a cloud, from the pastures where they have been feeding, is a spectacle almost unique in its singularity. Near the sea the list is augmented by the marsh bunting, the curlew, and gulls of different kinds, including the kittiwake. In very tempestuous seasons gulls are often blown inland, as far as Manchester, falling when exhausted in the fields. They also come of their own accord, and may be seen feeding upon the mosses. Upon the sandhills a very curious, though frequent, sight is that of the hovering of the kestrel over its intended prey, which here consists very generally of young rabbits. The kestrel has little skill in building. Talents differ as much in birds as in mankind. Seldom its own architect, it selects and repairs an old and deserted crow's or magpie's nest, or any other it can find sufficiently capacious for its needs.

The history of the Lancashire summer visitants is crowded with interest of equal variety. The nightingale stays away. She has come now and then to the edge of Cheshire, but no further. Very often, however, she is thought to have ventured at last, the midnight note of the sedge-warbler being in some respects not unlike that of Philomel herself. The earliest to arrive, often preceding the swallows, appear to be the wheat-ear and the willow-wren. The sand-martin is also a very early comer. It cannot afford, in truth, to be dilatory, the nest being constructed in a gallery first made in some soft cliff, usually sandstone. While building it never alights upon the ground, collecting the green blades of grass used for the outer part, and the feathers for the lining, while still on the wing. The advent of the cuckoo has already been mentioned. In the middle of May comes the spotted fly-catcher, an unobtrusive and confiding little creature; and about the same time the various 'warblers' make their appearance. The males usually precede the females by a week or two; the black-cap going, like the hedge-sparrow, to the highest pinnacle it can find, and singing till joined by the hen; while the garden-warbler keeps to the bushes and gardens, and is silent till she arrives. The whinchat, the yellow wagtail, and the stone-chat, haunter of the open wastes where gorse grows freely, never forget. Neither do the dotterel and the ring-ouzel, the latter in song so mellow, both moving on speedily into the hilly districts. To many the voice of the corncrake, though harsh and tuneless, is a summer pleasure, for she is heard best at those lovely hours when it is still too light for the stars, and the planets peer forth in their beautiful lustre.

The winter visitants comprehend chiefly the fieldfare and the redwing. In October and November these birds, breeding in Norway and Sweden, appear in immense flocks. Winging its way to the vicinity of farms and orchards, the one piercing cry of the redwing may be heard overhead any still night, no matter how dark. Siskins come at uncertain intervals; and in very severe seasons the snow-bunting is sometimes noticed.

Such are the ornithological facts which in Lancashire give new attraction to the quiet and rewarding study of wild nature. The few that have been mentioned—for they are not the hundredth part of what might be cited were the subject dealt with *in extenso*—do not pretend to be in the slightest degree novel. They may serve, nevertheless, to indicate that in Lancashire there is lifelong pastime for the lover of birds no less than for the botanist.

THE FOSSILS.*

ALTHOUGH the New Red Sandstone, so general in the southern parts, offers scarcely any attractions to the palæontologist, Lancashire is still a rich locality in regard to fossils. The coal-fields, and the mountain limestone, the latter so abundant near Clitheroe, make amends. The organic remains found in the mountain limestone almost invariably have their forms preserved perfectly, as regards clearness and sharpness of outline. The history of this rock begins in that of primæval sea; the quantity of remains which it entombs is beyond the power of fancy to conceive, large masses owing their existence to the myriads, once alive, of a single species of marine creature. A third characteristic is that, notwithstanding the general hardness, the surface wears away under the influence of the carbonic acid brought down by the rain, so that the fossils become liberated, and may often be gathered up as easily as shells from

* One or two paragraphs condensed from the seventh chapter of *Summer Rambles*, 1866. Long since out of print.

the wet wrinkles of the sands. Access to the mountain limestone is thus peculiarly favourable to the pursuits of the student who makes researches into the history of the life of the globe on which we dwell. How much can be done towards it was shown forty or fifty years ago, by the Preston apothecary, William Gilbertson, whose collection—transferred after his death to the British Museum—was pronounced by Professor Phillips, in the *Geology of Yorkshire*, at that moment 'unrivalled.' Gilbertson's specimens were chiefly collected in the small district of Bolland, upon Longridge, where also, at considerable heights, marine shells of the same species as those which lie upon our existing shores may be found, showing that the elevation of the land has taken place since their first appearance upon the face of the earth.

The quarries near Clitheroe and Chatburn supply specimens quite as abundantly as those of Longridge. Innumerable Terebratulæ, the beautiful broad-hinged and deeply-striated Spirifers, and the elegant discoid univalve well named Euomphalos, reward a very slight amount of labour. Here, too, are countless specimens of the petrified relics of the lovely creatures called, from their resemblance to an expanded lily-blossom and its long peduncle, the Crinoidea, a race now nearly extinct. A very curious circumstance connected with these, at Clitheroe, is that of some of the species, as of the *Platycrinus triacontadactylos*, or the 'thirty-rayed,' there are myriads of fossilized *heads*, but no bodies. The presumed explanation of this singular fact is, that at the time when the creatures were in the quiet enjoyment of their innocent lives, great floods swept the shores upon which they were seated, breaking off, washing away, and piling up the tender and flower-like upper portions, just as at the present day the petals of the pear-tree exposed to the tempest are torn down and heaped like a snow-drift by the wayside, the pillar-like stems remaining fast to the ground. There is no need to conjecture where the *bodies* of the creatures may be. At Castleton, in Derbyshire, where the encrinital limestone is also well exhibited, there are innumerable specimens of these, and few or no examples of heads. The bodies of other species are plentiful at Clitheroe, where the Actinocrinus is also extremely abundant, and may be detected, like the generality of these beautiful fossils, in nearly every one of the great flat stones set up edgeways, in place of stiles, between the fields that lie adjacent to the quarries.

The organic remains found in the coal strata rival those of the mountain limestone both in abundance and exquisite lineaments. In some parts there are incalculable quantities of relics of fossil fishes, scales of fishes, and shells resembling mussels. The glory of these wonderful subterranean museums consists, however, in the infinite numbers and the inexpressible beauty of the impressions of fern-leaves, and of the stems of the great plants well known under the names of Calamites, Sigillaria, and Lepidodendra, which in the pre-Adamite times composed the woods and groves. In some of the mines—the Robin Hood, for instance, at Clifton, five miles from Manchester—the roof declares, in its flattened sculptures, the ancient existence hereabouts of a vast and splendid forest of these plants. At Dixon-fold, close by, when the railway was in course of construction, there were found the lower portions of the fossilized trunks of half-a-dozen noble trees, one of the stone pillars eleven feet high, with a circumference at the base of over fifteen feet, and at the top, where the trunk was snapped when the tree was destroyed, of more than seven feet. These marvellous relics of the past have been carefully preserved by roofing over, and are shown to any one passing that way who cares to inquire for them. Beneath the coal which lies in the plane of the roots, enclosed in nodules of clay, there are countless lepidostrobi, the fossilized fruits, it is supposed, of one or other of the coal-strata trees. Two miles beyond, at Halliwell, they occur in equal profusion; and here, too, unflattened trunks occur, by the miners aptly designated 'fossil reeds.' Leaves of palms are also met with. The locality which in wealth of this class of fossils excels all others in South Lancashire, would appear to be 'Peel Delph.' In it are found calamites varying from the thickness of a straw to a diameter of two or three feet, and as round as when swayed by the wind of untold ages ago. The markings upon the lepidodendra are as clear as the impress of an engraver's seal. In another part there is a stratum of some four feet in depth, consisting apparently of nothing besides the fossil fruits called trigonocarpa, and the sandy material in which they are lodged. With these curious and beautiful triangular nuts, no stems, or leaves, or plant-remains of any description, have as yet been found associated. All that can be said of them is that they resemble the fruits of that singular Japanese tree the Salisburia.

At Peel Delph, again, a stratum of argillaceous shale, five or six feet in thickness, contains innumerable impressions of the primæval ferns, the dark tint thrown forward most elegantly by the yellow of the surface upon which they repose. The neighbourhood of Bolton in general is rich in fossil ferns, though Ashton-under-Lyne claims, perhaps, an equal place, and in diversity of species is possibly superior.

Thus, whether considered in regard to its magnificent modern developments in art, science, literature, and useful industries; its scenery and natural productions; or its wealth in the marvellous relics which talk of an immemorial past, Lancashire appeals to every sentiment of curiosity and admiration.

LEO GRINDON.

THE ROOD-SCREEN OF ST. ÉTIENNE DU MONT.

DRAWN AND ETCHED BY H. TOUSSAINT.

MANY readers will remember the church of St. Étienne du Mont, near the Pantheon at Paris, memorable in recent times as the church in which Archbishop Sibour was assassinated. It is not an example of what is considered a pure style in architecture, as it belongs to a time in which Gothic and Renaissance forms were curiously mingled together, yet it is one of the most interesting churches in Paris, if only for the art or instinct by which two opposite architectural principles were made to work together. St. Étienne du Mont was begun in 1517, and continued for more than a century. The famous rood-screen which is the subject of M. Toussaint's etching was sculptured by the elder Biard. It is specially remarkable for the skill with which the stairs winding about the pillars and leading to the narrow gallery are made to serve the composition like twin round towers in the front of a château. The church has other attractions, in stained glass, a carved pulpit, &c., and the general effect of the interior is impressive and poetical, though it belongs to an architectural decadence.

THE ELEMENTS OF BEAUTY IN SHIPS AND BOATS.

IV.—*Excrescences.*

BY the word 'Excrescences' I mean all those things on ships and boats which belong neither to the hull nor to the rigging. When small they are of little consequence aesthetically, being lost in the mass of things constituting a vessel, but when large they become of great importance, and have a great influence upon the appearance of the floating structure.

There seems to be a very general belief that Noah's Ark was a large house with a gabled roof, built in a large boat; at least, so all toy-sellers understand it, and besides the toy-sellers many illustrious artists, who have made use of the Deluge as a subject for their pictures. I once met with a picture in which this traditional idea was departed from, and the Ark was simply a huge hull, with bluff bows and a big, round stern, the sides inclining inwards (or 'tumbling home' in nautical language), and this hull, with its great freeboard looming dark over the waters, looked infinitely grander than the usual house-in-a-boat conception. We find the toy-seller's idea realised often enough in huts on flat-bottomed boats, like Daubigny's famous 'Botin,' which was a sort of little floating studio built in a cumbersome boat, that it was just possible to propel with oars. In Daubigny's arrangement the hut was placed very much towards the stern. The reader may see something rather like it in the accompanying illustration, though not precisely the same thing. Daubigny had not the least intention of producing anything elegant, or even nautical; his plan was but a rough-and-ready arrangement to enable him to paint studies of river scenery from nature, and he had the temper of a true philosopher, who leaves ostentation to those who take a pleasure in it. Few yachts have ever given their possessors such true pleasure as Daubigny derived from his beloved 'Botin,' which opened for him the delightful river-life; and it deserves our most sincere

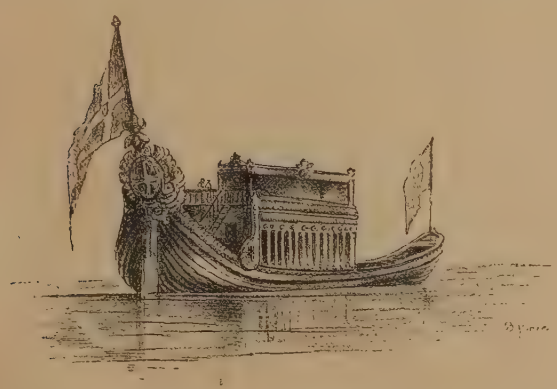
respect as a practical and serviceable combination, giving both shelter in the hut and convenient space outside it,—but anything more remote from 'the elements of beauty in ships and boats' it would be impossible to imagine. It is extremely difficult to unite two things so little related as a house and a boat.* The only way in which it could be done at all consistently would be by making the sides of the house curve, so as to answer to the curves of the boat's gunwales; and if the boat had a sheer, the cornice of the house ought to have a sheer likewise, precisely corresponding with it. The roof is another

* It is much easier to unite a tent and a boat, the tent being removed in the daytime for convenience of sailing, and set up at night to sleep under. I believe, however, that the tents on the Peruvian and Brazilian *janguadas* (or *jangadas*) are permanent. They are arched and rounded downwards in front, so as to catch the wind less. I have used a tent of a similar kind upon a double boat, but only for the night. The deck supplied a ready flat floor, and the tent was open towards the stern, but was quite free from wind as the boat at night always kept her head to windward (of course) when riding at anchor in current-less water. In a strong stream it would have been different. The tent looked well on the boat and seemed to belong to her.

difficulty. A gabled house-roof looks entirely out of place; a low curved roof, like that of a railway carriage, is more admissible. Again, there is a difficulty about windows: a single window looks an incongruous interruption to the generally *closed* appearance that there is about a boat's sides; a row of smaller windows is much better, because the continuity of them is like the general character of the hull. A row of small portholes looks quite right in an old-fashioned ship of war,—one great hole in her side would have looked like a breach in a wall.

The need for some correspondence between a structure on a ship and the vessel itself must have been felt by the original designer of the steamer's deck-house which Mr. Moore has drawn for us. The

reader will be at once struck with the leaning of the whole structure towards the stern. This is caused by a desire for harmony in lines. The mast and funnel rake considerably, so, if there is not to be a positive contradiction, the lines of the deck-house must rake also, even though it be at the cost of spoiling all the right angles in panels and windows and of giving a generally uncomfortable twist to the whole structure, as if it were a house of cards at the moment of tumbling down. The straight line of the cornice exactly repeats the deck-line. The reader perceives how much better are the five windows in line than a single one in the middle, like that in the rude little



boat. So it is with the series of openings in the side of the State barge.

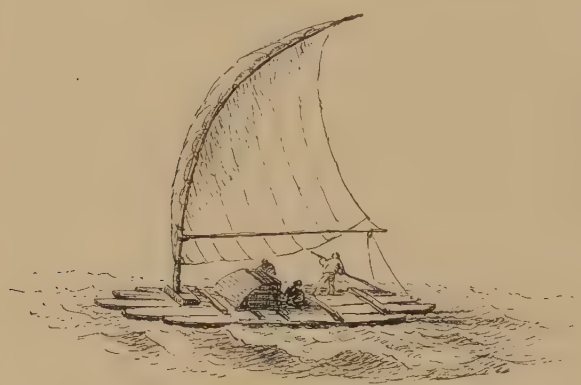
The cabin of the gondola is, on the whole, one of the least offensive excrescences. The sides of it are closely connected with the boat's sides (the only passage from stem to stern being through the cabin itself), and they slope inwards, being again closely

connected with the roof, which is neither angular nor perfectly flat, but a quiet continuation of the sides themselves depressed into a low curve. By this arrangement the appearance of a house on a boat is as much as possible avoided, and the high prow of the gondola prevents the cabin from appearing too much isolated. The prow has its practical use, as it gives the oarsman something to steer by. I may add that the oarsman himself, standing as he does, completes the composition towards the stern, so that the cabin is well supported before and behind; without these adjuncts it would look very different. The high sterns and rising prows of state barges also diminish the bad effect of a deck-house. In the Burmese state barges which, though barbarous from a nautical point of view, are not inartistically composed, there is a forest of pinnacles and points upon the complicated roof, but they all lead to one main pinnacle, placed rather aft, and both prow and stern answer to it before and behind. The change

from this to an American river steamer is like that from an Oriental temple to a Lancashire factory. In the river steamer the hull is reduced to the position of an almost invisible carrier, and a huge deck-house covers everything. The arrangement is convenient, but it is both ugly and dangerous, as some accidents

have proved. This is the extreme of the big deck-house. The other extreme, that of the small one, is

represented by the hut on the Polynesian double canoe, which is quite a tiny affair in comparison with the vessel, to avoid catching the wind.

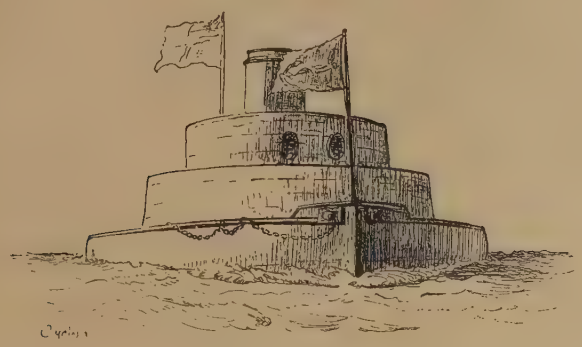


Ships of war, from very early times, have been burdened with excrescences in the shape of castles

to fight from. The navy seemed to have got rid of these at the Nelson epoch (the time of its artistic perfection), but they have come into fashion again with ironclads. The least objectionable form of castle was a continuation of the vessel's own form up to a much higher deck, as in the great ship that served Henry VIII. as a state yacht; the most objectionable castles were the square ones, mere pieces of joiner's work, perpendicular huts with little battlements round them, like a Philistine's summer-house in a garden. Those square castles, which abound in mediaeval manuscripts, have no connexion with the

ship, and are merely carried, like other things of the land, such as horses or elephants. The modern

turrets, hideous as they are, seem more nearly related to the ugly hulls than any misplaced imitation of land architecture. The *Cyclops* is an ugly monster, but



though extremely simple in its forms, it is not altogether inartistic. Seen in front, it presents something like the outline of a cone broken into great steps and finished with a funnel. Ships of the *Rupert* and

Thunderer type have a strange elevated deck in the middle (between the turrets) which overhangs all round like an exaggerated cornice. This is ugly in itself, but not without artistic use, for it prevents the turrets from looking isolated, and supplies a middle term between them and the funnels which rise out of it.

War steamers do, at any rate, escape from a hideous excrescence which at one time was universal in merchant and passenger steamers, and is still common amongst them—I mean the paddle-boxes. It is impossible to disguise the ugliness of these things, which no painting can improve. Of all curves, a circle is the least interesting, and half a disc is uglier than a whole one ; but it is not only the half disc that is ugly in the paddle-box, it is the mass as

well. The steamer between its two drums looks like a donkey between panniers, and nothing can mend its situation, but removing them. All that can pos-

sibly be said in their favour is that they make the vessel look more important, especially when seen from before or behind, and we know that they cover

the great useful wheels that make her go, and lash the sea to foam. On the other hand, one has a constant feeling that they are dreadfully inconvenient in narrow passages, and very much exposed to damage. Certainly, the introduction of the screw

was as great a step artistically as it was for purposes of war. The paddle-box was a plague to artists, except only so far as it supplied a variety, and it prevented the adoption of steam in war-ships because paddles would have been so easily disabled by the enemy.

In small rowing-boats there is one excrescence worth mentioning, the outrigger, of which it may be said that it is the most objectionable (from our present point of view) in a sculling-boat for one person, because in that there is only one outrigger on each side, which is like one window in a deck-house. When there are several outriggers the case is different, because the eye leaps from one to another and forms an imaginary line running parallel with the boat's gunwale. Again, the light, strong framework of iron is a clever piece of construction, which we admire for its power of carrying the oar on a support apparently so slight, and of resisting the violent efforts of the oarsman, all which mingles with our notions of beauty, so that, although the outrigger was in its origin a mere expedient of a strictly practical kind to make long oars compatible with boats of narrow beam, it is rather pleasing to our ideas of art than otherwise.

Here may end these notes on a subject of which more might have been said, but as nautical matters of all kinds are interesting only to the few who have the aquatic instinct, it has been thought better to err on the side of brevity than on that of too ample criticism or demonstration.

P. G. HAMERTON.

PIETRO GHEZZI.

DURING the years 1859 and 1871 the Trustees of the British Museum acquired by purchase two remarkable volumes. One volume contains 206 drawings and MSS.; the other 314 portraits sketched from life with pen and ink, the productions of the eminent caricaturist Ghezzi. These portraits consisted chiefly of the notable men of the time; their value being greatly enhanced by the addition of the names and numerous memoranda respecting the originals in Ghezzi's own handwriting.

Pietro Leone Ghezzi was the son of Giuseppe Ghezzi, an artist held in high esteem by Pope Clement XI. He was born at Rome on the 28th of June, 1674. Applying himself to the profession of his father, he distinguished himself early in life. Benedict XIV. selected Pietro in conjunction with Luti Trevisani and other celebrated masters to paint the prophets of the Lateran; and he received also other important commissions.

MONSIGNOR GAVACCINA AND THE ABBATE AVELLINO.

It is our intention, however, to speak of this notable artist chiefly in his capacity as a caricaturist. It is no mean art to excel in this especial branch of the profession; although an innate and special gift, it requires no ordinary care and delicacy in attempting such sketches to avoid touching on vulgarity or ill-nature. The spirit of the original has to be caught, the salient points of the likeness have to be skilfully emphasized, and the art of leaving no disagreeable impression to be studied. Ghezzi, who drew his figures at full length, possessed marvellous aptitude for fulfilling these necessities of his vocation. So

retentive was his memory, and so quick and subtle the powers of his eye, that at a glance—even after only one opportunity of seeing—he could unfailingly limn the countenances and general appearance of his subjects, preserving a wonderful likeness. He lived in a

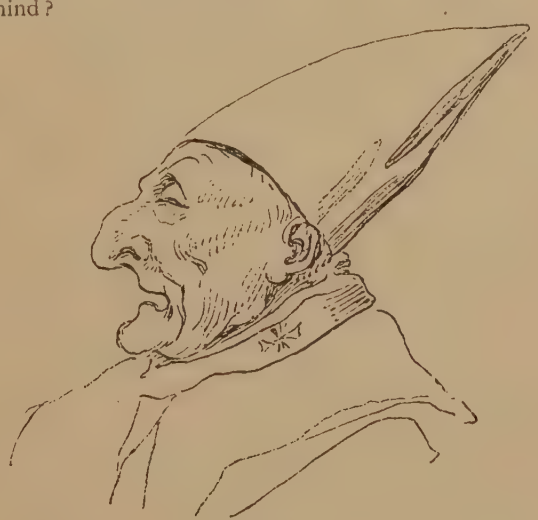
FATHER RESTA.

country and in an age when the freedom of the pencil was regarded as a most valuable adjunct to the glibness of the tongue; it cannot be denied that he performed his part with extraordinary cleverness and precision. Persons of quality were humorously dealt with in his sketches, and felt gratified, and even honoured, by the attention bestowed on them, fully entering into the spirit of Ghezzi's whimsical exaggeration and good-natured caricature.

As before remarked, it is a gift of no mean order to be a skilful, and at the same time a good-natured caricaturist. So few have really attained anything like dignity in this branch of the artistic profession that it is gratifying to be able to look with appreciation upon the works of such a man as Ghezzi. The great body of caricaturists have, in too many instances, criticised with a pencil dipped in the ink of spite or malice the failings or personal shortcomings of those against whom their weapon has been directed. Even Chinese exactness is wont to leave unpleasant impressions; and as in writing so in drawing, the true vein of satire must be pursued with excessive nicety neither to degrade nor to wound the objects of its attack. Who does not remember those political

THE REV. SIR ROWLAND EGERTON.

squibs in the shape of caricatures of the Georgian era, clever only by reason of their vulgar and obtrusive personality, and distasteful to every well-balanced mind?



AN ECCLESIASTIC.

The examples here given are fair specimens of Ghezzi's power of caricature. They are reduced in size from the originals, which are executed in pen-and-ink of a somewhat brownish tint.

The two priests in earnest conversation are in-

tended to represent Monsignor Gavaccina and the Abbate Avellino, a Jesuit—the former on the left and the latter facing him. A manuscript note on the lower margin of the drawing informs us that Ghezzi executed these caricatures at the especial request of these 'Reverenti' on the occasion of a conversazione given by the Princess of Palestrina, on the 20th of January, 1753. The figure standing alone is the caricature of Father Resta, of the order of 'San Stefano del Sacco.' He was the son of a distinguished organist attached to the private chapel in the Villa Pamfili, executed on the 20th of July, 1750.

Of the heads in profile, that turned to the right is a caricature, and probably a striking one, of the Rev. Sir Rowland Egerton. This drawing, formerly in the Denon Collection, was purchased by the Trustees of the British Museum in 1862.

The remaining head is singularly characteristic, and for that reason it is the more unfortunate that we are unable to give any information as to its identity. The demure and thoughtful expression on the face, and the costume, as far as visible, would lead one to suppose that it is intended for some benevolent old divine, evidently impressed with a sense of his own innate worth, or inwardly lamenting the shortcomings of those over whom he holds spiritual control.

From these examples it may be gathered that Church dignitaries were a favourite subject for the pencil of this able caricaturist.

It may be stated, in conclusion, that to Pietro Ghezzi's other accomplishments he added that of enamelling, an art in which he greatly excelled, and of which he has left some admirable specimens. His death took place at Rome on the 5th of March, 1755.

LOUIS FAGAN.

ART CHRONICLE.

THE Cantor Lectures of the Society of Arts will include a course on 'Book Illustrations, Old and New,' by Mr. J. Comyns Carr.

THE Lecture season of the London Institution opens on the 5th inst., with a discourse on 'The Relation of the Artist to his Work,' to be delivered by the Mr. G. D. Leslie, R.A.

A SECOND competitive Exhibition of Tapestry Paintings, to be held at Messrs. Howell and James's Gallery, opens this month. The adjudicators are Sir Coutts Lindsay and Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A.

THE profession of art critic is honoured by the recent appointment as Inspectors of Fine Art in France of M. Phillipe Burty and M. Charles Yriarte. M. Yriarte succeeds M. Anatole Gruyer, who is appointed Conservator of Paintings in the Louvre Museum.

AN interesting collection of decorative panels has been shown during the past month at the Musée des Arts Decoratifs in Paris. Amongst the most numerous and admirable examples were those by M. Galland, whose design is based entirely upon close study of nature. Clever schemes for Gobelins tapestry were sent by M. Baudry; and the decoration of M. Collin, for the theatre at Belfort—*La Danse*, figures of a dancing girl and a youth piping, on a gold ground—was singularly graceful in line and happy in effect. It must be noted, however, that in this French Exhibition, as in those of London galleries, much work is classed as decorative which has no other claim to the title than that it is supposed to be executed upon textile fabric or upon panel. The Exhibition included loans of antique bronzes, paintings, Greek pottery, and curiosities. It is proposed to ask for a subsidy to purchase the nucleus of this collection; and, if the grant be accorded, a permanent museum and school of decorative art and design will be erected on the Quai Montebello, where the Municipality will give the necessary ground.

MR. A. B. DONALDSON has brought from Italy a large number of studies and pictures, unequal in merit, but all possessing the charm of genuine out-door work. Many of them are singularly happy in rendering the especial character and colour of Roman and of Florentine scenes, and show true artistic perception in the selection of subject and consonant treatment of light.

WE have to record the death of Mr. William Brodie, the sculptor, full member and secretary of the Royal Scottish Academy. Mr. Brodie was born in 1815, the son of a ship-master. He was apprenticed to a plumber, and displayed ability in practical mechanics and chemistry. But an innate love of art induced him to model in metal and wax during his leisure time, and about forty years ago he left Aberdeen, and a post as superintendent of plumbers' work, to come to Edinburgh and take to medallion portraiture as a profession, and later on to work in the round. He went to Rome and produced some ideal statues of merit. In his youth Lord Jeffrey sat to William Brodie, and during a busy and prosperous career as a portrait sculptor he has modelled most of the contemporary Edinburgh celebrities. He assisted on the minor groups of the Prince Consort Memorial. The best examples of his painstaking but somewhat prosaic art are the public statues of Sir James Simpson at Edinburgh, of Lord Cockburn and of Sir David Brewster.

THE Exhibition-rooms of Messrs. Maclean, of Mr. Arthur Tooth, and the French Gallery of Messrs. Wallis, are again opened. The chief attractions which possess novelty among the water-colour drawings shown by Messrs. Maclean are three pictures by M. Alma Tadema, *A Priestess of Apollo*, *A Bacchante*, and *The Young Mother*. The last is a Dutch interior, and dates more than ten years ago. An astonishing actuality in the representation of fact, carried into the minutest detail with the utmost dexterity of beautiful manipulation, characterises these drawings, of which the leaping figure of the Bacchante—a creature of sex difficult to assign—is the most striking by strangeness and rich elaboration of drapery. Many thoughtful and artistic sketches by Jozef Israels are shown, and a group of brilliant Venetian studies by Miss Clara Montalba.

Mr. Tooth exhibits the large oil picture from last Salon, the interior of a *Cabaret*, with life-size figures of a girl and three men, by M. L'Hermitte, and several smaller pictures by the same artist, less ambitious in scale but more attractive in treatment and in colour. The singular charm and completeness of the work in black and white which has made M. L'Hermitte best known in England, is wanting to the large picture before us; the subject is not of sufficient interest to fill the canvas, the colour

is cold and without significance; yet the forms are strongly rounded against the somewhat bald background and the types pronounced in character. It may be observed that the most prominent figure—a labour-worn mechanic with a spade in his hand—is of an ugliness beyond and below the permissible limits of art, especially when not balanced by a counterpoise of beauty elsewhere. A curious imitation of the manner of Quentin Matsys is *The Faience Painter*, by Edmond Van Hove: revivals are not often so vivid or so fine in handiwork as this quaint half-length figure of an old man painting a plaque, and surrounded by the material of his craft. A clever costume picture, by the Spaniard, Jimenez Aranda—heads by the Belgian Van Beere and the French M. Jacquet—as empty of high character as they are exquisite in manipulation, and M. Constant's showy *Presents to the Ameer*, attract according to their merits—and beyond, perhaps.

The French Gallery always presents some high-class work, especially among very small pictures. Names usually to be sought in the Gallery are to be found now attached to cabinet gems of skilled *technique* and thorough training: such names as those of G. von Bochmann, C. Seiler, Allan Schmidt, Carl Schloesser, &c. Mr. Wallis is fortunate in the loan from Mr. Grant Morris of the very fine picture by M. de Neuville, of the French soldiers, 18th Corps, *Setting Fire to a Barricaded House at Villersexel.* Herr Brozik's showy, but undoubtedly clever, *Une Fête chez Rubens*, is a gay piece of costume-painting, into which are ingeniously introduced among the *dramatis personæ* heads copied from the portraits by Vandyck and Rubens of contemporary artists and *literati*. Miss Hilda Montalba makes a mark by her picture of a girl in a boat, on the Venetian lagoons, *Sorting Crabs*. The faults here evident can yield to labour and time; the excellence of the work is of a fibre to develope: it lies in an individual and vivid way of receiving and reproducing the impression made by a scene which is characteristic and suggestive more than strictly beautiful. Few would have seen with the painter the artistic value and the poetic sentiment of the pale, sinuous waters, the dun, sandy reaches, the low lines of building, and the sails of hidden boats against the pale, clear sky, and the heavy swing of the punt in the foreground, with the curves of the girl's figure reaching over to the crab-baskets slung on the side. Mr. W. H. Bartlett has two pictures in the Gallery, a studio scene, called *Neighbours*, which was hung in the Salon, and is notable for a certain fresh actuality and truth of light and shade; and a sea-shore, with dancing waves, a wide stretch of sand, and the nude figure of a lovely little girl hesitating whether to join her childish companions at their frolics in the water. The landscapes are not remarkable. Herr Heffner's skies are vast in aerial perspective and his level waters as translucent as ever; Mr. Edwin Ellis shows spirited intention and a somewhat violently set palette of rich colour in *Squally Weather*.

At the annual meeting of the Burslem School of Art, Mr. William Morris delivered an eloquent address on the 'Condition and Prospects of Art.' He said that, although the making things beautiful as well as useful increased their market value, yet the attitude of the world towards art is so changed that it seems 'hesitating whether it shall take art home or cast it out.' He showed that the vital germ of hope and heroism in the early middle ages was manifested in the free art of the nameless workers outside of the palace and the camp; how this art climbed to the top of the hill, and strove ever more and more for perfection, until the severance of the artist and the artisan began, while the splendour of the Renaissance blinded men's eyes to the fact that in this severance, and in the severance of art from men's daily lives, and in the tendency to care for art as an end in itself, and not an expression of belief and joy, lay the seeds of its death. Mr. Morris insisted much upon this division, dwelling upon its harmfulness from various points of view—the want of pleasure in his work to the workman; the absence of sympathy between the designer and the man who carries out the design; the weariness of the designer who never turns to handiwork, and of the craftsman who never creates. 'It is necessary, unless workmen of all grades are to be degraded into machines, that the hand should rest the mind as well as the mind the hand.' Unless men can be allowed to take pleasure in their daily labour, art cannot live among us; we must rebel against the rush of the age to turn handicraftsmen into slaves for the working of machines to simplify life; we must rebel against the wilful destruction of the beauty of the earth, and the filling of habitable places with filth and turmoil.

The concluding portion of the lecture contained many practical remarks—golden maxims, as we think. These are some of them: 'Hold fast to distinct form in art.' 'Always think your design out in your head before you begin to get it on paper. . . . . You must see it before you can draw it, whether the design be of your own invention or nature's.' 'Get the most out of your material, but always in such way as honours it most. . . . Something should be done with it which is natural to it, something that could not be done with any other.' 'Set yourselves as much as possible against machine work, . . . but if you have to design for it, let your design show clearly what it is.' The tone of the lecture was somewhat desponding, but Mr. Morris concluded with expressing a conviction that the cause of beauty and right life must triumph in the end. 'It is an article of faith with me,' he said, 'that the world cannot drop back into savagery, and that art must be its fellow on the onward march.'

The Fine Art Society opened last month a memorable exhibition of oil pictures, water-colour drawings, and etchings, by the late lamented artist, Samuel Palmer. Mr. Palmer, before his death, had made arrangements for this exhibition, and in accord with his wishes the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, of which he had been a member thirty-seven years, waived, in favour of this occasion, their intention to make a special feature of his works in their winter exhibition. We have, therefore, the privilege of enjoying, undisturbed by incongruous surroundings, these five score pictures and proofs of all the plates Mr. Palmer ever brought forward, thirteen in number. There are eight oil pictures, some dating from the painter's residence in the pastoral 'haunts of ancient peace,' at Shoreham, viz. *The Gleaning Field*, *The Bright Cloud*, *Twilight*, *the Bay of Baiæ*, painted in London after his marriage and two years spent in Italy, and one or two early efforts. *The Skylark* is the subject of a plate published by the Etching Club in 1857, but treated with some variations; the listening figure is more ideal in aspect—a philosopher rather than a rustic, for instance; the colour is solemn and remarkably rich in deep purples and shadowed tones. From the Italian period the out-door work done at Rome chiefly with a few sketches on the outward or homeward way, is full of interest. The careful, delicate outlining, and free, clean wash of the brush, and the gladsome, pure colour, are notable points. The rest of the collection is pretty complete in sequence, comprising the most beautiful of the Pastorals,—a line of subject for which the classic culture and serene mind of the artist peculiarly fitted him; the noble series of imaginative pictures from Milton's *L'Allegro ed Il Penseroso*, painted for Mr. Valpy, and other Miltonic subjects from *Lycidas* and *Comus*, and many of the noble ideal compositions based on happy memories of Italy, notably the *Day-dream of Salerno* (1866); *The Near and the Distant, from Southern Italy* (1870); and *A Golden City* (1873) A sympathetic memoir,—a limited edition of which, enriched by woodcuts, etchings, and reproductions, is announced by the Fine Art Society for subscription,—has been written by Mr. A. H. Palmer, and places before the general reader such a sketch of the personal characteristics, the tastes and occupations, and the labour of the artist, as will help to appreciation of his work, and awaken some echo of the peculiar love which his friends felt for him. Many extracts are given from the delightful letters written to the Editor of the Portfolio,—unique letters, carefully preserved by the recipient. This memoir also furnishes most interesting notes of the *technique* by which Samuel Palmer produced the glowing brilliance of his drawings in colour, painting as he did upon a ground prepared with Chinese white and tint of orange cadmium, with pure powdered

pigment and a bind of gum and honey, and using not only the brush, but in subsequent stages the crow-quill and the palette-knife also. The high position held by Samuel Palmer as an etcher was not lightly won. He built up his plates as he did his pictures,—slowly, carefully, with intention from the first thought to the last touch; moreover, with an earnestness in the thought and a delight in the expression of it rare as admirable. Such work as this is of a kind to mature, so long as eyesight and grasp endure; and Palmer's last plate, *Early Morning—Opening the Fold*, finished within the year of his death, is as rich in tender truth, and as complete in executive skill, as any etching of his ripe manhood.

THE Autotype Company has published three allegorical female figures in one frame, with the titles, *The Still Silent Past*, *The Dim Mystic Future*, and *The Present Bittersweet*, from designs by Mr. Herbert Schmalz, whose picture of *Sir Galahard* in the last Exhibition of the Royal Academy attracted some attention. The figures are less than half-length, and in the first and second designs the arms are rather awkwardly cut off. The composition of the third is more agreeable. The artist's work appears to have been excellently reproduced in autotype. The same may be said of a very large autotype of *Carnarvon Castle*, from a picture by Mr. Richard Elmore. In this case the painting, as we are informed, was first photographed on an enormous scale, four feet by three, and the photograph was then worked upon by the artist, until he was satisfied with the rendering of his work in black and white. From this touched proof the autotype was produced. Though on a much reduced scale, it measures more than thirty-two nches in width.

MR. BATSFORD sends us a small book on 'The Towers and Steeples of Sir Christopher Wren,' by Mr. Andrew T. Taylor. The substance of the work was originally written in the form of an Essay, which recently gained the medal of the Royal Institute of British Architects. Mr. Taylor admires Wren's steeples both as good design and good building, and he dwells on their excellence under these four heads,—Scientific Construction, Good Quality of Materials and Workmanship, Happy Proportions, and Noble Architectural Features. The interest of the subject, at a time when the great architect's works are disappearing one by one, might have justified more costly illustrations, but the little pen-sketches are interesting as memoranda. One page of nine steeples bears the melancholy inscription, *All pulled down.*

MR. ROUTH, in his book on 'Artistic Copyright,' which we have already noticed, has some interesting remarks on the subject of registration. He begins by alluding to the wonderful popular error that registration creates copyright. 'There can be no greater mistake made,' says Mr. Routh; 'registration does not confer any title to copyright; it is merely a condition precedent to the proprietor's right to sue, and it also enables him to prove his title in an easy manner. The proprietor of copyright in a painting, drawing, or photograph, cannot sue for piracy until he registers, and then only for piracy after registration . . . Copyright may be registered at any time, but it ought to be done at once, otherwise a piracy may go unpunished.'

There is a curious paragraph about describing registered works. The object of the Legislature as to description is that it shall—

'enable a person who has the picture or work before him to judge whether or not the registration applies to the one he is about to copy. In Beale's case Lord Blackburn says:—"In all cases it would be a question of fact whether the description is sufficient to point out the picture registered. The picture *Ordered on Foreign Service* represents an officer, who is ordered abroad, taking leave of a lady, and no one can doubt that it is the picture intended. So, again, *My First Sermon* describes with sufficient exactness a child, impressed with the novelty of her situation, sitting in a pew and listening with her eyes open; while the same child, fast asleep in a pew, forms the subject of *My Second Sermon*. Who can doubt that in each of these cases the description is sufficient? There may be a few instances in which the registration of the name of the picture is not sufficient; for instance, Sir Edwin Landseer's picture of a Newfoundland dog might possibly be insufficiently registered under the description of *A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society*. Similarly, a well-known picture called *A Piper and a Pair of Nut-crackers*, representing a bullfinch and a pair of squirrels, might not be accurately pointed out by its name. In either of these cases the names would scarcely be sufficient, and it would be advisable for a person proposing to register them to add a sketch or outline of the work."'

Mr. Routh has also an interesting little chapter on Piracy, in which he says that artists complain of it, but that the fault is rather with themselves.

'The law gives a remedy in each case, but artists will not avail themselves of it, on the ground that proceedings waste their time and involve them in expense. Let artists and publishers combine to enforce the law. An association, with a lawyer at its head, and with two or three sharp agents under him, would soon root out the evil.'

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